MISCELLANEOUS

THOUGHTS

IN

PROSE and VERSE,

ON

Natural, Moral, and Divine

SUBJECTS;

Written chiefly in Younger Years.

By I. WATTS, D. D.

Et jucunda simul & idonea dicere Vita. Hon.

LONDON:

Printed for RICHARD FORD at the Ange's and RICHARD HETT at the Bible and Growns both in the Poultry. - M DCC RXXIV.

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE the

Countess of Hartford.



Beg Leave, MA.
DAM, to flatter
my Self, that
the same Condescension and

Goodness which has admitted several of these Pieces A 2

iv Dedication.

a violar Cloket in Wemb-E will be on the lace at blek Aps known Character and Lake for every thing that is Pious and Polite, give an honourable Sanction to those Writings which stand Recommended by Your Name and Approbation; 'tis no Wonder then that these Essays flould feek the Favour of fuch a Patronage.

THO' the Author professions of the Author pr

Part of Mankind, yet lince your Ladyship was pleased to indulge him a Share in the Honours of your Friendship, he cannot but take Pleasure to have been a Witness of those Virtues, whereby You bear up the Dignity of our holy Religion and the bleffed Gofpel, amidst all the tempting Grandeurs of this World, and in an Age of growing Infidelity. He acknowledges it a Part of his Felicity, that he has had Opportunity to learn how happily the aldalis

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Leifure which you borrow from the Magnificence and Ceremonies of a Court is employ'd in devout Contemplations, in the Study of Virtue, and among the Writings of the best Poets in our own, or in foreign Languages, so far as they are chaste and innocent.

But 'tis no easy Task, as a late ingenious Pen * has express'd it, to speak the many nameless Graces and native Riches of a Mind, ca-

pable

of his POEM on the SPRING.

DEDICATION. VI

Januar Bay

pable so much at once to relish Solitude and adorn Society.

May fuch a valuable Life be drawn out to an uncommon Length, as the richest of Bleffings to your noble Family! May You shine long in your exalted Station an illustrious Pattern of fuch Goodness, as may command a Reverence and Imitation among those who stand round You in higher or lower Life! And when your Spirit shall take its Flight to superior Regions A 4

Sarah Coffin VIII DEDICATION.

and that blifsful World, whither your Meditation and your Hope have often raifed You, may the Court of Great Britain never want Succellors in your honourable House to adorn and support it. In the Sincerity of these Wishes, I take Leave to subscribe myself,

MADAM,

bara

Your Lady ship's most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

I. WATTS.



THE

PREFACE.



Severy Man has some Amusements for an Hour of Leisure, I have chosen Mathematical Science, Philosophy and Poesy, for mine; and the Fruits of some of those Hours have been communicated to the World. I acknowledge my Obligation to

the present Age, which has given a favourable Acceptance to the Lyrick Poems printed in my Youth, the plain Rudiments of Geography and Astronomy, and the Treatise of Logick, published some Years ago, and to those scattered Essays of Philosophy which I put together

aft Year. These Gleanings of Verse, and occasional Thoughts on Missellaneous Subjects, which have been growing under my Hands for Thirty Years, are now collected for a Present to the Publick, under the Encouragement it has given me to expect the same Candour.

THAT the Composure of Verse is not beneath the Dignity even of fublime and facred Characters, appears in the Example of David the Prophet and the King; to which, if I should add Moses and Solomon, it would still strengthen the Argument, and support the Honour of this Art: And how far Poely has been made serviceable to the Temple and the Interest of. Religion, has been fet in a sufficient Light by several Pens: nor need I repeat here what is written in the Preface to my Book of Poems on that Subject. But I must confess it needs some Apology, that when I had told the World Twenty-five Years ago that I expected the future Part of my Life would be dree from the -Service of the Mule I should now discover my Weakness, and let the World know that I have not been able to maintain my Purpose.

-quark addition is navig and daidw, agil analog addition. It is true indeed, some of these Copies were written before that Time, yet a great Part of them must date their Existence since; for where Nature has a strong Propensity even from our Infant-Life, it will

will awake and shew itself on many Occasions, the it has been often and fincerely refifted, and subdued, and laid to fleep. And as I have found my Thoughts many a time carried away into four or five Lines of Verse e're I was aware, and sometimes in opposition to my Will, fo I confess I have now and then indulged it for an Hour or two, as an innocent and grateful Diversion from more severe Studies. In this View I offer it to my Friends; and amongst the many Pieces herein contain'd, I hope there are some which will give them an agreeable Amusement, and perhaps some Elevation of Thought towards the Things of Heaven. But in order to tafte any degree of Pleafure, or reap any Profit by the Reading, I must intreat them fincerely to feek the Entertainment of their Hearts, as in the Conversation of a Friend; and not to hunt after the painful and aukward Joys of four Criticism, which is ever busy in seeking out something the Scandal which has been cast upon Alasti slugith of

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I MAKE no Pretences to the Name of a Poet, or a polite Writer, in an Age wherein so many superior Souls shine in their Works through this Nation-Could I display the Excellencies of Virtue and Christian Piety in the various Forms and Appearances of it, with all the Beauty and Glory in which Mr. Pope has set the Kingdom of the Messiah by his well-ming-led Imitations of Isaiah and Virgil; could I paint Nature and the animated Wonders of it in such strong

and lively Colours as Dr. Young has done; could I describe its lovely and dreadful Scenes in Lines of fuch Sweetness and Terror, as he has described them In his Paraphrase on Part of the Book of 70b; I should have a better Ground for a Pretence to appear among. the Writers of Verse, and do more Service to the World. Could I imitate those admirable Representations of Human Nature and Passion which that ingenious Pen has given us, who wrote the late Volumes of Epifles from the Dead to the Living, and Letters Moral and Entertaining, I should then hope for happier Success in my Endeavours to provide innocent and improving Diversions for polite Youth. But since I can boaft of little more than an Inclination and a Wish that Way. I must commit the Provision of these Amusements to fuch celebrated Authors as I have now mentioned, and to the rifing Genius's of the Age: And may the Honour of Poefy be retrieved by them, from the Scandal which has been cast upon it by the Abuse of Verse to loose and profane Purposes.

IF there are any of these Pieces which may seem to carry in them something too youthful and trivial, I entreat my Friends to remember, 'tis a Collection of such Compositions of this Kind from my early Years as I have sound among my Papers; and if I had never published them myself, I fear it would have been done some time or other by Persons into whose Hands they

they might have been dispersed; and then the many mingled Blunders, which always arise from frequent Transcriptions, would have utterly disgusted the Reader, as well as brought a double Disgrace upon the Writer.

TIs impossible for the nicest and most correct Pen to avoid the offence of those Readers who carry an Excess of Delicacy always about them, much less do I expect it here: Nor is it within the Power of any Man who writes, to escape the Censure of those whose Minds are so full of vile and uncleanly Images, that they will impose their own dishonest and impure Ideas upon Words of the most distant and innocent Sound. Every low and malicious Wit may turn even facred Language to wicked and abominable Purposes, and clap a Sett of perverse Ideas on the purest Diction. Where neither a David nor a Paul neither Prophets nor Evangelists are safe, no human Writer should expect an Exemption; but the Crime is still in him that construes, and not in him that writes. If Oleo finds an ill Savour in every Place where he comes, I suspect that he has some foul UIcer about him; and when I hear Flovinus tell me on a Snowy Day, that the Ground looks yellow, I may venture to pronounce that Flavinus has the Jaunto plain as to point to the Perfon, he will essib

be tempted to break the Glais, than to record this

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ther might have been differred; and then the many

As for the Characters which are found here in some of the Essays, I profess solemnly there is not one of the vicious or foolish kind that is design'd to reprefent any particular Person. I never thought it pro-per to have Mankind treated in that manner, unless upon some very peculiar and extraordinary Occasions, and then I would leave the unpleasing Work to other Hands. It has been the Aim and Defign of my Life, in my Hours of Leifure, as well as my Seafons of Bufiness, to do what Service I could to my Fellow-Creatures, without giving Offence. I would not willingly create needless Pain or Uneafiness to the most despicable Figure amongst Mankind. There are Vexations enough diffributed among the Beings of my Species, without my adding to the Heap: And yet I confess I have often attempted to hit the fore Part in general; but 'tis with this fincere Intent, that the Wife and Thoughtful, whofoever they are, may feel their Difeafe and be healed, - My Readers may be affured therefore, that the the Vices and the Follies which are here display'd may appear to be as just and fincere a Representation as if they were all borrowed from Life, yet there are not Features enough to describe any Person living. When a reflecting Glass shews the Deformities of a Face to plain as to point to the Person, he will sooner be tempted to break the Glass, than to reform his As Blemifhes.

fi

Blemishes. But if I can find any Error of my own happily described in some general Character, I am then awaken'd to reform it in Silence, without the publick Notice of the World; and the Moral Writer attains his noblest End.

My particular Friends, to whom I have fent any of these Pieces, will generally be pleased to read them in Print, and address'd to a seigned Name, rather than their own: This I sound the safest. Way to avoid Offence on all Hands, and therefore I have not mentioned one proper Name here, but what was in Print before.

In the Disposition of these Pieces, I pretend to no Order, but only aimed to diversify every Sheet of the Collection with Verse and Prose. In a Nosegay or a Flower-Piece, no Man expects an exact Regularity of Situation among the Parts that compose it. Tis sufficient if the Colours and Fragrance entertain the Senses with a grateful Confusion.

I PRESUME no Body will expect in such a Book an Entrance into deep Arguments upon difficult Subjects of any kind whatsoever. The Design is to please and profit every gentle Reader, without giving Pain and Fatigue to the Mind. If

any

any thing here written may induce Strangers to take up to good an Opinion of the Writer as to perule any of his other Works, it is his hearty Defire and Prayer, that they may find abundant Compensation in their own Improvements in Knowledge, Virtue or Piety, and may thereby grow fitter for the heavenly World; to which important and happy End all our Labours here on Earth should conspire, and even our Amusements, whether we read or write, a Amen, wo noted acid walls

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NEWINGTON, March 25. 1734. Con Section 08. about 10ths 75 minima Cl tall of 1



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Miscellaneous Thoughts,

I N

PROSE and VERSE.

Searching after God.



INCE we find in ourselves that we think and reason, we fear and hope, and by an Act of our Will we can put this Body of ours into various Forms of Motion, we may boldly pronounce that we are, and that we live, for we are conscious of

active Power, and Life, and Being. But where is the Hand that made us, and that gave us this Life

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and Power? We know that we did not make ourfelves in Time past, because we cannot promise ourselves a Minute of Time to come: We seel no Power
within to preserve ourselves a Moment, nor to rescue
or with-hold this Being or this Life of ours from the
sudden Demands of Death.

It is evident yet farther, that we did not give ourfelves these wondrous Properties and Powers which we posses; for the we are sensible of many Desiciencies and Impersections, yet neither the most persect nor most desective amongst us can add to our present Self the least new Power or Property. While we are all surrounded with Wants which we cannot supply, and exposed to Death, which we cannot avoid, 'tis a ridiculous Pretence to be our own Makers.

We conclude then with Assurance, that we are the Work of some more powerful and superior Hand; but how we came first into Being, we know not: The Manner of our original Existence is hid from us in Darkness: We are neither conscious of our Creation, nor of the Power which created us. He made us, but he hid Himself from our Eyes and our Ears, and all the Searches of Sense. He has sent us to dwell in this visible World amidst an endless Variety of Images, Figures and Colours, which force themselves upon our Senses; but he for ever disclaims all Image, Colour and Figure Himself. He hath set us, who are inserior Spirits, this Task in these Regions of Mortal Fiesh.

in Prose and Verse.

Flesh, to search and feel after him, if haply we may find the supreme, the infinite and eternal Spirit. We are near a kin to him, even his own Offspring, but we see not our Father's Face; nor can all the Powers of our Nature come at the knowledge of him that made us, but by the Labours and Inferences of our Reason: We toil and work backward to find our Creator's from our present Existence we trace out his Eternity, and through the Chain of a Thousand visible Effects we search out the First, the Invisible and Almighty Cause.

For the most part indeed, we are so amus'd and engross'd by the Things of Sense, that we forget our Maker, and are thoughtless of him that gave us Being: or if we feek and follow after him, 'tis on a cold Scent, and with lazy Enquiries; and when we fancy we perceive formething of him, 'tis at a Distance and in a dusky Twilight: We efpy fome faint Beams, fome Glimmerings of his Glory breaking thro' the Works of his Hands; but he himself stands behind the Vail, and does not flew himself in open Light to the Sons and Daughters of Mortality. Happy Creatites, if we could make our Way so near him as to behold the lovely and adorable Beauties of his Nature; if we could place our Souls fo directly under his kindest Influences, as to feel ourselves adore him in the most profound Humility, and love him with most sublime Load thou syoid any learching Bire. Affection!

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My God, I love and I adore; But Souls that love would know thee more. Wilt thou for ever hide, and stand Behind the Labours of thy Hand? Thy Hand unfeen fuftains the Poles On which this huge Creation rolls: The flarry Arch proclaims thy Power, Thy Pencil glows in every Flower: In thousand Shapes and Colours rife Thy painted Wonders to our Eyes: While Beafts and Birds with lab'ring Throats. Teach us a GoD in thousand Notes. The meanest Pin in Nature's Frame, Marks out some Letter of thy Name. Where Sense can reach or Fancy rove, From Hill to Hill, from Field to Grove, Across the Waves, around the Sky, There's not a Spot, or Deep, or High, Where the Creator has not trod, And left the Footstep of a GoD.

But are his Footsteps all that we, Poor groveling Worms, must know or see? Thou Maker of my vital Frame, Unvail thy Face, pronounce thy Name, Shine to my Sight, and let the Ear Which thou hast form'd, thy Language hear. Where is thy Residence? Oh, why Dost thou avoid my searching Eye, My longing Sense? Thou Great Unknown, Say, Do the Clouds conceal thy Throne? Divide, ye Clouds, and let me see The Power that gives me Leave to Be.

On art thou all diffus'd abroad
Thro' boundless Space, a Present God,
Unseen, unheard, yet ever near?
What shall I do to find thee here?
Is there not some mysterious Art
To feel thy Presence at my Heart?
To hear thy Whispers soft and kind,
In holy Silence of the Mind?
Then rest, my Thoughts; nor longer roam
In quest of Joy, for Heaven's at home.

BUT, oh, thy Beams of warmest Love! Sure, they were made for Worlds above. How shall my Soul her Powers extend, Beyond where Time and Nature end. To reach those Heights, thy Best Abode, And meet thy kindest Smiles, my GoD? What shall I do? I wait thy Call; Pronounce the Word, my Life, my All. Oh for a Wing to bear me far Beyond the golden Morning-Star! Fain would I trace th' immortal Way. That leads to Courts of endless Day, Where the Creator stands confess'd, 如不知 多级器 In his own fairest Glories dress'd. A length

O RIA

Some thining Spirit help me rife, Come waff a Stranger thro' the Skies: Bless'd Jesus, meet me on the Road, First Offspring of th' Eternal GoD Thy Hand shall lead a Younger Son, Clothe me with Vestures yet unknown, And place me near my Father's Throne.



o feet flay Paylences and Land ROMAN IDOLATRY.

TT has been an old Temptation to Mankind, almost ever since Human Nature was made, that we defire to find out fomething just like Gon. Hence arose a great part of the Idelatry of Ancient Ages, and of almost all the Heathen World: Hence the skilful and impious Labours of the Statuary and the Painter! Hence all the gaudy glittering Images, and all the monstrous Shapes that possess and inhabit the Temples of the Gentiles. They were all defigned to represent the shining Glories, or the active Powers of Divinity. The fruitful Brain of the Poet and the Priest have yet farther multiplied the Images of Godhead. to make it appear like fomething which we can feel, hear, or fee. But to whom shall we liken God? With what likeness will ye compare me, saith the holy one of Ifrael? Ifa. xl. 18; 25. He is, and will be for ever, the Great Inimitable, and the Infinite Unknown.

AND

And yet this Folly has not spent itself all in the Heathen World. The Jewish Nation was often fond of Idols, and they would more than once have the Figure of Divinity among them; the the Wilderness of Sinai, in the Days of Moses, and the Tents of Dan and Bethel in Jeroboam's Reign, can bear witness that it look'd much more like a Calf than a God. Israel too often sell in with the rest of the Nations, and changed the Glory of the uncorruptible God into an Image made like to corruptible Man, and to Birds and sour-footed Beasts, and creeping Things,

THE Christian World indeed has much clearer Light, and nobler Discoveries of the invisible Nature of GoD; and yet how has the Romiff Church fallen into gross Idolatry in this respect, and with profane Attempt; have painted all the Bleffed Trinity! Whatfoever Pretence they may derive from the human Nature of the Son of God, or from the Dove-like Appearance of the hely Spirit, to draw the Figures of a Dove or a Man, as a Memorial of those facred Condescensions; yet I know no sufficient Warrant they can have to fly in the very Face of Divine Prohibition, and to paint and carve the Figure of God the Father like an old Man, when he never appeared among Men in any bodily Forms; and our Lord Fefus himself says of him, Ye have neither heard his Voice at any time, not feen bis Shape, John v. 37.

BUT this Popilb Church descends yet to meaner. Idolatry; and because Christ, who is God manifest in the Flesh, represents himself in a Metaphor, as the Bread of Life, to support and nourish our Souls, therefore they turn their Saviour into a real Piece of Breads They make a God of Dough, and they devour and they worship the Work of the Baker. O sottish Religion, and stupid Professors! Could we ever have imagin'd that such an absurd Superstition, that gives the Lye grosly to Sense and Reason at once, should ever find room in the Belief of Man, in fpight of all his fenfible and his rational Powers? Could one have imagined. I fay, that fuch a glaring Falshood, that shocks at once our intellectual and our animal Faculties. should be lodged and fostered in the Bosom and Heart of the Sons of Adam ? But Experience here exceeds Imagination. What a shameful Reproach and Scandal is it to human Nature, that a Faith with so much Nonfense in it, should overspread whole Nations, and triumph over the largest Part of the knowing and refined World? But every dawning Day-light is a Witness of these National Idolatries, these Scandals to Mankind and all their intellectual Glory. Every Sun that sets or rises in some Part or other of the Earth, beholds Multitudes of Fools and Philosophers, Ploughmen and Princes, acknowledging the Breaden God, bending the Knee to the Wafer-Cake, and bowing towards the facred Repository of the kneaded Idol.

9

'T was the first Ambition and Iniquity of Man to affect a forbidden Likeness to God; there is Insolence added to the Ambition, when we bring down God to our Level, and make him a Man, like ourselves: But when we fink the Deity beneath our own Nature, when we make a mere Animal or Vegetable of him, and turn him into a bit of senseless Paste, the Madness of this Impiety must for ever want a Name.

III.

seith is a impeise I spro Coloeda Danie mach tra

To DORIO.

The first Lyrick Hour.

THERE's a Line or two that seem to carry in them I know not what Sostness and Beauty in the beginning of that Ode of Casimire, where he describes his first Attempts on the Harp, and his commencing a Lyrick Poet.

Albis dormiit in Ross,
Lihisque jacens & violis Dies,
Primæ cui potui vigil
Somnum Pieria rumpere Barbito,

Curæ dum vocuus Puer
Formosi legerem Littara Narviæ
Ex illo mihi posteri
Florent sole dies, &c.

I HAVE tried to imitate these Lines, but I cannot from them into English Lyricks: I have releas'd myself from the Fetters of Rhime, yet I cannot gain my own Approbation. I have given my Thoughts a further Loose, and spread the Sense abroad, but I fear there is something of the Spirit evaporates; and tho' the elegant Idea perhaps does not entirely escape, yet I could wish for a happier Expression of it. Such as it is, receive it, Dorio, with your usual Candor, correct the Desiciencies, and restore the Elegapee of the Polish Poet, to those six or seven Lines wherein I have attempted an Imitation.

'Tw As an unclouded Sky: The Day-Star fat
On highest Noon: No Breezes fann'd the Grove,
Nor the Musicians of the Air pursu'd
Their artless Warblings; while the sultry Day
Lay all diffus'd and slumbring on the Bosom
Of the white Lilly, the persum'd Jonquil,
And lovely blushing Rose. Then first my Harp
Labouring with Childish Innocence and Joy
Brake Silence, and awoke the smiling Hour
With infant Notes, saluting the fair Skies,
(Heaven's highest Work) the fair enamell'd Meads,

And tall green Shades along the winding Banks
Of Avon gently-flowing, 'Thence my Days
Commenc'd harmonious; there began my Skill
To vanquish Care by the sweet-sounding String.

HAIL happy Hour, O bleft Remembrance, Hail!

And banish Wees for ever. Harps were made
For Heaven's Beatitudes; There Jesse's Son
Tunes his bold Lyre with Majesty of Sound,
To the Creating and All-ruling Power
Not unattentive: While ten thousand Tongues
Of Hymning Seraphs and disbodied Saints,
Eccho the Joys and Graces round the Hills
Of Paradise, and spread Messal's Name.
Transporting Bliss! Make haste, ye rolling Spheres,
Ye circling Suns, ye winged Minutes haste,
Fulfil my destin'd Period here, and raise
The meanest Son of Harmony to join
In that Celestial Consert.



IV:

vampille Circle

The HEBREW POET.

This Ode represents the Difficulty of a just Translation of the Psalms of David, in all their Hebrew Glory; with an Apology for the Imitation of them in Christian Language.

[The first Hint borrowed from CASIMIRE, Jessa quisquis, &c. Book 4. Od. 7.]

T.

S HEW me the Man that dares and fings Great David's Verse to British Strings:
Sublime Attempt! but bold and vain
As building Babel's Tower again.

II.

The Bard * that climb'd to Cooper's-Hill,
Reaching at Zion, sham'd his Skill,
And bids the Sons of Albion own,
That Judah's Psalmist reigns alone.

* Sir John Denham who gain'd great Reputation by his Poem, call'd Cooper's-Hill, fail'd in his Translation of the Pfalms of David.

III.

Bleft Poet! now like gentle Thames
He fooths our Ears with Silver Streams:
Like his own Jordan now he rolls,
And sweeps away our captive Souls.

IV.

Softly the tuneful Shepherd leads
The Hebrew Flocks to flowry Meads!
He marks their Path with Notes divine,
While Fountains spring with Oil and Wine.

V

Rivers of Peace attend his Song,
And draw their Milky Train along:
He Jars; and Lo, the Flints are broke,
But Honey issues from the Rock,

VI.

When kindling with victorious Fire He shakes his Lance across the Lyre; The Lyre resounds unknown Alarms, And sets the Thunderer in Arms,

VII.

Behold the Goo! th' Almighty King, Rides on a Tempest's glorious Wing; His Ensigns lighten round the Sky, And moving Legions sound on high.

Miscellaneous Thought's,

VIII

Ten thousand Cherubs wait his Course, Chariors of Fire and flaming Horse: Earth trembles; and her Mountains flow, At his Approach, like melting Snow.

IX.

But who those Frowns of Wrath can draw, That strike Heaven, Earth, and Hell, with Awe? Red Lightning from his Eye-lids broke; His Voice was Thunder, Hail, and Smoak.

X.

He spake; the cleaving Waters sled, And Stars beheld the Ocean's Bed: While the great Master strikes his Lyre, You see the frighted Floods retire:

XI.

In Heaps the frighted Billows stand,
Waiting the Changes of his Hand:
He leads his Israel thro' the Sea,
And watry Mountains guard their Way.

XII.

Turning his Hand with Sovereign Sweep, He drowns all Egypt in the Deep: Then guides the Tribes, a glorious Band, Thro' Defarts to the promis'd Land.

XIII.

Here Camps with wide imbattel'd Force,
Here Gates and Bulwarks stop their Course:
He storms the Mounds, the Bulwark salls,
The Harp lies strow'd with ruin'd Walls.

XIV.

See his broad Sword flies o'er the Strings,
And mows down Nations with their Kings:
From every Chord his Bolts are hurl'd,
And Vengeance fmites the rebel World.

XV.

Lo, the great Poet shifts the Scene,
And shews the Face of God Serene:
Truth, Meekness, Peace, Salvation ride,
With Guards of Justice, at his Side.

XVI.

No meaner Muse could weave the Light,
To form his Robes divinely bright,
Or frame a Crown of Stars to shine
With Beams of Majesty divine,

XVII.

Now in prophetick Light he fees.

Ages to come, and dark Degrees:

He brings the Prince of Glory down,

Stript of his Robe and starry Crown.

Miscellaneous Thoughts,

XVIIL

See how the Heathen Nations rage, Jews & Heathens See, their combining Powers engage
Against th' Anointed of the Lord,
The Man whom Angels late ador'd,

XIX.

God's only Son: Behold, he dies: Surprizing Grief! The Groans arise, The Lyre complains on every String, And mourns the Murther of her King.

XX.

But Heaven's Anointed must not dwell
In Death: The vanquish'd Powers of Hell
Yeild to the Harp's Diviner Lay;
The Grave refigns th' illustrious Prey.

XXI.

Messiah lives, Messiah reigns:
The Song surmounts the Airy Plains,
T' attend her Lord with Joys unknown,
And bear the Victor to his Throne,

XXII

Rejoice, ye shining Worlds on high, Behold the Lord of Glory nigh: Eternal Doors, your Leaves display, To make the Lord of Glory Way:

XXIII. A cruste of and aT

Wierethoughand Otorics king librately

What mortal Bard has Skill or Force
To paint these Scenes, to tread this Course,
Or furnish three th' Ethereal Road
A Triumph for a rising Go D?

XXIV.

Astonish'd at so vast a Flight
Thro' flaming Worlds and Floods of Light;
My Muse her awful Distance keeps,
Still following, but with trembling Steps.

XXV.

She bids her humble Verse explain
The Hebrew Harp's sublimer Strain;
Points to her Saviour still, and shows
What Course the Sun of Glory goes.

XXVI.

Here he ascends behind a Cloud
Of Incense, * there he sets in Blood; *
She reads his Labours and his Names
In spicy Smoak, * and Bleeding Lambs. †

XXVII.

Rich are the Graces which she draws.
From Types, and Shades, and Jewish Laws:

^{*} Christ's Intercession.

With thousand Glories long foretold To turn the future Age to Gold.

XXVIII.

Grace is her Theme, and Joy, and Love:

Descend, ye Blessings, from above,

And crown my Song. Eternal Go D,

Forgive the Muse that dreads thy Rod.

XXIX.

Silent, she hears thy Vengeance roll, That crushes Mortals to the Soul, Nor dares assume the Bolt, nor sheds Th' immortal Curses on their Heads,

XXX.

Yet fince her Go D is still the same,
And David's Son is all her Theme,
She begs some humble Place to sing
In Confert with Judeo's King.



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The Thankful Philosopher.

AMONG all the useful and entertaining Studies of Philosophy, there is none so worthy of Man as the Science of Human Nature. There is none that furnishes us with more Wonders of divine Wisdom, or gives higher Occasion to adore divine Goodness. Chariflus, a Gentleman of great Piety and Worth, has frent many an Hour upon this delightful Theme. In the midst of his Meditations one Day, he was debating thus with himself, and enquiring what fort of Being he was. nels in tonfeious

Now I stand, said he, now I lie down; I rise again and walk, I eat, drink and fleep; my Pulle. beats, and I draw the Breath of Life: Surely I have the Parts and Powers of an Ahimal; I am a living Body of Flesh and Blood, a wonderful Engine, with many Varieties of Motion. But let me confider also what other Actions I perform.

I THINK, I meditate and contrive, I compare. Things and judge of them; now I doubt, and then I. believe; I will what I act, and sometimes wish what I canI cannot act: I defire and hope for what I have not, as well as am conscious of what I have, and rejoyce in it: I look backward and survey Ages past, and I look forward into what is to come: Surely I must be a Spirit, a thinking Power, a Soul, something very distinct from this Machine of Matter with all its Shapes and Motions.

MERE Matter put into all possible Motion, can never think, reason and contrive, can never hope and wish, as I do, and survey distant Times, the past and survey. Yet 'tis as impossible also that a Mind, a Soul, should walk or lie down, should eat or drink; but I seel, I know, I am assured I do all these. I perform some Actions that cannot belong to a Spirit, and some that Flesh and Blood can never pretend to.

What am I then? What strange kind of Being is this, which is conscious of all these different Agencies, both of Matter and Spirit? What sort of Thing can I be, who seem to think and reason in my Head, who seel and am conscious of Pain or Ease, not at my Heart only, but at my Toes and Fingers too? I conclude then, I can be nothing else but a Compounded Creature, made up of these two distinct Beings, Spirit and Matter; or, as we usually express it, Soul and Body.

Trs very plain also to me, upon a small Enquiry, that this Body and this Soul did not make themselves,

Body ;

nor one another. But did not I myself join these two different Natures together when they were made? Did not my Soul take this Body into Union with itfelf? By no means; for the first Moment that I knew any thing of myself, I found the Powers of Thought working in an Animal Nature; that is, I found myself such a Compounded Being as I now am: I had no more hand in the Union of these two Principles, or in the Composition of myself, than I had in the making of those two distinct Beings of which I am compounded: It was GoD only, that great GOD who created both Parts of me, the Animal and the Mind, who also joined them together in so strange an Union; and if I were to enter into the Mysteries of this Union, it would open a wide and various Scene of Amazement at his unfearchable Wifdom. the second

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But let me examine a little: Was there no ancient and early Kindred between this particular Spirit and this Flesh of mine, this Mind and this Animal? Is there no original Relation, no essential Harmony and special Congruity between my Body and my Soul, that should make their Union necessary? None at all that I can find, either by my Sense or Resection, my Reason or Experience. These two Beings have dwelt now Thirty Years together, strangely united into one, and yet I have never been able to trace any one Instance of previous Kindred between them. This Mind might have been pair'd with any other human

Body; or this Body with any other Mind. I can find nothing but the fovereign Will of God that joined this Mind and this Animal Body together, and made the wondrous Compound: It was He ordained me to be what I am, in all the Circumstances of my Nativity.

SEEST thou, O my Soul, that unhappy Cripple lying at thy Neighbour's Door, that poor mif-shapen Piece of Human Nature? Mark how useless are his Limbs! he can neither support nor feed himself. Look overagainst him, there sits one that was Blind from his Birth, and begs his Bread. If thou hadst been originally united to either of these Pieces of Flesh and Blood, then hadst thou been that poor Cripple, or that very blind Beggar.

YONDER lies a piteous Spectacle, a poor Infant that came into the World but three Months ago, its Flesh cover'd with Ulcers, and its Bones putrifying with its Father's Sins: I hear its whining Cries, and long piteous Wailings; its bitter Groans touch my Heart, and awaken all my Tenderness: Let me stand and resect a little. Surely I had been that wretched Thing, that little pining, perishing Infant, and all those Pains and Agonies had been mine, if God had reserved my Soul in his secret Counsels till a sew Months ago, and then confined it to that unhappy Mansion of diseased and dying Flesh.

ONCE more let my Eyes affect my Heart. What a ftrange aukward Creature do I fee there! The Form of it is as the Form of a Man, but its Motions feem to be more irregular, and the Animal more fenfeless than a very Beast: Yet they tell me, it is forty Years old. It might have been by this time a Statefman, a Philosopher, a General of an Army, or a learned Divine; but Reason could never act nor shew itself in that disordered Engine: . The tender Brain was ruffled perhaps, and the Parts of it disturbed in the very Embrio, or perhaps it was shaken with Convulfions when it first faw the Light; but the Place of its Birth was the fame with mine, and the Neighbours fav. it was born the next Door to me. How miferable had I been if, when that Body was prepared, my Soul had received order to go but one Door farther, to fix its mortal Dwelling there, and to manage that poor disabled Machine! And if the Spirit also that refides there had been united to my Flesh, it had been a fad Exchange for me: That Ideot had been all that I was by Nature, and I had been that Ideot.

My Meditations may rove farther abroad, may furvey past Ages and distant Nations, and by the Powers of Fancy, I may set myself in the midst of them.

HAD this Spirit of mine been joined to a Body formed in Lapland or Malabar, I had worship'd the Images

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Images of Thor or Bramma; and perhaps I had been a Lapland Wizard with a conjuring Drum, or a Malabarian Priest, to wear out my Life in ridiculous Eastern Ceremonies.

HAD my Soul been formed and united to a British Body fifteen hundred Years ago, I had been a painted Briton, a rude Idolater, as well as my Fathers; a superstitious Druid had been my highest Character, and I should have paid my absurd Devotions to some fancy'd Deity in a huge hollow Oak, and liv'd and dy'd in utter Ignorance of the true God, and of Jesus my Saviour. Or had my Spirit been sent to Turkey, Mahamet had been my Prophet, and the ridiculous Stories of the Alcoran had been all my Hope of Eternal Life.

SHOULD some Flatterer stand by and tell me, "As your Stature is tall and manly, so your Genius is too sublime, and your Spirit too bright to be buried under those Clouds of Darkness. Should he practice upon my Vanity, and say, "Charistus has a Soul and Reason which would have led him to the Knowledge of the true God, if he had been born in the Wilds of America, and had for his Father a Savage Iroquois, or his Ancestors had been all Naraganset Indians."

FOND foolish Man, to imagine there are no Genius's which out-shine me in the wild and barbarous World,

no bright and sublime Intellects but those which are appointed to act their Part in the Nations of Europe! Good Sense and natural Smartness are scatter'd among most of the Nations of Mankind. There are ingenious Africans, American Wits, Philosophers and Poets in Malabar; there are both the Sprightly and the Stupid, the Foolish and the Wise, on this and on tother side of the great Atlantick Ocean: But the brighter Powers of Nature cannot exert themselves and shine in the same Glory, when the Affairs and Circumstances all around them are mean and low, and despicable, when their Life and Time, and all their Powers from their very Insancy, are employ'd in providing a sorry Sustenance for the Body, and supplying the importunate Appetites of Nature.

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HAD I the largest Share of natural Understanding and Sprightliness, far beyond what my Friends can imagine, all the Advantage of it would have been, that perhaps I had shaped a nicer Bow, or set the Feathers on an Arrow for swifter Flight than my Neighbour: Perhaps I might have sooner hit the slying Partridge, and laid a surer Trap for a Wild-Goose or a Pigeon; I had learnt to outwit the Brutal Creation with more Success; egregious Victory and Triumph! Or if I had employ'd my best Spirits and Vigour in the Affairs of my Religion, I might have danced in more antick Postures round some sacred Bonsire, and contriv'd some new Superstitions, or perhaps authorized some new Gods or Goddesses; or

I might have howl'd among my Fellows with more hideous Airs than they, and have worshipped the Devil with more Zeal and Activity. Wretched Prerogatives of a sprightly Nature, lest without the Beams of illuminating Grace!

To Thee, O my God, to Thee are due my eternal Praises; and to Thee will I offer the humblest Acknowledgments and Songs of highest Gratitude. It is Thou hast made my Compounded Nature what it is, in all the comfortable and hopeful Attendants of it; Thou hast not joined my Spirit to the disturbed Brain of an Ideot, to a crippled Carcas, or a Piece of rumpled Deformity. Thou haft given to my Soul a Body, with its proper Limbs and Organs of Senfe, capable of Activity, Converse and Service among the reasonable World. Blessed be my Gop for ever, that he has appointed me to act my Part in Great Britain, while 'tis a Land of Divine Light; he has placed my Soul in fuch a Dwelling, and with fuch Circumstances among the Sons of Men, as may, through his Grace, prepare it for the Company of Angels, and for his own blissful Presence in the World above.

But has not my Spirit been depress'd by a fickly. Constitution, and confined to a feeble Engine of Flesh under daily Disorders? Have I not sustained many Sorrows on this Account, and wasted some Years among the Infirmities of the Body, and in pain-

ful Idleness? Are there not several Souls favour'd with a more easy Habitation, and yoaked with a better Partner? Are they not accommodated with Engines which have more Health and Vigour, and fituated in much more happy Circumstances than mine? What then? Shall I repine at my Lot, and murmur against my Creator, because he has made some Hundreds happier than I; while I furvey whole Nations, and Millions of Mankind, that have not a thousandth Part of my Bleffings?

I DARE not complain, O my GoD, that I am not one of the few who enjoy the highest Pleasures. and the most easy Circumstances on Earth; but I have infinite reason to adore thy distinguishing Goodness. who haft not suffer'd me to be one of the mile rable Millions!

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The PRAISE of GOD.

TITHAT is Praise? 'Tis a Part of that Divine Worship which we owe to the Power that made us: 'Tis an Acknowledgment of the Perfections of Go D, afcribing all Excellencies to him, and confessing all the Works of Nature and Grace to proceed from him. Now when we apply ourselves to this Work, and dress up our Notions of a GoD in Magnificence of Language, when we furnish them out with shining Figures, and pronounce them in founding Words, we fancy ourselves to say great Things, and are even charm'd with our own Forms of Praise: But alas! the highest and best of them set in a true Light, are but the feeble Voice of a Creature. foreading before the Almighty Being that made him, fome of his own low and little Ideas, and telling him what he thinks of the Great GoD, and what GoD has done. When the holy Pfalmist would express his honourable Thoughts of his Maker, they amount only to this, Thou art good, and thou doest good, Pfal. cxix. 68. How inconfiderable an Offering is this for a Go D! and yet so condescending is his Love, that he leoks looks down, and is well pleased to receive it. Let us meditate on this a little, and learn how utterly unworthy our highest Attempts of Worship, and our most refined Strains of Praise, are of divine Acceptance.

- 1. We can tell God but a very little of what he is, or has done. How small a Portion do we know! and how mean must our Praise be! Now to speak of the Worth of another so very poorly and impersectly, would be an Affront among Men; yet the great God takes it well at our Hands, when we labour to say what we know of his Greatness or his Goodness. Our brightest Ideas of him eclipse his Glory, and our highest Language sinks beneath the Dignity of his Nature. God is great, and we know him not, Job xxxvi-26, he is exalted above our Praises, Nehem. ix. 5.
- much better himself. 'Tis not to increase his Knowledge when we spread our own Concerns before him in Prayer; for he knows what we are, what is our Frame, what are our Weaknesses and our Wants, far better than we ourselves are acquainted with them; much less when we Praise him, can we presume to know what God is, or what he does, or tell him any thing that relates to himself, but what he knew eternally before us, and knows infinitely better than we do; we can add no new Ideas to his Mind, nor enlarge one of his own Ideas.

3. WE can only tell GOD what Angels and happy Souls tell him much more of, and in a much better manner: And yet all that Angels can fay bears no Proportion to what GoD is; for if it did, GoD were not infinite. Should a little Emmet that feels the Sunbeams, lift up its Head and fay, O Sun, thou art warm; a creeping Insect that knows nothing of the Nature, the Glory, the wonderful Properties, Operations and Effects of this prodigious and aftonishing World of Fire, nothing of its various and admirable Motions, real or suppos'd, nothing of its vast Circumference and Greatness; yet this despicable Emmet gives Praise to the Sun much more than we can do to our GoD, much more than Angels can do, more than all created Nature can do; because there is some Proportion between the Praises of this creeping Worm, and the Glories of the Sun; they are both finite: But the Glories of our GoD are infinite; therefore no created Praise bears any Proportion. 'Tis only the Godhead that can fulfil its own Praises; that Voice that built the Heavens and the Earth can tell what GoD is, and what GoD has done, If he pronounce a Word and create all Things by it, 'tis only that Word can pay him fufficient Praise.

How far then are our feeble and mean Essays of Worship from adding any thing to our Maker! A forry Ant gives Heat and Glory to the Sun, by telling it 'tis warm, as much as all the Acclamations of Heaven Heaven and Earth can add real Glory to the bleffed God. His Effential Perfections are uncapable of receiving the least Grain of Addition from all the Thoughts and Tongues of the intellectual World. His own Idea of Himself, is his noblest Praise.

How far are the most exalted Praises we pay to God, below the Danger of Flattery! Flattery exalts a thing beyond its Nature and Merit; but no Fellow-Creature would call himself flatter'd, should we speak of him in so mean Terms, and so much below his Worth, as we must do when we speak the highest Praises of our God that our Thoughts can reach to: and yet Psal. 1. 23. He that offereth Praise, glorisies me. O Divine Condescension, that a God will esteem our despicable Praises some of his Glories!

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A Meditation for the First of MAY.

W HAT altonishing Variety of Artifices, what inumerable Millions of exquisite Works, is the God of Nature ingaged in every Moment! How gloriously are his all-pervading Wisdom and Power employ'd in this youthful Season of the Year, this Spring of Nature! What infinite Myriads of Vegetable Beings is he forming this very Moment, in their Roots and Branches, in their Leaves and Blossoms,

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their Seeds and Fruit! Some indeed begun to discover their Bloom amidst the Snows of January, or under the rough cold Blasts of March: those Flowers are withered and vanished in April, and their Seeds are are now ripening to Perfection. Others are shewing themselves this Day in all their blooming Pride and Beauty; and while they adorn the Gardens and Meadows, with gay and glowing Colours, they promife their Fruits in the Days of Harvest. The whole Nation of Vegetables is under the Divine Care and Culture, his Hand forms them Day and Night with admirable Skill and unceafing Operation, according to the Natures he first gave them, and produces their Buds and Foliage, their flowry Blossoms, and rich Fruit in their appointed Months: Their Progress in Life is exceeding swift at this Season of the Year; and their fuccessive Appearances, and sweet Changes of Raiment, are visible almost hourly.

But these Creatures are of Lower Life, and give but seedler Displays of the Maker's Wisdom. Let us raise our Contemplations another Story, and survey a nobler Theatre of Divine Wonders. What endless Armies of Animals is the Hand of God moulding and siguring this Moment throughout his Brutal Dominions! What immense Flights of little Birds are now fermenting in the Egg, heaving and growing towards Shape and Life! What vast Flocks of sour-sooted Creatures, what Droves of large Cattle are now framing in their early

Embrio's, imprisoned in the dark Cells of Nature! and others perhaps are moving towards Liberty, and just preparing to see the Light. What unknown Myriads of Infects in their various Cradles and Nesting-places are now working toward Vitality and Motion! and Thousands of them with their painted Wings, just beginning to unsurl, and expand themselves into Fluttering and Day-Light: While other Families of them have forsaken their husky Beds, and exult and glitter in the warm Sun-Beams!

An exquisite World of Wonders is complicated even in the Body of every little Insect, an Ant, a Gnat, a Mite, that is scarce visible to the naked Eye. Admirable Engines! which a whole Academy of Philosophers could never contrive, which the Nation of Poets hath neither Art nor Colours to describe; nor has a World of Mechanicks Skill enough to frame the plainest, or coarsest of them. Their Nerves, their Muscles, and the minute Atoms which compose the Fluids sit to run in the little Channels of their Veins, escape the Notice of the most sagacious Mathematician, with all his Aid of Glasses. The active Powers and Curiosity of Human Nature are limited in their Pursuit, and must be content to lie down in Ignorance. — Hithertashall ye go and no further.

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'T is a sublime and constant Triumph over all the intellectual Powers of Man, which the great God maintains every Moment in these inimitable Works of

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Nature, in these impenetrable Recesses and Mysteries of Divine Art! and the Month of May, is the most thining Season of this Triumph. The Flags and Banners of Almighty Wisdom are now display'd round half the Globe, and the other half waits the return of the Sun, to spread the same Triumph over the Southern World. This very Sun in the Firmament is Go D's prime Minister in this wondrous World of Beings, and he works with fovereign Vigour on the Surface of the Earth, and spreads his Influences deep under the Clods to every Root and Fibre, moulding them into their proper Forms, by Divine Direction. There is not a Plant, nor a Leaf, nor one little branching Shread, above or beneath the Ground, that 'scapes the Eye or Influence of this beneficent Star: An illustrious emblem of the Omnipresence and Universal Activity of the Creator.

But has this all-wife Creator, this supreme Lord of all Nature, no intellectual Prime Minister at all in these his Dominions? Has he delegated all his Powers to that bulky Globe of Fire which we call the Sun, that inanimate and unthinking Mass of Matter? Is this huge burning and senseless Body commission'd to penetrate every dark Cranny of Nature, either with its Light or Heat, and to animate every Atom in the Vegetable and Animal Kingdoms, and yet no intellectual Being, no Spirit so much akin to God, as to be savour'd with the like extensive Vicegerency? Those the Light of Reason does not tell his Name, yet has

not

not Revelation informed us? Yes, furely, there is a Man after Go D's own Heart, the fairest Image of the Creator, and nearest akin to him, among all the Works of his Hands: There is a Man, and his Name: is JESUS, who holds most intimate and personal Union with the Godhead, in whom all Divine Wifdom dwells bodily, and to his Care has the Father committed all the infinite Varieties of the Vegetable and Animal Worlds. By him are all these Wonders. produced in the Courfe of Providence, as by an Underagent in the Kingdom of Nature. Is not the Government of Heaven and Earth put into his Hands? Is he not made Lord of Principalities and Powers, of Men, Angels, and Devils, and of all their Works? And can we think that he has been deny'd the Government of the lower Parts of his Father's Workmanthip? Does he not manage all Things in the World. of Grace? Surely then we may infer, he rules as wifely and as spaciously in the upper and lower Regions of the Creation, as an intellectual and conscious. Instrument of the Providence of his Father, Go D. My Father worketh hitherto; and I work. I and my Father are One: And every Creature which is in Heaven, and on the Earth, and under the Earth, and futh as are: in the Sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Bleffing and Honour, and Glory and Power, be to him that fitteth upon the Throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever Amen.

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VIII.

Divine Goodness in the Creation.

me, who have taken a Survey of the Wisdom of God in the Works of Nature; such are the Reverend and Pious Mr. Ray, in his Treatise on that Subject; Mr. Derham, in his two Volumes written on that Divine Theme; and the Archbishop of Cambray, in his Demonstration of the Existence of God. But I do not remember to have read in those Authors this one Instance of the wide-spreading Dissussion of Divine Goodness through this lower World, (viz.) That the most universal and conspicuous Appearances both of the Earth and Sky, are designed for the Convenience, the Profit and Pleasure of all the Animal Creation: All that we see above us, and all beneath us, is staited to our Nourishment or to our Delight:

WHAT is more necessary for the Support of Life, than Food? Behold the Earth is cover'd with it all around; Grass, Herbs and Fruits for Beasts and Men, were ordain'd to overspread all the Surface of the Ground, so that an Animal could scarce wander any where, but his Food was near him. Amazing Provision for such an immense Family!

What is more joyful than the Light? Truly the Light is fweet (says the wisest of Men) and a pleafant thing 'tis to behold the Light of the Sun. See the whole Circuit of the Heavens is replenish'd with Sunbeams, so that while the Day lasts, wheresoever the Eye is placed, 'tis surrounded with this Enjoyment; it drinks in the easy and general Blessing, and is thereby entertained with all the particular Varieties of the Creation. 'Tis Light conveys to our Notice all the Riches of the Divine Workmanship; without it Nature would be a huge and eternal Blank, and her infinite Beauties for ever unknown.

AGAIN; What are the sweetest Colours in Nature, the most delightful to the Eye, and most refreshing too? Surely the Green and the Blue claim this Preeminence. Common Experience, as well as Philosophy, tells us, that Bodies of Blue and Green Colours fend us such Rays of Light to our Eyes, as are least hurtful or offensive; we can endure them longest; whereas the Red and the Yellow, or Orange Colour, fend more uneafy Rays in abundance, and give greater Confusion and Pain to the Eye; they dazzle it sooner, and tire it quickly with a little intent Gazing; therefore the divine Goodness dress'd all the Heavens in Blue, and the Earth in Green. Our Habitation is overhung with a Canopy of most beautiful Azure, and a rich verdant Pavement is spread under our Feet, that the Eye may be pleas'd and easy, wheresoever it turns it elf, and that the most universal Objects it has to converse with might not impair the Spirits and make the Sense weary.

I.

When G o D the new-made World furvey'd, His Word pronounc'd the Building good; Sun-beams and Light the Heavens array'd, And the whole Earth was crown'd with Food.

11.

Colours that charm and ease the Eye,

His Pencil spread all Nature round;

With pleasing Blue he arch'd the Sky,

And a Green Carpet dress the Ground.

III.

Let envious Atheists ne'er complain
That Nature wants, or Skill, or Care;
But turn their Eyes all round in vain,
T' avoid their Maker's Goodness there.



TX.

The facred Concert of Praise.

I.

COME, pretty Birds, fly to this verdant Shade,.
Here let our different Notes in Praise conspire:
'Twas the same Hand your painted Pinions spread,
That form'd my nobler Powers to raise his Honours.
[higher

II.

Fair Songsters, come; beneath the facred Grove We'll sit and teach the Woods our Maker's Name: Men have forgot his Works, his Power, his Love, Forgot the mighty Arm that rear'd their wondrous [Frame.

III.

I fearch the crowded Court, the bufy Street,
Run thro' the Villages, trace every Road:
In vain I fearch; for every Heart I meet
Is laden with the World, and empty of its GoD.

IV.

How shall I bear with Men to spend my Days?. Dear seather'd Innocents, you please me best:

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Men have forgot his Works, his Power, his Love,
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III.

I search the crowded Court, the busy Street,
Run thro' the Villages, trace every Road:
In vain I search; for every Heart I meet
Is laden with the World, and empty of its GoD.

IV.

How shall I bear with Men to spend my Days? Dear seather'd Innocents, you please me best:

My GoD has fram'd your Voices for his Praise, His high Designs are answer'd by your tuneful Breast's.

V.

SweetWarblers, come, wake all your chearful Tongues; We joyn with Angels and their Heavenly Choirs; Our humble Airs may imitate their Songs, Tho' bolder are their Notes, and purer are their Fires.

VI.

Had I ten thousand Hearts, my God, my Love; Had I ten Thousand Voices, all are thine: Where Love enflames the Soul, the Lips must move; Nor shall the Song be mortal where the Theme's

X.

The World a Stranger to Gob.

T.

INFINITE Beauty, everlasting Love, [thee! How are our Hearts, our Thoughts, estrang'd from Th' eternal God surrounds us; yet we rove In Chase of airy Toys, and sollow as they see.

II.

Oh could I cry, and make the Nations hear, From North to South my Voice should teach thy Name: I'd tell them, that they buy their Joys too dear, And pay immortal Souls for glittering Dust or Fame.

HI.

Almighty Power, break off these Chains of Sense, Melt them away with Love's celestial Fire, Create the World anew; let Man commence A Seraph here on Earth, let Man to Heaven aspire.

XI.

PURGATORY.

TWAS a gainful Contrivance of the Priests of Rome, to erect a Building between Heaven and Hell, where to dispose of good Christians after Death till they are compleatly sit for Heaven: This is Purgatory; a Place where the remaining Vices of the dying Man are purged out with Fire: The Torments of it are said to be equal to the Torments of Hell, and differ only in the Duration. Those Souls for whom the Priest is bired to say most Masses, are soonest freed from

from the Relicts of Iniquity, and get the speediest Release to the heavenly Regions. This fills the Coffers of the Clergy by the Legacies of the Dead: Every one that leaves the World, takes something away from his Friends and his Heirs to purchase Prayers for himfelf, and to shorten the Anguish of his Purisication. Even that excellent Man, the Archbishop of Cambray, in his Posthumous Book called his Spiritual Works, speaks of the Neeessity of this purifying Fire, for good Christians, to burn out the Remnant of Self-Love, by teaching them Patience and entire Resignation of the Will, and perfect Contentment under the stery Discipline.

But I cannot imagine how this Doctrine should be any Temptation to Men to become Proselytes to the Church of Rome: One Instance of this kind which I am going to relate, methinks should affright Persons for ever from turning Papists.

Promedon was bred in the Protestant Faith, but having a superstitious Turn of Mind, and being much imprest by the Discourse of an Uncle who was a devout Catholick, he began to waver, and was inclin'd to change. He went lately to pay a Visit to this Uncle on his Death-bed; where after many Crossings and Anointings, and Holy Charms, he saw the dying Man continue still in utmost Distress and Horror; for notwithstanding all the Devotions of hi Life, and the Ceremonies at his last Moments, yet

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he thought himself plunging into Torments equal to Hell: His Flesh was convuls'd, and his Soul confounded at the Thoughts of such immediate Anguish. He ordered in his Will sive Hundred Pounds worth of Masses, yet he was not assured whether the State of of his Purgation would continue Months, or Years, or Ages. Amidst these Agonies, Promedon saw his Uncle expire, and performed the last kind Office to close his Eyes.

In his return home, he talked thus with himself, "What? Can the Pope promise no more than this? Must a Man that is almost fit to be Sainted be sent to Hell for a Season, till the Priests are well fee'd to " fay Prayers enough to fetch him out of it? Is the " Mercy of GoD fo limited in the Popish Doctrine, " and reduced to fuch a Scantling, as not to fave us " without some Atonements of our own? Is not the "Blood of our Redeemer sufficient of itself to pur-" chase our full Pardon, but must we buy part of " it with the Anguish of our own Souls after Death? " Cannot the bleffed Spirit make his own fanctifying "Work perfect, but the Fire of Purgatory must help to burn out our Sins? Has not CHRIST " promised me in the Bible, that if I am faithful till " Death, I shall receive a Crown of Life; and has the " Priest Power to delay my Crown, and keep me for " long out of the Possession, till his Masses and " Prayers shall bring me into it? Is not all the Grace. of the Gospel a sufficient Security against the Pains.

of Hell, but after all my Faith and the Labours of my Devotion, I must be consign'd to hellish Torments, colour'd and foften'd with another Name? Does not the Word of God give Encouragement to hope, that when we depart hence we shall be with " Christ? that when I am absent from the Body I shall " be present with the Lord? And this is not only the 66 Bleffing of an Apostle, but even a Disciple of " Ch ift of the lowest Rank, and whose Character could make no Pretence to Merit, has the same Privilege. A Thief upon the Cross, put to Death by the Hand of Justice for his Crimes, and who " (as some Divines suppose) had reviled our Saviour just before, (because some of the sacred Historians charge both the Thieves with reviling him :) Such a Wretch, I fay, who did not begin to repent till he began to die, has a Promise from our blessed Lord, that he should be with him in Paradise that er very Day, because his Repentance and Faith were fincere. And according to these Encouragements of the Gospel, have I not heard of many a relie gious Protestant dying upon the Faith of the New "Testament with Joy, and good Assurance of hisimmediate entrance into Blessedness? And are these "Terrors and Agonies of Spirit which I just now beheld, all the Consolation that the Priests of Rome " will allow to fo religious and devout a Man as my " Uncle was?

"FAREWEL, farewel, ye Deceivers: My Bible fall be my only Guide, and the Grace of God for ever preserve me in that Religion which puts so much Honour on the Sufferings of our blessed Sawiour, as to secure Heaven to a good Man, as soon as he departs from Earth.

XII.

The Temple of the Sun.

IF I were an Idolater and would build a Temple, for the Sun, I should make the whole Fabrick to consist of Glass; the Walls and Roof of it should be all over transparent, and it should need no other Windows. Thus I might every where behold the Glory of the God that I worship, and feel his Heat and rejoyce in his Light, and partake of the Vital Influences of that illustrious Star in every Part of his Temple. But may not this Happiness be obtained without forsaking the True God, or falling off to Idolatry?

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SURELY the bleffed Ordinances of Christianity are thus contrived and designed. Such are Baptism and the Lord's Supper, Preaching, Praying and Pfalmody.

mody. These Institutions of Worship are chosen and appointed with fuch divine Wisdom, that they represent to us the Glory of the feveral Perfections of our God in his Works of Nature and Grace, and transmit the Beams of his Power and Love to enliven and to comfort our dark and drooping Spirits. When we are brought as it were by his Spirit into his Courts, the Glory of the Lord will fill the House, and we shall bear him speaking to our Souls. The Sun of Righteousness will shine into our Hearts: All the Powers of our Nature will rejoyce in the Light of his Majesty, and under the Rays of his Mercy: We frequent his Sanctuary with Delight to behold the Beauty of the Lord there, to feel the warm Shines of Divine Goodness, and partake of his promised Salvation, Ezek-Mii. 5, 6. Pfal. xxvii. 4. and lxiii. 2. But to carry the Similitude yet further.

Surpose when I had finish'd this Heathen Temple, and basked there with Pleasure under the Rays of my bright Idol, some fanciful and ingenious Painter should attempt to cover the Building all round with his own Ornaments; suppose Raphael himself should use his Pencil with exquisite Art, and with mingled Colours and Images of rich Variety and Beauty, overspread all the Walls, the Doors, and the transparent Roof of it: How would this seclude the Sun's best Instuences, and shut this Idol Deity out of his own Temple? Nay, tho' the Image of the Sun should be drawn there ten Thousand times over in Lines of Gold,

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Gold, with a Pretence to represent him in all his wondrous Effects, yet every Line will forbid the Entrance of a Sun-beam, and the Worshipper within must dwell in Twilight, or perhaps adore in Darkness; he must lose the true Sight of his Planetary God, and the Benefit of his chearing Beams. Not the richest Skill of a Zeuxis or Apelles beautifying the Walls of this Fabrick, could ever supply the Absence of the Sun, or compensate the Loss of Light and Heat.

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Such are the Rites and Ceremonies of Human Wisdom, when they are contrived as Ornaments to Divine Worship. A facred Institution mingled with the Devices of Men, is in truth nothing elfe but Glass darkned with the Colours of a Painter, laid thick upon it. These Inventions may appear to the Fancy, not only grave and decent, but artful and honourable too; they may pretend Affistance to the devout Worshipper, and Glory to Go p himself: But in reality they exclude him from his own Temple. Sometimes they show a painted Idol in the stead of him, for nothing can effectually represent GoD, but his own pure Appointments; and so far as the Ornaments prevail above the fimple Ordinance, they prevent all the kind Influences of his Power and Grace, for he vouchfafes to transmit these no other way, but through his own Institutions. When the Church of Rome honours God with her Lips, and her Priests fet up their Thresholds by my Thresholds, saith the Lord, and their

their Posts by my Posts, they have even defiled my holy Name by their Abominations, and in vain do they worship me, teaching for Doctrines the Commandments of Men. Esa. xxix. 13. comp. with Matt. xv. 8, 9. and Ezech-xliii. 8.

XIII.

The MIDNIGHT ELEVATION.

T.

Now reigns the Night in her sublimest Noon, Nature lies hush'd; the Stars their Watches keep; I wait thy Influence, gentle Sleep, Come, shed thy choicest Poppies down On every Sense, sweet Slumbers seal my Eyes, Tir'd with the Scenes of Day, with painted Vanities.

II.

In vain I wish, in vain I try
To close my Eyes, and learn to die;
Sweet Slumbers from my restles Pillow sly:
Then be my Thoughts serene as Day,
Be sprightly as the Light,

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Swift as the Sun's far shooting Ray,
And take a vigorous Flight:

Swift fly my Soul, transcend these dusky Skies,
And trace the vital World that lies

Beyond those glimmering Fires that gild and cheer the
[Night.]

III. to . Date:

There Jesus reigns, Adored Name?
The Second on the Throne supreme:
In whose mysterious Form combine
Created Glories and Divine:
The Joy and Wonder of the Realms above;
At his Command, all their wing'd Squadrons move
Burn with his Fire, and triumph in his Love.

IV.

There Souls releas'd from Earth's dark Bondage live, My Reynolds there, with Howe and Boyle are found, Not Time nor Nature could their Genius bound,

And now they foar, and now they dive In that unlimitable Deep where Thought itself is drown'd.

They aid the Seraphs while they fing,

Gop is their unexhausted Theme; Light, Life and Joy from that immortal Spring O'erslow the blessed Millions with an endless Stream

Amazing State! Divine Abode!
Where Spirits find their Heaven while they are loft in

[GoD.

in child who Course too Lon.

V.

Hail, holy Souls, no more confin'd
To Limbs and Bones that clog the Mind,
Ye have escap'd the Snares, and left the Chains behind.
We wretched Prisoners here below,
What do we see, or learn, or know,

But Scenes of various Folly, Guilt and Woe?
Life's buzzing Sounds and flatt'ring Colours play
Round our fond Sense, and waste the Day.

Enchant the Fancy, vex the labouring Soul;

Each rifing Sun, each lightfome Hour, Beholds the bufy Slavery we endure; Nor is our Freedom full, or Contemplation pure, When Night and facred Silence overspread the Pole.

VI.

Reynolds, thou late ascended Mind,
Employ'd in various Thought and tuneful Song,
What happy Moment shall my Soul unbind,
And bid me join th' harmonious Throng?
Oh for a Wing to rise to thee!
When shall my Eyes those heavenly Wonders see?
When shall I taste those Conserts with an Ear refin'd?

THE WORLD

Roll on apace, ye Spheres sublime,
Swift drive thy Chariot round, Illustrious Moon,
Haste, all ye twinkling Measurers of Time,
Ye can't fulfil your Course too soon.

Kindle my languid Powers, Celestial Love, Point all my Passions to the Courts above, Then send the Convoy down to guard my last Remove.

VIII.

Thrice happy World, where gilded Toys
No more diffurbour Thoughts, no more pollute our Joys!
There Light and Shade fucceed no more by turns,
There reigns th' Eternal Sun with an unclouded Ray,
There all is calm as Night, yet all immortal Day,
And Truth for ever thines, and Love for ever burns.

wear I and XIV.

The Honourable MAGISTRATE.

INVIDO was a Man of a shrewd Understanding, but had so much Ill-humour in his Make, that he could speak well of no Body: Yet there once happen'd an Incident in Conversation, that betray'd him, without thinking, into a Good-natur'd Truth; and even while he was practising his own malicious Temper, he was surprized into the Acknowledgment of superior Worth, and paid a noble Testimony to Virtue.

The Story was this.

A FRIEND of mine had drawn up the Character of an excellent Magistrate, where, among other admirable Qualifications, these were inserted.

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"Neighbours, tho' by the Bounty of Providence he grew richer than they: He had the universal Refpect due to Goodness, long before he was made
Great; and when his Fellow-Citizens voted him into Power and Honour, he survey'd the Province
with a just Reluctance, and shrunk away from
Grandeur; nor could any thing overcome his sincere Aversion, but a Sense of Duty, and Hopes of
publick Service.

"HE passed through the chief Offices of the City, and left a Lustre upon them by the Practice of such Virtue and such Piety as the Chair of Honour has seldom known: Those who have attended that Court since the Year of his Magistracy search the Register backward for twenty annual Successions, and confess he has had no Rival.

"WHILE he stood in that Eminence, he survey'd the whole Nation, took a just View of its Wants and its Dangers; and by the divine Blessing (which his daily Retirements engaged on his side) he fecured the Nation's best Interest, the Exclusion of a Child of Rome from the Throne of England, and the Succession of a Protestant Government, At the appointed Season he resigned with Pleasure the Fatigues of Power, the tiresome Hours of State,

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te, nd and the tedious Train of Pomp and Equipage; but he daily fulfils the Duties of subordinate Authority to the Terror of Vice, to the Support of the Good, and to the Reformation of a finful Land. He vindicates the Poor with Courage, against the Oppression of the Mighty, and sends gay Criminals to the Place of Correction: He puts the rich Offenders to publick Shame, as well as the Poor, and he doth it with a noble Security of Soul: So spotless a Character sears no Recriminations.

"WHEN the Days of publick Shew and Proceffion return, he hides himself often at his CountrySeat, and makes every trisling Obstacle a sufficient

Excuse for his Absence from Honours, Scarlet and

Gold: But none so zealous and constant in their

Attendance on the Hours of Business; and at the

Honourable Board, there is no Seat empty so sel
dom as his. Neither Gain nor Diversion can

tempt him aside, when the Duty of his Post re
quires his Presence, and the Publick Weal demands

his Counsels. His Health, his Ease and his Estate

are at the Call of his Country; his Life lies ready

too for the same Service; but his Nation gives

Thanks to Providence that has not demanded the

precious Sacrifice.

"HE has no spreading Dimensions nor losty Advantages of Stature, whence he might look down
upon the Multitude, and command them into Re-

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" verence;

verence; but fuch unblemish'd Virtue has Grandeur

" and Majesty in it, and spreads Fear and Respect a-

of round. When he goes out to the Gate through the

"City, he neither wears nor needs the Enfigns of

"Honour about him, nor Attendants to follow him

in the Street; the vain young Men fee him and hide

" themselves; the aged arise and stand up; when the Ear

bears him, then it bleffes him; the Eye that fees him

" gives witness to him; because he has delivered the

" distressed Soul that cried, he has relieved the Father-

" less, and him that had none to help. The Bleffing of

" those that are ready to perish comes daily upon him, and

" he causes the Widow's Heart to sing for Joy: He is a

"Father to the Poor, and the Cause which he knows not he

" fearches out; he breaks the Jaws of the Wicked, and

" plucks the Spoil out of their Teeth, Job xxix.

"T' H P. vilest Wretches of the Earth cannot but love

" the Man, while they hate the reforming Magnitrate.

" Not the united Malice of his worst Enemies can find

" any Occasion against him, but concerning the Law of his

"God; and were it not upon that Account, he would have no Enemies at all.

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"THE World wonders and enquires, Whence all

sthese Accomplishments! How did this Man arrive

" at this true Greatness, and all these uncommon

" Excellencies? Those who are his Intimates know

" the Spring of them. He makes the Word of Go D

is his daily Counsellor, and he seeks Directions from

" Heaven

" Heaven in all his Affairs on Earth: He reads the

" Examples of Daniel and Job in his Bible, and joins

" them together in his own Practice; for he thinks

one of them alone too little for a Christian.

When I had read this in a Room where Invido was present, one of the Company commended the Ingenuity of my Friend in drawing up so fair, so divine a Character. Some of them gave it as their Opinion, that the Excellencies and good Qualities were set too thick together, and that there was no such Person in Nature, therefore it must be the mere Work of Fancy: They confess'd it was well imagin'd indeed, 'twas a fine Picture, but there was no such Original.

Invide had no longer Patience to hear such Compliments pass'd on the Writer; but with his usual eagerness, "Your Friend (said he) was never capable of composing such a Piece; there is not a Line of it owing to his own Invention, for the whole Cha-racter is a mere Copy. This Friend of yours has lived fome Years in Allinus's Family, and has only stole his Picture.

You are much in the right, Invido; it was so defigned; and I am glad the Features are so well touch'd, and the Likeness so finely preserved, that a Man of your Temper should consent to know the Piece, should name the Original, and confess the Likeness.

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Mark Steller Direct

enterior att dising volument de service HAPPY Albinus, and favoured of Heaven beyond the common rate even of the best of Men, when Envy itself is constrain'd to pay publick Honours to his Merit.

Z. XV.

A LESSON of HUMILITY.

II OW vain a thing is Man! How ready to be puff'd up with every Breath of Applause, and to forget that he is a Creature, and a Sinner! He that can bear to be surrounded with Approbations and Honours, and yet keep the same Air and Countenance without swelling a little at Heart, hath pass'd an Hour of Temptation, and come off Conqueror. As the Fining-pot for Silver, and the Furnace for Gold, fo is a Man to bis Praise, Prov. xxvii. 21.

Eudoxus is a Gentleman of exalted Virtue, and unstained Reputation: Every Soul that knows him, speaks well of him; he is so much honoured, and so well beloved in his Nation, that he must see his Country if he wou'd avoid Praises. So sensible is he of the secret Pride that has tainted Human Nature, that he holds himfelf in perpetual Danger, and maintains an everlasting Watch. He behaves now with the fame Modesty, as when

when he was unknown and obscure. He receives the Acclamations of the World with such an humble Mien, and with such an indifference of Spirit, that is truly admirable and divine. 'Tis a lovely Pattern, but the Imitation is not easy.

I took the Freedom one Day to ask him, How he acquir'd this wondrous Humility, or whether he was born with no Pride about him? "Ah, no, (faid he, "with a facred Sigh) I feel the working Poison, but I keep my Antidote at hand; when my Friends tell me of many good Qualities and Talents, I have learnt from St. Paul to say, What have I that I have not received? My own Consciousness of many Follies and Sins constrains me to add, What have I that I have I have not misimprov'd? And then Reason and Religion joyn together to suppress my Vanity, and teach me the proper Language of a Creature and a Sin. ner; What then have I to glory in?

XVI.

The WASTE of LIFE.

ANERGUS was a young Gentleman of a good Estate, he was bred to no Business, and could not contrive how to waste his Hours agreeably; he had no Relish for any of the proper Works of Life,

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nor any Taste at all for the Improvements of the Mind: he fpent generally ten Hours of the four and twenty in his Bed; he doz'd away two or three more on his Couch, and as many were diffolved in good Liquirevery Evening, if he met with Company of his own-Humour. Five or fix of the rest he sauntered away with much Indolence : The chief Bufiness of them was to contrive his Meals, and to feed his Fancy before-hand with the Promise of a Dinner and a Supper; not that he was fo very a Glutton, or fo entirely devoted to Appetite; but chiefly because he knew not how to employ his Thoughts better, he let 'em rove about the Sustenance of his Body. Thus he had made a Shift to wear off ten Years since the Paternal Estate fell into his Hands: And yet according to the Abuse of Words in our Day, he was call'd a Man of Virtue, because he scarce ever was known to be quite drunk, nor was his Nature much inclin'd to Lewdness.

ONE Evening as he was musing alone, his Thoughts happened to take a most unusual Turn, for they cast a Glance backward, and began to resect on his manner of Life. He bethought himself what a Number of Living Beings had been made a Sacrifice to support his Carcass, and how much Corn and Wine had been mingled with those Offerings. He had not quite lost all the Arithmetick that he learn'd when he was a Boy, and he set himself to compute what he had devoured since he came to the Age of Man.

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to Beary Christis, and Order I have est, and their "ABOVE a dozen feather'd Creatures, small and " great, have one Week with another (faid he) given

" up their Lives to prolong mine, which in ten Years

"Time amounts to at least Six Thousand.

"FIFTY Sheep have been facrificed in a Year, with " half a Hecatomb of Black Cattel, that I might " have the choicest Part offered Weekly upon my "Table. Thus a Thousand Beasts out of the Flock and the Herd have been flain in ten Years Time to "feed me, besides what the Forrest and the Park have supply'd me with. Many Hundreds of Fishes " have in all their Varieties, been robb'd of Life for " my Repast, and of the smaller Fry as many Thoufands.

"A MEASURE of Corn would hardly afford 44 fine Flour enough for a Month's Provision, and "this arises to above Sixscore Bushels; and many " Hogsheads of Ale and Wine, and other Liquirs, have passed through this Body of mine, this wretched Strainer of Meat and Drink,

Parior in the Sepate-House, the

"AND what have I done all this Time for GoD or Man? What a vast Profusion of good Things " upon an useless Life, and a worthless Liver? "There is not the meanest Creature among all these " which I have devoured, but hath answer'd the End of its Creation better than I. 'Twas made to " fupport

fupport Human Nature, and it hath done for.

Every Shrimp and Oyster I have eat, and every

"Grain of Corn I have devoured, hath filled up it's. " Place in the Rank of Beings with more Propriety.

and Honour than I have done: O shameful Waste

" of Life and Time!

In short, he carried on his moral Reflections with so just and severe a Force of Reason, as constrain'd him to change his whole Course of Life, to break off his Follies at once, and to apply himself to gain some useful Knowledge, when he was more than Thirty Years of Age: He lived many following Years, with the Character of a worthy Man, and an excellent Christian; he perform'd the kind Offices of a good Neighbour at home, and made a shining Figure as a Patriot in the Senate-House; he died with a peaceful. Conscience in the Faith and Hope of the Gospel, and the Tears of his Country were dropped upon, his Tomb.

THE World, that knew the whole Series of his Life, flood amazed at the mighty Change: They beheld him as a Wonder of Reformation, while he himself confess'd and ador'd the Divine Power and Mercy, which had transform'd him from a Brute to a Man.

But. this was a fingle Inflance; and we may Mnost venture to write MIRACLE upon it. Are there there not large Numbers of both Sexes among our young Gentry, and among the Families of Quality, in a degenerate Age, whose Lives thus run to utter Waste, without the least Tendency to Usefulness and Reformation, and with a Scorn of all Repentance?

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WHEN I meet with Perion of fuch a worthless Character as this, it brings to my Mind some Scraps of Horace,

Nos numerus sumus, & fruges consumere nati.

Alcinoique Juventus

Gui pulchrum suit in Medios dormire dies, &c.

PARAPHRASE.

There are a Number of us creep
Into this World, to eat and sleep;
And know no Reason why they're born,
But merely to consume the Corn,
Devour the Cattle, Fowl and Fish,
And leave behind an empty Dish:
The Crows and Ravens do the same,
Unlucky Birds of hateful Name;
Ravens or Crows might fill their Place,
And swallow Corn and Carcasses.
Then, if their Tomb-stone when they die,
Ben't taught to slatter and to lye,

There's nothing better will be faid, Than that they've eat up all their Bread, Drank up their Drink, and gone to Bed.

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THERE are other Fragments of that Heathen Poet, which occur on such Occasions; one in the first of his Satyrs, the other in the last of his Epistles, which seem to represent Life only as a Season of Luxury.

Which may be thus put into English,

Life's but a Feast; and when we die,

Horace would say, if he were by,

Friend, thou hast eat and drank enough,

'Tis Time now to be marching off:

Then like a well-sed Guest depart,

With cheerful Looks, and Ease at Heart;

Bid all your Friends Good Night, and say,

You've done the Business of the Day.

REFLECTION.

Deluded Souls! that facrifice
Eternal Hopes above the Skies,
And pour their Lives out all in Waste,
To the vile Idol of their Taste!

Sales of the State

The highest Heaven of their Pursuit Is to live equal with the Brute: Happy, if they could die as well, Without a Judge, without a Hell!

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XVII.

the Aspendiction of the Series States and Latter

The TABLE Blefs'd.

OW do we upbraid and condemn the Romift Clergy for pretending to confecrate the Wafer for all the People, by muttering a few Latin Words over it; which they cannot understand! While we abhor the Idolatry of the Mass, yet we cannot help smileing at the filly Superstition, and pity the Ignorance of the Multitude: They believe the Bread fufficiently consecrated for them to all the Purposes of their Salvation, the' they never join'd with the Priest in attending to the Words of Bleffing: Nor indeed was it possible they should have their Hearts engaged in that Part of the Worship, because it was perform'd in an unknown Tongue. Who is there among us, that does not blame and reprove so absurd a Practice? And yet we imitate the same Folly daily, and think ourfelves unconcern'd in the Reproof. Went not a least of the white the bolomous and than the

Formulo says Grace constantly at a plentiful Table, but he hurries over the Words as a School-boy does

his Lesson, and he whispers in so low a Voice, as tho" he were muttering some secret Charm to consecrate the Difhes. Does he think it sufficient if the Words may be heard in Heaven, while the Company in the Room know little of the Matter, and the quickest Ears can distinguish no more than a few broken Syllables? Yet I have heard this Man maintain a fine Argument against Popils Superstition and the Latin Liturgy: I have heard him affert with very good Reason, that no Part of the Bread is sanctified to the People at the holy Sacrament by all the Communion-Service, where the Hearts of the Communicants are absent, and never join with the Church in her Prayers: Then why will not Formulo let his Friends at the Table join with him in his Graces? No wonder that the Family and the Guefts stare about thoughtless, and fit down to their Food without a Bleffing, when the Lips that pronounce it do not fuffer the Bleffing to reach their Ears. But Chaplains are not the only Persons culpable in this Matter, nor are they always to blame.

Asebion, a gay Gentleman of one and twenty, was present at a Table where G o D is address'd in a more religious Manner, and with a devout and becoming Solemnity. He fits down and eats heartily; he doubts not but the Food is sufficiently bless'd to his Use, tho' he never raised his Thoughts towards Heaven, nor attended at all while the good Man Serenus perform'd his Office. Afebion was busy in the dispowas trucked over the Wests as a school bort does

fal of his Hat and Sword, and surveying all the Faces of the Company, while the Blessing of Heaven was fought on the Food.

HIS Sifter Afebina, a pert young Creature of fifteen, was observ'd to employ that Minute in drawing off her Gloves, adjusting her Dress, giving herself Airs, and preparing for her Seat. At the same time there was at the Table a pious and elder Lady, a near Relation of theirs, who with Grief observ'd the careless Conduct of her Niece and Nephew; and being feated next above Asebina, she had the Opportunity to whisper a gentle Admonition, " How can you expect, " Niece, a Bleffing on your Meat, who did not fo " much as lift up a Thought to Go D to ask for it?" Asing reply'd aloud, with an Air of assured Ignorance, " I know the Chaplain did that for us all;" and thus she affected to let all the Company know that she received a fecret Reproof, and despised the Reprover. Should it be granted here, that the Admonition was a little ill-tim'd, yet it is certain the Reply was not a little infolent, nor a little irreligious.

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WHILE we were eating, one of the Guests diverted the Table with no improper Amusements; he entertain'd the Company with agreeable and facetious Discourse, but still within the Rules of Religion and Decency.

THE Dishes being withdrawn, and the Table uncover'd, Serenus stood up to conclude his Office; Asebina open'd her Snuff-box, and regal'd her Nose, but Asebina employ'd himself with his Tooth-pick, and then set himself in an Attitude to wait for the Amen, that he might make his Honours gracefully to all the Table.

AFTER Dinner the Conversation turn'd upon the Subject of Saying Grace before and after Meat. When several of the Company had given their Thoughts, Serenus acknowledged it was not necessary to offer a folemn and particular Petition to Heaven on the Occasion of every bit of Bread that we tasted, or when we drank a Glass of Wine with a Friend, nor was it expected we should make a social Prayer when Persons each for themselves took a slight Repast in a running manner; either the general Morning Devotion is supposed sufficient to recommend such transient Actions and Occurrences to the divine Bleffing, or a fudden fecret Wish fent up to Heaven in Silence, might anfwer fuch a Purpose in the Christian Life: But when a whole Family fits down together to make a regular and stated Meal, 'twas his Opinion, that the great GoD should be solemnly acknowledged as the Giver of all the good Things we enjoy; and the Practice of our Saviour and St. Paul had fet us an illustrious Example. Alebion

ally Reserved Tet Amin and Relina wiers

Aspelion had not yet arrived at such Impiety, as to pronounce it a soolish and senseless Custom; but he declared his Sentiment with Freedom, that "we might all share enough in the Grace that was said for a "Dinner, without putting on such a demure Countenance, and such grave Airs, as if we were at "Church in the midst of Divine Service.

PROFANE and foolish Speech! but 'tis hard to fay, whether more foolish of more profane.

TELL me, Asebion, is our addressing the God of Heaven with Prayer and Praise at Meals no part of Divine Service? Is Gon never worshipped but. when it is done at Church? Little do these Creatures think what a dangerous thing it is to trifle with an Almighty Being, even in the smallest Act of Worship! Did the great God ever appoint Tooth-picks to be. the facred Utenfils of our asking a Bleffing on Food? Or is a Cloud of Snuff the Incense that must ascend with this Prayer? How thoughtless are these Mortals, and how unconcerned about the serious and important. Things of Religion! They behave with fuch a regardless Air, as tho' Grace before Meat were a needless old-fashion'd Ceremony; as tho' it were enough for the Chaplain to worship their Maker for the whole Family, or that when they speak to the Majesty of Heaven for a Bleffing on their Food, there was no need of a composed Countenance, or any Shew of Bo-

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dily;

dily Reverence. Yet Asebion and Asebina every Morning ask their Father's Blessing on their Knees. Methinks, I would ask them, Why so solemnly on your Knees for your Father's Blessing, and so utterly negligent of all Solemnity and outward Decencies, when you seek a Blessing from God?

AFTER I had written this Paper, I lent it to a Friend, who put it into the Hands of Sedentius, and defired him to read it. In the perusal of it, he seem'd pleafed, and gratified with the just Reproof of fuch Irreligion, and shew'd his Satisfaction by an approving Smile, till he came to the Close; there he paus'd a little, and a grave dejected Air spread over his Countenance: Well, faid he, "I hope these young Gen-" try will learn to be more devout while the Provi-" fions of the Table are bless'd, but I take my Share " also in the Reproof; nor will I practise any more "Irreverence for time to come in these domestick and daily Acts of Worship: I and my Fathers before me have fat down to Meat these forty Years, and neer ver asked a Bleffing till after we were all feated; but my Children shall learn of me to renounce this Rudeness, and shall stand up and adore the Gon who made and feeds us, nor fhall our Seats nor our Consciences upbraid us with such Indecency in our " Addresses to the Living GoD. A CHANGE



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XVIII.

YOUTH and DEATH.

—— Tener Vitulus relictà

Matre qui largis juvenescit herbis

In mea Vota:

Fronte curvatos imitatus ignes

Tertium Lunæ referentis ortum,

Quâ notam duxit niveus videri,

Cetera fulvus.

Horat. Od. 2. Lib. IV.

WHILE we read these Lines of Horace, wherein he describes his young Yellow Calf with the white Crescent in his Forehead, while he paints out the pretty Brute in most agreeable Verse, one is ready to seel a sort of fond Pity working in us, when we find that the Creature is destin'd to speedy Sacrifice: The Poet himself, who devotes its Blood to the Altar, yet seems to dwell with a sort of Compassion and mournful Pleasure on the Description of its Beauty and Sprightliness.

A Milk-white Mark, its spreading Front adorns,
Shap'd like a Moon of three Days old:
The Silver Curve divides its budding Horns,
And all besides is Gold.

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The pretty Creature, wild in wanton Play,
Now frisks about the flowry Mead;
Loofe from the Dam, it knows no Grief to Day,
But must To-morrow bleed.

WHEN I see the Youth of either Sex arriv'd at that Age, wherein Nature is just risen to its Elegance and Vigour, and when they begin to shew themselves to the World, my Heart pities them, as so many Borderers uponthe Grave; yet most of them are utterly thought-Little do they imagine in those Years less of dying. of Gaiety, Mirth, and Madness, that they are treafuring up Vengeance to themselves, by their thoughtless Rebellion against the Power that made them, Little do they think that their Lives are every Moment due to the Justice of G o D as a Sacrifice, each for their own Iniquity: Young Creatures, but bold Sinners! They are wean'd from the Nursery, they are got loose from their Parent's Wing, and, like the Roman Poet's Calf, they vainly exult and riot in their new Freedom; they gad abroad in the wide World, wanton and lavish in all the Delights which the Vi-They know not gour of depraved Nature inspires. how to bear the Checks of Piety, and the Restraints of Wisdom, nor will they endure the tenderest Admonitions of a Parent or an aged Friend. They have no Apprehension of the Angel of Death near them, as tho' it was beyond the Reach of his Commission or the Flight of his Arrows to smite any of their Station or . Drow) are popular in ChaCharacter. In the Morning of Nature they feel themselves live, and they fancy 'tis Immortality.

ESPECIALLY if they are adorned with any peculiar Charms of Wit or Beauty, then the Flatteries of the Glass, and their own warm Imagination, the Complements and Caresses of the Company that attend them, banish all that is Solemn or Serious: The enchanting Allurements that surround their Senses, render them deaf to all the Warnings of God and Conscience, and thoughtless of every thing but the gay Successions of Pleasure. The Powers of Animal Life reign in them without controul, and they forget there is a Soul within them, or a God above them, or a Tribunal of Judgment at which they must be arraign'd.

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In the midst of this slowry Scene, Amelistus was seized with a sudden Fever; in three Days time it was heightened into a raging Delirium, which gave no room for any Penitential Reslections; and thus in the Bloom of Nature, and sull of the Sins of his Youth, he was surprized into Eternity: He seemed to be singled out from the rest of his wild Associates, and made a Victim to Death, and to Divine Displeasure. A loud Alarm to secure Sinners, and a slaming Warning-Piece to the Companions of his Guilt!

Our Natural Compassion drops some Tears of Humanity on the Grave of such a fine young Gentleman; but the Divine Being that made him, is not moved moved with those Prettinesses of Flesh and Blood, which engage our Senses, and melt our Hearts to Sostness. What is a little Rose-colour'd Skin and well-set Limbs, in the Eyes of that Almighty Power that can create Millions of such beautiful Engines with his Breath, and destroy them without Loss? Ten Thousand gay Worms and shining Insects arise hourly at his Command in a Summer's-Day: But if an Insect or a Worm affront its Maker, our own Reason would sentence it to immediate Death.

HAPPY were such a Wretch as Amelistus, if he had been a mere Animal, and had nothing in him capable of Immortality. Happy had he been, if he were a Worm or a shining Insect, or in all respects like that pretty young Brute, which the Poet describes; then the Term of his mortal Life would have finish'd his Existence: But the Sin of Man and the Justice of God demand the Sacrifice of a Soul; his Rebellion arose against Heaven; he affronted the infinite Majesty of his Creator, and since he died without Repentance, the Threatnings of the Bible doom him to everlasting Punishment. Hear this, young Sinners, who forget God, lest he tear you in pieces, and there he none to deliver you, Pfal. li.



XIX.

BABYLON destroy'd; or the 137th PSALM translated.

HAD Horace or Pindar written this ODE, it would have been the endless Admiration of the Critick, and the perpetual Labour of Rival Translators; but 'tis found in the Scripture, and that gives a fort of Disgust to an Age which verges too much toward Infidelity. I could wish the Muse of Mr. Pope would chuse out some few of these Pieces of sacred Platmody, which carry in them the more sprightly Beauties of Poely, and let the English Nation know what a divine Poet fat on the Throne of Ifrael. He has taken Homer's Rhapfodies, and turned them into fine Verse and agreeable Entertainment; and his admirable Imitation of the Hebrew Prophets, in his Poem called The Messiah, convinces us abundantly, how capable he is of fuch a Service. This particular Pfalm could not well be converted into Christianity, and therefore it appears here in its Jewish Form: The Vengeance denounced against Babylon, in the Close of it, shall be executed (faid a great Divine) upon Antichristian Rome; but he was persuaded the Turks must do it, for Protestant Hearts, said he, have too much Compassion in them to embrue their Hands in such 2 bloody and terrible Execution. aland of and of

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I.

WHEN by the flowing Brooks we fat,
The Brooks of Babylon the Proud;
We thought on Zion's mournful State,
And wept her Woes, and wail'd aloud.

II.

Thoughtless of every chearful Air, (For Grief had all our Harps unstrung) Our Harps neglected in Despair, And silent on the Willows hung.

Foundation blade of Mr. Pro-

Our Foes who made our Land their Spoil,
Our barbarous Lords, with haughty Tongues,
Bid us forget our Groans a-while,
And give a Tafte of Zion's Songs.

ideminate): 1 old

How shall we fing in Heathen Lands
Our holy Songs to Ears profane?
Lord, shall our Lips at their Commands
Pronounce thy dreadful Name in vain?

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V.

Forbid it Heaven! O vile Abuse!

Zion in Dust forbids it too:

Shall Hymns inspir'd for sacred Use

Be sung to please a scoffing Crew?

VI.

O let my Tongue grow dry, and cleave Fast to my Mouth in Silence still, Let some avenging Power bereave My Fingers of their tuneful Skill,

PITATHIUMIANIN CUINTATIA

If I thy facred Rites profane,
O Salem, or thy Dust despise;
If I indulge one chearful Strain,
Till I shall see thy Towers arise.

Manigolo &

AGTONYVIII. SHVANO

'Twas Edom bid the conquering Foe,

Down with thy Tow'rs, and raze thy Walls:

Requite her, Lord: But Babel, know,

Thy Guilt for fiercer Vengeance calls.

IX. would bring X

As thou hast spar'd nor Sex not Age,
Deaf to our Infants dying Groans,
May some bless'd Hand, inspir'd with Rage,
Dash thy young Babes, and tinge the Stones.



XX. tish to assimily the

Let four averaging. Power bereave

Drive we of the Towns. In

EPITAPHIUM Monstri cujusdam,

Apud A N G L Os vulgo dicti

BIGOTRY.

Terræ & Tenebris mandati.

Autore diu incognito, Viro Ingenioso & veré Pio
JOHANNE REVNOLDS.

I.

HIC jacet (semperque jaceat!)
Pietatis Cadaver,
Improbitatis Corpus,
Religionis Larva,
Sanctimoniæ Hostis & Umbra,
Divini Imago Zeli, & Pestis,
Ecclesæ Simia simul & Lupus.

II.

Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum,
Romæ Antiquæ Natum,
Novæ in Tutelam Acceptum,
In caliginosis Vaticani Adytis,

XX.

An EPITAPH on BIGOTRY,

Translated from the Latin,
Which was written by the late Pious and Ingentous
Mr. JOHNREYNOLDS,
And inserted in the OCCASIONAL PAPER,
Vol. III. Numb. 6.

HERE lies (and may it here for ever lie!)
The Carcass of dead Piety,
Shadow of Grace, substantial Sin,
Religious Mask and gawdy Dress,
The Form and Foe of Holiness,
The Image and the Plague of Zeal divine.
It's Dwelling was the Church; in double Shape,
Half was a murdering Wolf, and half a mimick Ape.

II.

A Monster horrid to the Sight,
Hideous, deform'd, and void of Light;
'T was born at Rome,
'T was nurs'd at Home,
In the dark Cloisters of the Vatican;

E 3

Humano Sanguine & Pulvere Pyrio .
Nutritum, Saginatum.

III.

Hispanicæ Ditionis Incola,
Gallicis deinde Regionibus Hospes
Jam dudum Gratissimus;
Veteris quidem, Novique Orbis,
Humani Generis & Commodi causa
Peregrinator assiduus;

IV.

Linguarum utpote quarumcunque Peritus,

Sexas itidem utriusque Particeps.

Mentium Illuminator Flammeus,
Acutissimus Dubitantium Ductor,

Qui Laqueis, ensibus, incendissque,
Reluctantium Animarum Catervas
Festinas in Cœlum Amandat,
Celerrimus Orbis Conversor.
Conspirationum Exitialium,
Verarum pariter ac Simulatarum
(Mali reverà Machinarum infandi)
Artifex dexterrimus.

Control de la suit es V. Ecclesia

to avod saw T

Its Lungs inspir'd with heaving Lyes, Its Bulk well fatten'd to prodigious Size With Gun-Powder and Blood of Man.

HI

Ancient Inhabitant of Spain,
And long in France a welcome Gueff;
Over the Continent and Main,
Over the Old World and the New,
Mankind and Money to purfue,
On Dragon's Wings the Harpy flew,
And gave its Feet no Rest.

IV.

All Languages the Fury spake,
And did of either Sex partake:
Flaming Enlightner of the Mind,
And headlong Leader of the Blind,
Oft has it dragg'd the doubtful Tongue to speak,
While the pain'd Conscience lest the Truth behind.
By Gibbet, Sword and Fire,
It made whole Tribes of Men expire;
And to the Skies their groaning Ghosts it hurl'd,
A swift Converter of the World.
Dextrous in all the Arts of Blood;
Skill'd to contrive or counterfeit
Mysterious Mischief, Plotts of State,
Those murderous Engines to destroy the Good.

The Muse here tireing, begs the Reader's Leave to release herself from the Bonds and Labours of Rhyme and Me-

V.

Ecclesiæ sub nomine & cultu,

Sub pelle Ovina & Vultu,

Libertatis penitùs Ecclesiassicæ,

Commercii penè Civilis,

At Societatis Humanæ

Indomitus Vastator & Prædo.

VI.

Artibus Politis, Politicifque,
Critices nexibus, Logicaque strophis,
Calamorum, Linguaque telis,
Conciliorum, Canonumque Bombardis,
Caterifque Gentis togata Armamentis
Bellator Instructissimus.

VII.

Cui Furor, as Odium, ac Nefas,
Fastusque ac seculi Amor,
Perjuria, Piæque Fraudes,
Truculenta Partium studia,
Implicitæ sidei, Tyrannidisque,
Obsequii proinde Passivi,
Ignorantiæ ac Moriæ Encomia
Comites suerunt Solennes.

tre, by a mere Imitation of the next Thirty Lines in: Prose.

V.

Under the Name and Habit of the Church, Under the Countenance and Clothing of a Sheep

It became the most savage and rampant
Plunderer and Waster of human Society,
Made fearful Inroads on all civil Commerce,
And left religious Liberty expiring.

VI.

A Warrior well furnish'd
With all Arts Politick and Polite,
With the knotty Embarassments of Criticism,
The hampering Chains and Subtilities of Logick,
And the Javelins of Pen and Tongue,
With the roaring Ordinance of Councils and Canons,
And all the Artillery of the Schools and Gown.

VII.

Fury, Hatred and Mischief,
Love of this World, Pride and Disdain,
With Perjuries, Falshoods, and pious Frauds,
And raging Party-Zeal,
Were its necessary and everlasting Attendants.

High Encomiums and endless Applause

Of Guides infallible and Faith implicit, Of hereditary and divine Right,

Of Unlimited Power and Passive Obedience
To Tyrant Priests and Kings,
With the immortal Praise and Merit

Under the Name and Habit of the Church, Under the Countequace alive of the

Cui Nuga, Tricaque Calenda, Quisquilia, Dira, Exequiaque to Ve bott montant Bullæ minantes, & bruta Fulmina, and lates obeid Vota facrilega, ac Legenda, and enorge or find but Fecur Theologicum, Bilifque Aspera æque ac atra, Pompæ Theatrales, Ritusque Obsoleti simul & decentes, With the knotty Cordi fuere & Cibe. The Hampering Chains' and

IX. the willest permitted i this w

Ordinis ut plurimum Clericalis, Gregis potissimum Loyolitici Congregationis prætereà Venerandæ De propaganda per orbem fide, Coccinatus Antistes ..

THA BERNEAU

And the Jayelins of Pen and With the routing Ordinantly Assistant the Artillety of the Se

Party Notice and Willehi Love of this World, Phale and Of stupid Ignorance, and blind Submission, Were Heralds to prepare its Way.

Nobillima Inquision IIIV

Trifles, and Tricks, and folemn Fooleries.

Legends and filly Tales,

Old Almanacks, and mouldy multy Reliques,
Sweepings of ancient Tombs,

Vows, Pilgrimages, Charms and Confectations,

Rites Obsolete, and Novel Ceremonies

Both decent and indecent,

Monkish and Superstitious Austerities,

With Words of Sacerdotal Absolution, And Sacerdotal Vengeance,

Squibs, Crackers, Excommunications, Curses,
Roaring Bulls and vain Thunders,

Mixt up with Priestly Choler, bitter and black,
Were its delicious Food.

[Now Metre and Rhyme proceed.].

De marino Perour dicercie XI

A purple Prelate, chosen to preside

Over the whole Ignatian Drove,

And all the Clergy-Tribes beside,

All but the facred few that mix their Zeal with Love.
In every different Sect 'twas known.

It made the Caffock and the Cowl its own,

Now stalk'd in formal Cloke, now flutter'd in the

X Ar

at August to plant for

Nobilissima Inquisitionis Curia,
Solertissima Haretivorum Muscipula)
Primavus Fundator, & Prases.
Amplissimo Cardinalium Consessio,
Necnon Sanctissimo S. R. Ecclesia.
Patri Capitique
A Secretioribus semper Consiliis.

liquide, Corekers, Excome 73 callers, Carless

Leadens Ha abac W. A

And Macerdonal Vengeling

Christiani insuper Orbis totius

Tam per Orientales, quam Occidentales:

Mundi plagas

Misere secum Militantis

(Et quid, quæso, Augustius

De maximo Heroum dicendum?)

Antesignanus semper Triumphans:

XII.

Insulæ Britannicæ Extraneis ab hostibus:
Pelagi mænibus, necnon Navium:
Propugnaculis bene munitæ,
Bonis prætered Domesticis,
Quà sacris, quà Civilibus:

Busham

the Contract acres the

X.

At what dark Hour so e'er
The curst Divan at Rome were met,
Catholick Fate to propagate,
This Monster fill'd the Chair.
The Conclave drest in Bonnets red,
With three-crown'd Tyrant at their Head,
Made it their Privy-Councellor.
The Inquisition Court (a Bloody Crew,
Artful to set the solemn Trap
That lets no Heretick escape)
Owns it her President and Founder too.

XI.

Oft as the Church in East or Western Lands.

Rising against herself in Arms,
In her own Blood imbru'd her Hands,
This Chief led on th' unnatural War,
Or did the bloody Standards bear,
Or found the fierce Alarms;
Victorious still. (And what can more be said
Of all the living Warriors, or the Heroes dead?)

XII

Britain, a Land well stor'd with every Good,
That Nature, Law, Religion gives;
A Land where facred Freedom thrives;
Blest Isle! If herown Weal she understood!

Miscellaneous Thoughts;

Fighelick hoesen propagation with the Color of the Color

Made it their Privy-Contection

The A of the sound and a sound

In her own Blood imbed'd her Handle,

(Bona si tandem sua noverit)
Omnium Fortunatissimæ
(Prob Dolor! Prob Pudor!)
Intestinus Divisor & Helluo.

86

he Incompand Court to TIX

I fuge Viator, Malignum

Hujusce Sepulchri Vaporem!

Lætare, Festina, & Ora

Ne Sphingi adeo nefandæ

Ullus in ævum

Resurrectionis Cancedatur Locus.



e sive ill motion I have a suit at a serie

benferedam bed footh my over it was the

Her Sons immur'd with guardian Oceans sleep,
And Castles floating on the Deep,
Fenc'd from all foreign Foes, O Shame! O Sin!

Her Sons had let this baleful Mischief in;

This hellish Fury, who with flattering Breath Did first divide and then devour,

And made wild Waste where e'er she spread her Power, Behold she meets her satal Hour And lies enchain'd in Death.

the Soul and the BHY a poor difficilled,

Shout at the Grave, O Traveller;
Triumphant Joys that reach the Skies
Are here the justest Obsequies:

Shout thrice; then flee afar cheat ! their swilling as

The poys'nous Steams and Stenches of the Sepulchre:
Go, turn thy Face to Heaven, and pray,
That fuch a hateful Monster never may

distely in its mathe Brightness and Boauty, as a Com-

Obtain a Resurection-Day of a mon thembild to the



them in a lift in the Openius.

Her Sons languard with guilfolian Oceasia floor

For Sons April let the baleifel Millimis

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XXI. OLIVERY MINE CANDING A

The DEATH of LAZARUS.

WHAT a wondrous Difference there is betwixt the Soul and the Body of a poor diffressed, dying Christian? His Flesh perhaps with Lazarus is full of Diseases, and in a sew Moments time it lies dead upon the Dunghill; a noisome Carcase! an unloyely and offensive Sight! then, as tho' it were unworthy for the Earth to bear it, 'tis thrown under Ground to rot in Darkness, as a Companion and Food for Worms: But his Soul (like one of the Lamps of Gideon shining out at Midnight from a broken Pitcher) appears immediately in its native Brightness and Beauty, as a Creature born of Heaven, and akin to GoD; it is taken up as an honourable Burden for the Wings of Angels; it is swiftly convey'd above the Heavens, and made a Companion for all the Sons of GoD in Glory. Luke xvi. 20, 22. Judges vii. 16, 10.

LET us take a distinct Review of each of these different Circumstances of the Flesh and Spirit, and set them in a just Light and in due Opposition.

THE

THE Body with all its Bonds and Nerves lies dead and moveless, a demolish'd Prison and broken Fetters; the Soul all Life and Vigour, a Prisoner released from all its Chains, and exulting in glorious Liberty.

THE Body an unworthy Load of Earth; the Soul a Burden fit for an Angel's Wing.

THE Body thrown under Ground and hid in Darkness; the Soul rising above the Skies, and shining there in Garments of Light.

THE Body the Entertainment and the Contempt of Worms; the Soul proper Company for Christ and his Saints.

Was it not a Stroke of Divine Love that demolish'd the Prison-house, and releas'd the Captive? that broke the dark earthen Pitcher, and bid the Lamp appear and shine?



Jenese, on Kindme, and our d

All business in printing XXII. (42) at the mon

ers; the Soul all Life and Victory, of Pridency relea-

An HYMN to CHRIST JESUS, The Eternal Life.

I.

WHERE shall the Tribes of Adam find
The sovereign Good to fill the Mind?
Ye Sons of Moral Wisdom, show
The Spring whence living Waters flow.

Vinagraco for Soul Most Company

The Body the Engertalization and the Contenue

Say, will the Stoicks flinty Heart

Melt, and this cordial Juice impart?

Could Plato find these blissful Streams,

Amongst his Raptures and his Dreams?

III.

In vain I ask; for Nature's Power Extends but to this mortal Hour:
'Twas but a poor Relief she gave Against the Terrors of the Grave.

IV.

JESUS, our Kinsman, and our GOD, Array'd in Majesty and Blood;

Thou art our Life; our Souls in Thee Posses a full Felicity.

Charlaides by degrees, it. Youve, black as Wight, and

All our immortal Hopes are laid hand I drive and In Thee, our Surety, and our Head; on his moved Thy Cross, thy Cradle, and thy Throne, Are big with Glories yet unknown. fallers with We see the Charles and Windows and

VI. and state I 30 onnovA Let Atheists scoff, and Jews blaspheme Th' Eternal Life, and JE & Us' Name; A Word of his Almighty Breath Dooms the rebellious World to Death.

whems us with Terror Hit rand seover our Head ...

But let my Soul for ever lie and slody of out Beneath the Bleffings of thine Eye; 'Tis Heaven on Earth, 'tis Heaven above, To see thy Face, to taste thy Love. and and the taste of the second of the taste of taste of the taste of the taste of tast

· XXIII.

Complete distinguishment of the state of the section of the sectio

weak Spirits and unfartify? Minds

DISTANT THUNDER.

X7 HEN we hear the Thunder rumbling in some distant Quarter of the Heavens, we fit calm and fecure amidst our Business or Diversions, we feel no Terrors about us, and apprehend no Danger. When we see the slender Streaks of Lightning play afar off in

the Horizon of an Evening Sky, we look on and amuse ourselves as with an agreeable Spectacle, without the least Fear or Concern. But, lo, the dark Cloud rifes by degrees, it grows black as Night, and big with Tempest; it spreads as it rises to the Mid-Heaven, and now hangs directly over us; the Flashes of Lightning grow broad and strong, and like Sheets of ruddy Fire, they blaze terribly all round the Hemifphere. We bar the Doors and Windows and every Avenue of Light, but we bar them all in vain; the Flames break in at every Cranny, and threaten swift Destruction. The Thunder follows, bursting from the Cloud with sudden and tremendous Crashes; the Voice of the Lard is redoubled with Violence, and overwhelms us with Terror; it rattles over our Heads, as tho' the whole House were broken down at once with a Stroke from Heaven, and were tumbling on us amain to bury us in the Ruins. Happy the Soul whose Hope in his GoD composes all his Passions amidst these Storms of Nature, and renders his whole Deportment peaceful and ferene amidst the Frights and Hurries of weak Spirits and unfortify'd Minds.

WHAT Lesson shall we derive from such a Scene as this? Methinks I see here in what manner the Terrors of the Book of GoD and the Threatnings of divine Vengence are received and entertained by secure Sinners. These Threatnings appear to them like Streaks of Lightning afar off: The most dreadful Predictions of the Fury of GoD sound in their Ears

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but like the feeble Murmurs of the Sky, and far di-Stant Thunder. The Poor among Mankind go on to pursue their Labours of Life, and the Rich their vain. Amusements; they have no Fear about these suture Storms afar off, nor any Solicitude to avoid them. But the Hour is haftening when every Threatning in the Bible shall appear to be the Voice of Goo, and his Power shall employ all the terrible Things in the Creation for the Accomplishment of his dreadful Word. The Wings of Time bring onward the remote Tempest: These dark Clouds unite and grow big with divine and eternal Vengeance; they rife high, they hang over the Nations, and are just ready to be dischare'd on the Head of Impenitents. The God of Thunder will roar from Heaven, and cause his Voice, to be heard through the Foundations of the Earth, and to the very Centre of Hell. The Spirit of the haughtiest Sinner shall tremble with unknown Astonishment, and the Man of Mockery shall quiver to his very Soul. The Lightnings of Go D shall kindle the World into one vast Conflagration; the Earth, with all its Forests and Cities shall make a dreadful Blaze; the Enemies of the Lord shall be Fuel for this devouring Fire, and a painful Burning shall be kindled in their Consciences. which innumerable Ages shall not extinguish. Who can dwell with this devouring Fire? Who can endure these everlasting Burnings? on credit this was sectioned

Bressen Souls, who in a wife and happy Hour have heard these divine Warnings, who stood in Awe

of these distant Thunders, and reverenced and obey'd the Voice of the Lord in them. Blessed Souls, who beheld the Flashes of the Wrath of G o D while they were yet asar off; who saw them kindling terribly in the Threatnings of the broken Law, and sled for Resuge to the Hope set before them in the Gospel! they are divinely secur'd amidst the Promises of the Covenant of Grace, from all the Approaches of the fiery Indignation. Jesus has sprinkled his own Blood upon'em; a sovereign and preventive Remedy against these Terrors, a sure and eternal Desence against the Power of the destroying Angel and the burning Tempest. Their Feet shall stand on high, their Habitation is a Munition of Rocks. They shall live secure and resoice in their G o D amidst the Ruins of the lower Creation.

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red Singer that them levels uniques Atlentitiment, and the Man of Mock of IXX wires to his such Said

David's Lamentation over Saul and Jonathan, 2 Sam. i. 19, &c.

of the Lord fall be I will live and cercuring fire, and

THE Jews were acquainted with feveral Arts and Sciences long e're the Romans became a People, or the Greeks were known among the Nations. Tho Moses might learn some of them in his Egyptian Education, yet perhaps others were taught by God himself, amidst their Travels in the Wilderness, when they

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they form'd such a wonderful portable Structure as the Tabernacle, and wrought such Garments of exquisite Glory and Beauty to adorn the High Priest in his sacred Ministrations. Nor is it unlikely that Moses introduced among them the Art of Verse; for the most ancient Poetical Composures which are known in the World, are the 15th Chapter of Exodus, where he triumphs over Pharaoh and his Army, the 9oth Psalm, where he describes the Frailty and Misery of Human Life, and the 32d of Deutrenomy, where he leaves behind him a noble divine Ode at his Death, for the perpetual Memory of God and his Wonders.

THE next remarkable Instance we have of this kind, are the Writings of David, the fweet Pfalmiff of Israel; but even David could never be supposed to borrow any thing from the Greeks, when Homer, the Father of their Verse, was supposed to be but a Contemporary with Solomon the Son of David. If the Greeks had been acquainted with the Songs of Misses, which I have mention'd, or the Romans had ever known the Odes of David, and amongst the rest this admirable Elegy, they would never have spoke of the Yews with so much Contempt, as a rude and barbarous People; at least I am persuaded their Poets would have conceived a much better Opinion of them, when they found them fo far exceed any thing that their own Nations had ever produced. I believe I might fairly challenge all the Antiquity of the Heathens to prefent us with an Ode of more beautiful Sentiments, and greater

greater Elegancy, than this Lamentation over Saul and Jonathan. 'Tis rehearfed in the Scripture indeed, but perhaps not written by Inspiration, for there is scarce any thing of God or Religion in it. David the mere Man was a sublime Poet, and God made him a Prophet.

I HAVE seen it several times in an English Dress, but none of them have given me any more Satisfaction, than perhaps I shall give to those who read mine. "Twas a mere Admiration of this Hebrew Song that set my Imagination at work, in this Attempt to imitate.

Is HALL here first transcribe it from the Scripture, tho' it is impossible that it should appear at this distance of Time, and in our Lanquage, with half the Lustre in which it stood in that Age and Nation when it was written.

2 Sam. i. 17. And David lamented with this Lamen-

19. The Beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high Places: How are the Mighty fallen!

Askelon, lest the Daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the Daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the Daughters of the uncircumcifed triumph.

21. Ye Mountains of Gilboa, let there he no Dew, neither let there he Rain upon you, nor Fields of Offerings: for there the Shield of the Mighty is vilely cast away, the Shield of Saul, as the had not been anointed with Oil.

22. From the Blood of the Slain, from the Fat of the Mighty, the Bow of Jonathan turned not back, and the Sword of Saul returned not empty.

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23. Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their Lives, and in their Death they were not divided; they were swifter than Eagles, they were stronger than Lyons.

24. Ye Daughters of Israel, weep over Saul who dothed you in Scarlet with other Delights, who put on Ornaments of Gold upon your Apparel.

16 ! O Jonathan, thou wert flain in the midst of the Bat-

26. I am distressed for thee, my Brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy Love to me was wonderful, passing the Love of Women.

27. How are the Mighty fallen, and the Weapons of War perished!

PARAPHRASED thus.

I.

UNHAPPY Day! distressing Sight!

Israel, the Land of Heaven's elight,

How is thy Strength, thy Beauty sted!

On the high Places of the Fight

Behold thy Princes fall'n, thy Sons of Victory dead.

II.

Ne'er be it told in Gath, nor known Among the Streets of Askelon:

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Miscellaneous Thoughts,

How will Philistia's Youth rejoice
And triumph in our Shame,
And Girls with weak unhallowed Voice
Chant the Dishonours of the Hebrew Name!

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III.

Mountains of Gilboa, let no Dew
Nor fruitful Showers descend on you:
Curse on your Fields thro' all the Year!
No slow'ry Blessings there appear,
Nor golden Ranks of Harvest stand
To grace the Altar, or to seed the Land.
'Twas in those inauspicious Fields
'Judean Heroes lost their Shields:
'Twas there (Ah base Reproach and Scandal of the Day!)
Thy Shield, O Saul, was cast away,
As tho' the Prophet's Horn had never shed
Its sacred Odours on thy Head.

The Sword of Saul had ne'er till now

Awoke to War in vain,

Nor Jonathan withdrawn his Bow

Without an Army flain.

Where Truth and Honour mark'd their Way,

Not Eagles swifter to their Prey, Nor Lyons strong or bold as they.

V.

Graceful in Arms and great in War Were Jonathan and Saul,

Pleasant in Life, and Manly fair;
Nor Death divides the Royal Pair,
And Thousands share their Fall.
Daughters of Israel, melt your Eyes
To softest Tears, and swell your Sighs,
Disrob'd, disgrac'd your Monarch lies
On the bleak Mountains, Pale and Cold:
He made rich Scarlet your Array;
Bright were your Looks, your Bosoms gay
With Gems of regal Gift, and interwoven Gold.

VI

How are the Princes sunk in Death!

Fall'n on the shameful Ground!

There my own Jonathan resign'd his Breath;

On the high Places where he stood,

He lost his Honours and his Blood;

Oh execrable Arm that gave the mortal Wound!

VII.

My Jonathan, my better Part,
My Brother, and (that dearer Name) my Friend,
I feel the mortal Wound that reach'd thy Heart,
And here my Comforts end.
How Pleasant was thy Love to me!
Amazing Passion, strong and free!
No Dangers could thy steddy Soul remove:
Not the soft Virgin loves to that degree,
Nor Man to that degree does the soft Virgin love.

200 Miscellaneous Thoughts,

To name my Joys, awakes my Pain;
The dying Friend runs cold thro' every Vein;
My Jonathan, my dying Friend,
How thick my Woes arise? where will my Sorrows
[end?

VIII.

Unhappy Day! diffressing Sight!

Israel, the Land of Heaven's Delight,

How are thy Princes fall'n, thy Sons of Victory slain!

The broken Bow, the shiver'd Spear,

With all the fully'd Pomp of War,

In rude Confusion spread,

Promiscuous lie among the Dead,

A lamentable Rout o'er all the inglorious Plain.

XXV.

The SKELETON.

YOUNG Tramarinus was just returned from his Travels abroad, when he invited his Uncle to his Lodgings on a Saturday Noon; his Uncle was a substantial Trader in the City, a Man of sincere Goodness, and of no contemptible Understanding; Crato was his Name. The Nephew first entertain'd him with Learned Talk of his Travels. The Conversation happening to fall upon Anatomy, and speaking of the Hand, he mention'd the Carpus and Metacarpus,

the joining of the Bones by many hard Names, and the" Periosteon which covered them, together with other Greek Words which Crato had never heard of. Then he shewed him a few Curiosities he had collected; but Anatomy being the Subject of their chief Difcourfe, he dwelt much upon the Skeletons of a Hare and a Partridge: "Observe Sir, said he, how firm the Joints! how " nicely the Parts are fitted to each other! How pro-" per this Limb for Flight, and that for Running! " and how wonderful the whole Composition!" Crato took due Notice of the most considerable Parts of those Animals, and observed the chief Remarks that his Nephew made; but being detain'd there two Hours without a Dinner, assuming a pleasant Air, he said, "I wish " these Rarities had Flesh upon them, for I begin to " be hungry, Nephew, and you entertain me with " nothing but Bones." Then he carry'd home his Nephew to Dinner with him, and dismiss'd the Jest.

THE next Morning his Kinsman Tramarinus desired him to hear a Sermon at such a Church, for I'm informed, said he, the Preacher will be my old School-master. It was Agrotes, a Country Minister, who was to sulfil the Service of the Day; an honest, a pious, and an useful Man, who sed his own People Weekly with Divine Food, composed his Sermons with a Mixture of the Instructive and the Pathetick, and deliver'd them with no improper Elocution. Where any Difficulty appear'd in the Text or the Subject, he usually explain'd it in a very natural and easy Manner, to the understanding of

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all his Parishoners; he paraphrased on the most affect. ing Parts largely, that he might strike the Conscience of ev'ry Hearer, and had been the happy Means of the Salvation of many: But he thought thus with himfelf, When I preach at London, I have Hearers of a wifer Rank, I must feed them with Learning and substan-" tial Sense, and must have my Discourse set thick with distinct Sentences and new Matter." He contrived therefore to abridge his Composures, and to throw four of his Country Sermons together to make up one for the City, and yet he could not forbear to add a little Greek in the beginning: He told the Auditors how the Text was to be explain'd, he fet forth the Analysis of the Words in order, shew'd the Hoti and the Dioti, (i. e. that it was fo, and why it was fo) with much learned Criticism, (all which he wisely left out in the Country;) then he pronounced the Doctrine distinctly, and filled up the rest of the Hour with the mere Rehearfal of the General and Special Heads: But he omitted all the Amplification which made his Performances. in the Country fo clear and fo intelligible, fo warm and affecting. In short, it was the mere Joints and Carcass of a long Composure, and contain'd above forty Branches in it. The Hearers had no time to confider or reflect on the good Things which were spoken, or apply them to their own Consciences; the Preacher hurry'd their Attention fo fast onward to new Matters, that they could make no use of any thing he said while he spoke it, nor had they a Moment for Reflection. nombranda translation of the

flection in order to fix it in their Memories, and improve by it at home.

THE young Gentleman was fomewhat out of Countenance when the Sermon was done, for he miss'd all that Life and Spirit, that pathetick Amplification which impress'd his Conscience when he was but a School-boy: However he put the best Face upon it, and began to commend the Performance "Was it not (faid he) Sir, a substantial Discourse? "How well connected were all the Reasons; how " ftrong the Inferences, and what a Variety and " Number of them?" 'Tis true (faith the Uncle) but yet methinks I want Food here, and I find nothing but Bones again. I could not have thought, Nephew, you would have treated me two Days together just alike; Yesterday at Home, and to Day at Church, the first Course was Greek, and all the rest mere Skeleton.

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WORDS without SPIRIT.

EMERA was much displeased with her Maid-Servants for some Pieces of gross ill Conduct in Domestick Affairs. The Occasion of her Displeasure was great and just, but she had not the Spinary

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104 Miscellaneous Thoughts,

rit of Reproof. Criton the Partner of her Life, happening then to be in his Closet, she went up and made her Complaints there; he intreated her to excuse him from the Oeconomy of the Kitchen and the Parlour: 'T was all entirely under her Dominion, and if her Maids were so culpable, she must reprove them sharply: "Alas, said she, I cannot chide; "however, to shew my Resentment, if you will "write down a Chiding, I'll go immediately and "read it to them." This is no Fable, but History. Now what better Improvement can be made of it, than to make a Parable like it?

Lectorius is a pious Man, and worthy Minister in a Country Parish; his Discourses are well formed, his Sentiments on almost every Subject are just and proper, his Stile is Modern and not Unpolite, nor does he utterly neglect the Passions in the Turn of his Composures: Yet I cannot call him a good Preachers for he does not only use his written Notes to secure his Method, and to relieve his Memory, which is a very proper and useful Practice, but he scarce ever takes his Eye off from his Book to address himself with Life and Spirit to the People: For this Reason, many of his Hearers fall asleep; the rest of them fit from January to December, regardless and unconcern'd; an Aire of Indolence reigns through the Faces of his Auditory, as if it were a Matter of no Importance, or not address'd to them, and his Miniffrations have little Power or Success.

In his last Sermon he had an Use of Reproof for fome Vices which were practifed in a publick and shameless manner in his Parish, and as the Apostle required Timothy to reprove such Sinners before all, so he supposed that these Sins, at least, ought not to escape 2 publick Rebuke. The Paragraph was well drawn up, and indeed it was animated with some just and aweful? Severities of Language; yet he had not Courage enough to chide the Guilty, nor to animate his Voice with any just degree of Zeal. However, the good Man did his best, he went into the Pulpit and read them a Chiding.

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HIS Conduct is just the same when he designs his Address in his Paper to any of the softer Passions; for by the Coldness of his Pronunciation, and keeping his Eye ever fixed on his Notes, he makes very little Impression on his Hearers. When he should awaken senseles and obstinate Sinners, and pluck them as Brands out of the Burning, he only reads to them out of his Book some Words of Pity, or perhaps a Use of Terror; and if he would lament over their Impenitence and their approaching Ruin, he can do no more: than read them a Chapter of Lamentation.

SINCE there are so many of the Kindred of Lectorius in our Nation, 'tis no Wonder that some of them arise to vindicate the Family and their Practice. Do not the English Sermons, say they, exceed

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those of other Nations, because they are composed with so much Justness and Accuracy, and by careful Reading, they are delivered with great Exactness to the People, without trusting one Sentence to the Frailty of the Memory, or the Warmth of sudden Imagination?

I AM sure it may be reply'd, that if the Englifb Sermons exceed those of our Neighbours, the English Preachers would exceed themselves, if they would learn the Art of Reading by the Glance of an Eye, so as never to interrupt the Force of their Argument, nor the Vivacity and Pathos of their Pronunciation; or if they made themselves so much Masters of what they had written, and delivered it with fuch Life and Spirit, fuch Freedom and Fervency, as tho' it came all fresh from the Head and the Heart. 'Tis by this Art of Pronouncing, as well as by a warm Composure, that some of the French Preachers reign over their Assemblies, like a Cicero or a Demosthenes of old, and that with fuch superior Dignity and Power, as is fek'om feen now a-Days in an English Audience, whatfoever Esteem may be paid to our Writings.

A PAPER with the most pathetic Lines written upon it, has no Fear nor Hope, no Zeal or Compassion; 'tis conscious of no Design, nor has any Solicitude for the Success; and a mere Reader, who coldly tells the People what his Paper says, seems to be as void of all these necessary Qualifications, as his Paper is.

XXVII.

The CHURCH-YARD.

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WHEN I enter into a Church-Yard, I love to converse with the Dead. See how thick the Hillocks of Mortality arise all around me, each of them a Monument of Death, and the Covering of a Son or Daughter of Adam. Perhaps a Thousand or Ten Thousand Pieces of Human Nature, Heaps upon Heaps, lie buried in this Spot of Ground; 'tis the old Repository of the Inhabitants of the neighbouring Town; a Collection of the Ruins of many Ages and the Rubbish of Twenty Generations,

Is a y within myself, What a Multitude of Human Beings, noble Creatures, are here reduced to Dust! God has broken his own best Workmanship to pieces, and demolish'd by Thousands the finest earthly Structures of his own building. Death has entered in, and reigned over this Town for many successive Centuries; it had its Commission from God, and it has devoured Multitudes of Men.

SHOULD a Stranger make the Enquiry which is express'd, Deut. xxix. 24. Wherefore has the Lord done thus to the Work of his own Hands? What

meaneth

meaneth the Heat of this great Anger? The Answer is ready, Ver. 25, &c. Because they have sinned, they have forsaken the Covenant of the Lord God, therefore the Lord has rooted them out of their Land in Anger, and in Wrath, and in great Indignation, and hath tast them into another Land, even the Land of Corruption and Darkness, as it is at this Day.

But have not other Towns, Cities and Villages their Church-yards too? My Thoughts take the Hint and fly Abroad through all the Burying-places of the Nations. What Millions of Mankind lie under the Ground in Urns, or mingled with common Clay? Every ancient Town and City in the World has burnt or buried all its Inhabitants more than Thirty times over: What wide spreading Slaughter, what lamentable Desolation, has Death made among the Children of Men! But the Vengeance is just in all; each of them are Sinners; and the Anger of God hath kindled against them to bring upon them the first Gurse that is written in his Book, In the Day that thou sinnest, thou shalt surely die, Gen. ii, 17.

Go to the Church-yard then, O finful and thoughtless Mortal, go learn from every Tomb-stone and every rising Hillock, that The Wages of Sin is Death. Learn in Silence among the Dead, that Lesson which infinitely concerns all the Living; nor let thy Heart, he ever at rest till thou art acquainted with Lean s, who is the Resurrection and the Life.

XXVIII. To

12. XXVIII.

To a PAINTER restoring an old Picture.

SIR.

WHEN you take a Review of the former Labours of your Pencil, and retouch the Features of Idalio with so skilful a Hard, you remove the brown Vail which rolling Years at spread over them, and brighten all the Piece into its early Form and Loveliness. There rises a fresh Vigour upon the Books, and the Spirit of the Poet is insused again into the Image of our aged Friend. We see and wonder how the Eyes resume their Youth and Fire; what a Genius glows in the Countenance; and new Light and Life are scatter'd over all the Shadow of the Man, who himself is hasting to Death and Darkness.

O COULD you renew all the living Originals, and recover them from the Deformations and Difgraces of Time, as easily as your Pencil calls their Pourtraits back again from Age, you would be the first Man in the Universe for Wealth and Fame. Even the groffest Sensualist, who is strongly attached to his Cups and his Amours, would relinquish them both to make his Way to your Hand, and offer all the Remnant of his Patrimony for a Cast of your Favours.

Aurato,

Aurato, the decrepit Miser, would bring his Mines of Gold, and lay them at your Foot; while his Daughter Quadrilla, in her Fortieth Year, throws down her Cards in haste to increase the Crowd at your Door, and entreat the Blessings of your Art.

But Nature (alas!) hath fixed the Limits of Youth, Beauty and Vigour; narrow Limits indeed! and when once pass'd, they are unrepassable. The broken Lines of an ancient Painting may be reunited and grow strong, the Features may rise round and elevated, and the Colours glow again with sprightly Youth; but our real Form grows cold and pale, it sinks, it stattens, it withers into Wrinkles; the Decay is resistless and perpetual, and Recovery lies beyond the Reach of Hope. This Shadow of Idalio, touched by your Pencil, lives again, and will see another Age, but the Substance dies daily, and is ready to drop into the Dust.

To this Point of Mortality, since is certain and inevitable, let us often direct our Eyes; let our scatter'd Thoughts be recollected from all their Wandrings, and pay a daily Visit to Death. Acquaintance with it in the Light of Christianity, will dispel its darkest Terrors; and since Idalio and Apelles, Poets and Painters, with all their sprightly Airs, are borne away with the rest of Mankind by the sweeping Torrent of Time, let us hold the Period of Life ever in our View, let us all keep our Spirits awake, and guard against

against a Surprize. O may your Soul and mine never fart back from the gloomy Gate which opens a Paffage into the World of Spirits! We know we must leave our Flesh behind us in the Grave; and there let it lie till it hath finished the Time of its appointed Purification; let it lie and refine from all the Dregs of Sin and fenfual Impurities; let it wait for the Beams. of the last Morning, and falute the Dawn of the great Rifing Day. Glorious and furprifing Day indeed, for the Restoration of all the Originals of Mankind, when Paintings and Shadows shall be no more! Bleffed Hour, when our Dust, at the creating Call of Heaven, shall start up into MAN: it shall glow with new Life and immortal Colours. fuch as Nature in her gayest Scenes hath never difplay'd, fuch as the Dreams of Poets were never able to represent, nor the Pallet of Titian ever knew.

XXIX.

On the Sight of Queen MARY, in: the Year 1694.

I.

I Saw th' Illustrious Form, I saw.
Beauty that gave the Nations Law:
Her Eyes, like Mercy on a Throne,
In condescending Grandeur shone.

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That blooming Face! how lovely fair Hath Nature mix'd her Wonders there! The roly Morn such Lustre shows Glancing along the Scythian Snows.

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Her Shape, her Motion, and her Mein, All heavenly; fuch are Angels feen, When the bright Vision grows intense, And Fancy aids our feebler Sense.

IV.

Earth's proudest Idols dare not vie:
With such superior Majesty:
A kindling Vapour might as soon
Rise from the Boggs, and mate the Moon.

V.

I'll call no Raphael from his Reft; Such Charms can never be express'd:
Pencil and Paint were never made
To draw pure Light without a Shade.

VI.

Britain beholds her Queen with Pride, And mighty WILLIAM at her Side Gracing the Throne, while at their Feet With humble Joy Three Nations meet.

VII.

Secure of Empire, she might lay Her Crown, her Robes, and State away, And 'midst Ten Thousand Nymphs be seen: Her Beauty would proclaim the Queen.

EPANORTHOSIS.

VIII.

Her Guardian Angel heard my Song. Fond Man, (he cry'd) forbear to wrong My lovely Charge. So vulgar Eyes Gaze at the Stars, and praise the Skies.

IX.

Rudely they praise, who dwell below, And Heaven's true Glories never know, Where Stars and Planets are no more Than Pebbles scatter'd on the Floor.

X.

So, where celestial Virtues join'd
Form an incomparable Mind,
Crowns, Scepters, Beauties, Charms and Aire,
Stand but as shining Servants there.



XXX.

On the Effigies of his Royal Highness, GEORGE, late Prince of DENMARK, and Lord High Admiral of Great-Britain, made in Wax, and seated at a Banquet near the Effigies of her late Majesty Queen ANNE.

All happily perform'd in a very near Imitation of the Life, by CHRYSIS. 1705.

SO look'd the Hero, coming from the Board Of Naval Counfels, and put off his Sword. So fat the Prince, when with a smiling Air. He relish'd Life, and pleas'd his Sovereign Fair. Surprising Form! scarce with a softer Mein Did his first Love address his future Queen. Publish the Wonder, Fame.* But O! forbear T' approach the Palace and the Royal Ear, Lest her impatient Love and wishing Eye Seek the dear Image, gaze, and mourn, and die. Or stay: The Royal Mourner will believe Her George restor'd, and so forget to grieve. What cannot Chrysis do? Those artful Hands: Shall raise the Hero: Lo, in Arms he stands:

This Poem was written just after Prince GEORGE's Death.

FAIRBOURN * and LEAK * fubmissive shall espy War on his Brow, and Orders in his Eye, Auspicious, Just, and Wise: The Fleet obeys, And the French Pyrates slee the British Seas.

* Two British Admirals.

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XXXI.

To VELINA, on the DEATH of several young Children.

I HAVE feen a comely Fruit-tree in the Summer-Season, with the Branches of it promising plenteous Fruit; the Stock was furrounded with seven or eight little Shoots of different Sizes, that grew up from the Root at a small distance, and seemed to compose a beautiful Defence and Ornament for the Mother-Tree: But the Gardener, who espied their Growth, knew the Danger; he cut down those tender Suckers one after another, and laid them in the Dust. pitied them in my Heart, and said, How pretty were these young Standards! how much like the Parent! how elegantly cloathed with the Raiment of Summer! and each of them might have grown to a fruitful Tree: But they flood so near as to endanger the Stock; they drew away the Sap, the Heart and Strength of it, so far as to injure the Fruit, and darken the hopeful Prospect

Prospect of Autumn. The Pruning-knife appeared unkind indeed, but the Gardener was wise; for the Tree flourish'd more sensibly, the Fruit quickly grew fair and large, and the In-gathering at last was plenteous and joyful.

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WILL you give me Leave, Velina, to persuade you into this Parable? Shall I compare you to this Tree in the Garden of GoD? Your agreeable Qualifications feem to promife various Fruits, of Faith, of Love, of universal Holiness and Service: You have had many of these young Suckers springing up around you; they flood a-while your fweet Ornaments and your Joy; and each of them might have grown up to a Perfection of Likeness, and each might have become a Parent-Tree: But say, Did they never draw your Heart off from GoD? Did you never feel them Realing any of those Seasons of Devotion, or those warm Affections that were first and supremely due to him that made you? Did they not stand a little too near your Soul? And when they have been cut off successively, and laid one after another in the Duft, have you not found your Heart running out more toward GoD, and living more perpetually upon him? Are you not now devoting yourfelf more entirely to God every Day, fince the last was taken away? Are you not aiming at some greater Fruitfulness and Service than in Times past? If so, then repine not at the Pruning-knife, but adore the Conduct of the heavenly Husbandman, and fay, "All his Ways are Wifdom and Mercy." But

But I have not yet done with my Parable.

When the Granary was well stored with excellent Fruit, and before Winter came upon the Tree, the Gardener took it up by the Roots, and it appeared as dead. But his Design was not to destroy it utterly; for he removed it far away from that Spot of Earth where it had stood, and planted it in a Hill of richer Mold, which was sufficient to nourish it with all its Attendants. The Spring appeared, the Tree budded into Life again, and all those fair little Standards that had been cut off, broke out of the Ground as afresh, and stood up around it (a sweet young Grove) shourishing in Beauty and immortal Vigour.

You know now where you are, Velina, and that I have carried you to the Hill of Paradife, to the bleffed Hour of the Refurrection. What an unknown Joy will it be, when you have fulfilled all the Fruits of Righteousness in this lower World, to be transplanted to that heavenly Mountain! What a Divine Rapture and Surprise of Bleffedness, to see all your little Offspring around you that Day, springing out of the Dust at once, making a fairer and brighter Appearance in that upper Garden of God, and rejoycing together, (a sweet Company) all Partakers with you of the same happy Immortality! all fitted to bear heavenly Fruit, without the need or danger of a Pruning-knife. Look forward by Faith to this glorious Morning, and admire

mire the whole Scheme of Providence and Grace. Give chearful Honours beforehand to your Almighty and All-wife Governor, who by his unfearchable Counsels has fulfilled your best Wishes, and secured your dear Infants to you for ever, tho' not just in your own Way; that bleffed Hand which made the painful Separation on Earth, shall join you and your Babes together in his own heavenly Habitation, never to be divided again, tho' the Method may be painful to Flesh and Blood. Fathers shall not hope in vain, nor Mothers bring forth for Trouble; They are the Seed of the bleffed of the Lord, and their Offspring with them, Isaiah Ixii. 23. Then shall you say, Lord, here am I, and the Children that thou hast given me. For he is your God, and the God of your Seed in an everlasting Covenant. Amen.

XXXII.

EARTH, HEAVEN, and HELL.

I HAVE often tried to strip Death of its frightful Colours, and make all the terrible Airs of it vanish into Softness and Delight: To this End, among other Rovings of Thought, I have sometimes illustrated to myself the whole Creation, as one immense Building, with different Apartments, all under

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ONE fort of these Mansions are little, narrow. dark, damp Rooms; where there is much Confinement, very little good Company, and fuch a Clog upon ones natural Spirits, that a Man cannot Think or Talk with Freedom, nor exert his Understanding, or any of his Intellectual Powers with Glory or Pleafure. This is the Earth in which we dwell.

A SECOND fore are spacious, lightsome, airy and ferene Courts, open to the Summer-Sky, or at least admitting all the valuable Qualities of Sun and Air. without the Inconveniencies; where there are Thoufands of most delightful Companions, and every thing that can give one Pleasure, and make one capable and fit to give Pleafure to others. This is the Heaven we hope for.

A THIRD fort of Apartments are open and spacious too, but under a Wintry-Sky, with perpetual Storms of Hail, Rain and Wind, Thunder, Lightning, and every thing that is painful and offensive; and all this among Millions of wretched Companions curfing the Place, tormenting one another, and each endeavouring to increase the publick and universal Misery. This is Hell.

No w what a dreadful Thing it is to be driven out of one of the first narrow dusky Cells, into the Third sort of Apartment, where the Change of the Room is infinitely the worse? No wonder that Sinners are afraid to die. But why should a Soul that has good Hope, through Grace, of entring into the serene Apartment, be unwilling to leave the narrow smoaky Prison he has dwelt in so long, and under such Loads of Inconvenience?

DEATH to a good Man, is but passing through a dark Entry, out of one little dusky Room of his Father's House, into another that is fair and large, lightsome and glorious, and divinely entertaining. O may the Rays and Splendors of my heavenly Apartment shoot far downward, and gild the dark Entry with such a chearful Gleam, as to banish every Fear when I shall be called to pass through!

XXXIII.

A HORNETS NEST destroy'd.

WHAT curious little Creatures were these! how bright and beautiful the Body of them! how nimble and sprightly the several Limbs! how swift the Wing of this Insect for Flight, and the Sting as dread-

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ful for its own Defence, and for the Punishment of those that hurt it. What rich Contrivance is there in all the invisible Springs of this little Engine! and yet here are Thousands of them destroy'd at once, and reduced to common Earth.

IF any Artist amongst Men could have framed but one fuch a wonderful Machine as this, it would have been fold for Thousands of Gold and Silver, it would have been valued at the Price of Royal Treafures, and thought fit only for the Cabinet of the greatest Princes. The Destruction of such a rare Piece of Workmanship would have been an uncompenfable Loss among Men; but 'tis the Work of GoD, and here are Thousands of these elegant Structures demolished, and cast out to the Dunghill, without any Concern or Injury to Go D or Man. Glotious indeed, and all Divine is the Magnificence of the great Creator! With what a Profusion doth he pour out the Riches of his Art, even amongst the meaner Parts of the Creation! he makes yearly Millions of these Animals without Labour, and he can part with Millions out of his Kingdom without Lofs.

YET these are not superfluous or useless Beings in the Dominions of GoD. There was a time when he raised an Army of them, and sent them upon a great Expedition, to drive the Nations of the Canaanites and their Kings out of their own Land, when he would plant his beloved Israel there, Exod. xxiii. 28. Jos.

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XXIV.

xxiv. 12. Thus he knows how to employ them, when and where he pleases: But he gives Leave to every Man to destroy their Nests and their Armies, wherefoever they become a Nuisance to him; for if he want them himself, he can summon them from the most distant Parts of the World, and they shall come at his first Call. He can his for the Fly that is in the uttermost Parts of Egypt, and the Bee that is in she Land of Affyria, Ifa. vii. 18. and they shall range themselves under his Banner to execute his dreadful Commission. Or if the whole Creation does not afford Legions of them sufficient for his Purpose, He, who could animate the Dust of the Earth into Lice, Exed, viii, 16. can command all the Sands of the Sea into fwarms of Hornets; or he can call Millions out of Nothing into Being with a Word, all dress'd in their proper Livery, and armed with their Stings to carry on his War. What can be wanting to that God who has all the uncreated and unknown World of Possibles within the Reach of his Voice? Rom. iv. 17. He calleth the Things that are not, as tho' they were.



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XXXIV.

CITATIONS and INSCRIPTIONS.

ANCIENT Custom and modern Fashion are two sovereign Tyrants, who bear almost an universal Sway over the Practices of Mankind. They are directly opposite to each other, and they share the Empire of the World between them. The Learned and the Mighty, as well as the Poor and the Foolish, obey their Dictates without surther Enquiry, and submit all to their Authority, without Reserve, and without Reason.

Why did the Persians worship the Fire, and the Chinese the Souls of their Ancestors? Why do the Papists say their Prayers in Latin, and the Jews wash their Hands always before eating? 'Twas the Usage of ancient Ages, and the Custom of their Fathers. Why did the Ladies of Great-Britain wear Ruffs and Fardingals a Century and a half ago? and why do the Men of Fashion now a-days keep two Knots of Hair ever dangling on their Shoulders, with one long Curl behind? Does Nature find so much Convenience, or spy so much Decency in it. Neither of the two; but still there's supposed to be Reason enough

for any of these Oddities, since 'tis the present Mode. The Mode will foon reconcile Fancy to the most aukward Appearances, and the most incommodious Practices : But if Nature, Reason, and Convenience, make never fo loud Remonstrances, they must all fland afide and fubmit, while fome old Cuftoms and some new Fashiens pronounce their absolute Decrees concerning a thousand Things, and determine without Appeal.

YET if Reason, or Religion, might have leave to put in a Word, methinks there are some ancient Fashions which should never have been antiquated, as well as there are fome new ones which should never have been suffered to arise.

'T was a Fashion among our Grandfathers, to cite a worthy or elegant Sentence from fome Author of established Fame, and that in their Conversation, as well as their Writings: They would chuse to express their Sentiments in the bright and beautiful Language of some ancient Poet or Philosopher, which gave new Life and Strength to the Period: But for these fifty Years past you gain the Name of a Pedant, if you affront the modiff World with a wife and pious Saying borrowed from one of the Ancients in their own Language.

I WILL grant indeed, that 'twas a Piece of Pride, Vanity and Impertinence in some who lived in

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the last Century, to interline all their Discourses, and almost every Page of their Books, with perpetual Scraps of Greek and Latin; and it became yet more: ridiculous in Sermons and in Treatifes which were written only for the Use of the English World, who knew nothing but their Mother-Tongue; but must so useful and entertaining a Practice be banish'd for ever, be cause it has been abused, and carried to Extreams?" Suppose I have a fine and noble Sentiment in my Thoughts, which I learned from Seneca or Cicero, must I be bound to deliver it in my own ruder Language, rather than let those ingenious Ancients speak it in their own Phrase; supposing always that the Company in which I fpeak, understand the Roman Tongue ! Is it fuch a Crime to let Juvenal or Horace fay an agreeable and pertinent Thing for me, when I thereby confess that I cannot say any Thing myself so pertinent and so agreeable? And why may not a David or a Solomon, as well as a Virgil, a Milton or an Addison: raife and dignify a Period now and then with their noble, and just, and elegant Lines, and enliven a modern-Page with their warm and splendid Images? 'Tis not Nature and Reason, but mere Fashion that hath. branded this Practice with the odious Name of Puritamism, or of Pedantry; and I think I may congratulate: the present Age, that it begins a little to be revived. v en by Writers of the first Rank.

MAY I presume again to enquire why we should absolutely renounce the Fashion of our Fore-fathers,

in adorning their Churches and their Houses with the wife and pious Sayings of Philosophers, or of Prophets and Men inspir'd? God himself invented this Practice, and made it a Law for the Jews, his favourite People, that they should write his Statutes on the Posts of their Houses, and on their Gates, to strike the Eye and the Heart of all that came in. Nor is there any thing Superstitious or Fewish in this Matter; the Walls of Christian Temples were wont to be inscribed with remarkable Precepts of Piety taken from the Word of Gop; Moral and Divine Motto's were. in former Centuries, thought an Ornament to the narrow Pannels of their Wainscot, and long and beautiful Sentences ran round the Cornish of a private House, and carried Virtue and Peace with them all the Way. That Divine Rule of Equity, Deal with others, as you would have others deal with you, has stood Guard in a Tradefman's Shop against every Appearance of Fraud, and every Temptation to overreach a Customer. Closets and Compting-Houses often told our Ancestors their Duty when they were alone; and their large and spacious Halls taught Virtue and Goodness to the World in fair and legible Characters. The Parlour and the Dining-Room put their Friends in mind of GoD and Heaven, in Letters of Vermillion and Gold; and the Kitchen and the Out-houses instructed the Servants in their Duty, and reproved them to the Face, when they ventured to practife Iniquity out of the Sight of their Mafter.

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I KNOW there's a Decorum to be observed in all Things of this kind. I am not for pasting up whole Pages of Morality round the Rooms, nor filling every naked Pannel with little Gothick Emblems and Ornaments, with pious Rhimes or Lectures of Religion: But methinks we run to a wide Extream, when we absolutely exclude every such Lesson of Virtue from all the Places of our Residence. And since the present Mode has condemned all these Inscriptions of Truth and Goodness, I know not what is come in the room of them, unless it be the filthy Abuse of Letters, and a lewd or a profane Couplet graven with a Diamond on a Pane of Glass. Our Walls in Ages past wore the Signatures of Honour and Virtue; now there are too many Windows, that as foon as they admit the Light, discover our Shame. I wonder how any Man that pretends to Politeness and Elegancy, should scribble such Lines as female Modesty ought never to fee, and which the rudest Tongue of his own Sex ought never to pronounce.

AT other times you shall find some vile Reproach on particular Persons left standing on the Glass to be read by future Comers; and thus the Scandal is convey'd to Multitudes in a long Succession; and every Reader, by learning the unjust Reproach, may in fome Sense be faid to increase the Writer's Guilt.

IF they must write the Names of their Mistresses on the Windows, and describe their Beauties there, let them do it in such Language as may not offend the Tongue of Modesty to repeat, nor raise a Blush on the Cheek of Virtue:

If the Muse lavish her immortal Wit

To paint a sading Face,

And the firm Diamond the frail Honours write

Upon the brittle Glass,

Let no foul Word pollute that heavenly Ray

Which makes the Lines appear:

Lewdness would taint the Sun-beams in their Way,

Lewdness should ne er be read but when keen Lightnings play

To blast the Writer's Hand, and shake his Soul with Fear.

It they will write the Name of a Friend or a Stranger there, let it be a Name of Worth and Honour, let it be some Example of Virtue, and attended with a due Encomium.

ALBINUS.

Clear as the Glass, his spotless Fame, And lasting Diamond writes his Name.

On if a Diamond must be used for a Pen, and a Pane of Glass must be the Tablet on which we write, I should rather choose that those pellucid Mediums which transmit the Light of Heaven to our Eyes, should

should convey some Beam of sacred Knowledge, or some useful Memento to the Mind-

Words of Eternal Truth proclaim,
Alt mortal Joys are vain:
A Diamond Pen engraves the Theme
Upon a brittle Plain.

XXXV.

Against LEWDNESS.

I.

WHY should you let your wandring Eyes:
Entice your Souls to shameful Sin?
Scandal and Ruin are the Prize,
You take such fatal Pains to win.

This Brutal Vice makes Reason blind,
And blots the Name with hateful Stains:
It wastes the Flesh, pollutes the Mind,
And tears the Heart with racking Pains.

III.

Let David speak with heavy Groans, How it estrang'd his Soul from Go D;

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Made:

130 Miscellaneous Thoughts,

Made him complain of broken Bones, And fill'd his House with Wars and Blood.

IV.

Let Solomon and Samfon tell

Their melancholy Stories here,

How bright they shone, how low they fell,

When Sin's vile Pleasures cost them dear.

V.

In vain you choose the darkest Time,
Nor let the Sun behold the Sight:
In vain you hope to hide your Crime
Behind the Curtains of the Night:

VI.

The wakeful Stars and Midnight Moon
Watch your foul Deeds, and know your Shame;
And Go D's own Eye, like Beams of Nooh,
Strikes through the Shade, and marks your Name.

VII.

What will ye do when Heav'n enquires.
Into those Scenes of secret Sin?
And Lust, with all its guilty Fires,
Shall make your Conscience rage within?

VIII

How will you curse your wanton Eyes, Curse the lewd Partners of your Shame, When Death with horrible Surprize Shews you the Pit of quenchles Flame?

IX.

Flee, Sinners, flee th' unlawful Bed,
Left Vengence fend you down to dwell.
In the dark Regions of the Dead,
To feed the fiercest Fires of Hell.

XXVI.

Citizen who take to be below

Against DRUNKENNESS

I.

Is it not strange that every Creature
Should know the Measure of its Thirst,
(They drink but to support their Nature,
And give due Moisture to their Dust;)

II.

While Man, vile Man, whose nobler kinds
Should scorn to act beneath the Beast,
Drowns all the Glories of his Mind,
And kills his Soul to please his Taste?

III.

O what a hateful, shameful Sight,
Are Drunkards reeling through the Street!!
Now they are fond, and now they fight,
And pour their Shame on all they meet.

IV.

Is it so exquisite a Pleasure
To troll down Liquor through the Throat,
And swill, and know no Bound nor Measure,
'Till Sense and Reason are forgot?

V.

Do they deserve th' immortal Name
Of Man, who sink so far below?
Will GoD, the Maker of their Frame
Endure to see them spoil it so?

VI:

Can they e'er think of Heaven and Grace, Or hope for Glory when they die?

Can fuch vile Ghosts expect a Place

Among the shining Souls on high?

VII.

The meanest Seat is too refin'd

To entertain a Drunkard there.

Ye Sinners of this loathsome Kind,

Repent, or perish in Despair.





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XXXVII.

VANITY Confess'd.

TWAS a strange and thoughtless Expression of a very ingenious *Author, "Among all the Millions of Vices (says he) that I inherit from Adam, I have escaped the first and Father-Sin of Pride: "And he goes on to prove it by asserting his Humility, after many boasted Instances of his Learning and Acquirements. Surely (thought I) this Man lived much abroad, and conversed but little at home; he knew much of the World, but he was not acquainted with himself; and while he practises his Vanity in so publick a manner, he strongly denies that any belongs to him.

Senotus was a Man of a more mortified Soul, a facgacious Self-Enquirer while he lived; and among his most secret Papers which escaped the Flames, this sollowing Soliloquy was found after his Death. How passionately does he mourn this Frailty, and with what a becoming Sense doth he lament and bewail this original Blemish of his Nature! 'Twas written before he arrived at his sacred Dignity, but it discovers the Sentiments and the Piety which attended him hrough all his Life.

* Dr. Brown, in bis Religio Medici.

PRIDE (faith he) is so extensive, so universal a Disease of Mankind, that I know no part of the Infection which we derive from our first Father, that has so intimately mingled itself with the whole Mass of Blood, has so much corrupted our best Powers, and runs without Exception through the whole Race. Methinks I can scarce move, or speak, but I feel the secret Poison working, and I am betray'd at every. Turn into new Folly and Guilt by this flattering and subtile Enemy.

IF I am accepted in Company, and find Favour among Men, how ready am I to impute it to my own Merit! and if I meet with Reproach, how does my Heart swell against the Tongue that uttered it, and I begin to charge the ignorant World that they have not known me! or I accuse them secretly of doing Injustice to my Character; for I fancy myself to have deserved the Honours of Mankind, and not their Censures.

This active Iniquity is never at rest; whether I have to do with GoD or Man, it besets me on every Side, it breaks the Commands of the first Table, as well as the second, detracts from the Honour that I owe to my Maker, and the Charity due to my Fellow-Creatures.

I DEVOTE myself and all my Powers to Gon in the Morning, and I think I do it with solemn

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Sincerity: Then I meditate, I compose, or perhaps I preach, and diffuse the Knowledge and the Glory of Christ, my Lord: But if some shining Thought break into my Meditations, how fond am I to spread and dress it, to make Self shine a little; and thus sacrilegiously attempt to share the Honour that is due alone to my Saviour and his Gospel! how closely doth this Serpent-Iniquity twine about my Nature, and defile my most religious Services! Often do I assume those Lines in my Lips, and with the pleasing Pain that belongs to Repentance, I appropriate the Words, to myself, as the I had been the Author of them.

'Tis Pride, that bufy Sin,
Spoils all that I perform;
Curst Pride, that creeps securely in,
And swelts a haughty Worm!

IF I begin to write any Divine Thoughts in Verse, to entertain myself or my Fellow-Christians with holy Melody, I find this Tempter at my right Hand, abusing my Poesy, to the ruin of my Religion. —

My God, the Songs I frame.

Are faithless to thy Cause,

And steal the Honours of thy Name.

To build their own Applause.

SOMETIMES I raise my Thoughts a little tocontemplate my Creator in the numerous Wonders of his Power and Wisdom, in his inimitable Perfections, and in the Majesty and Grandeur of his Nature; I fall down before him, confounded in his Presence: My own Ideas of his transcendent Excellency overwhelm me with a Sense of my own Meanness, and I lay myself low in the Dust, whence I and all my Fore-fathers sprang; but perhaps a sudden Moment turns my Thought aside to my Brethren, my Fellow-Mortals; and when I imagine myself superior to some of them, the Worm that lay level with the Dust begins to swell and rise again, and a vain Self-Comparison with Creatures interrupts the humble Prostrations of my Soul, and spoils my Devotion to my GoD.

AND here 'tis very aftonishing to consider upon what Trisses of Circumstance soolish Man is ready to exalt himself above his Neighbour: I am even ashamed to think, that when I stand among Persons of a low Stature, and a mean outward Appearance, (especially if they are utter Strangers) I am ready to look downward upon their Undertakings, as beneath my own, because Nature has formed my Limbs by a larger Model, has raised this anima! Bulk upon higher Pillars, and given me a full and florid Aspect. Ridiculous Thought, and wild Imagination! as the the Size and Colour of the Brute were the proper Measure to judge of the Man!

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Ar another Time, when I have been engaged in free Discourse, I have heard a sprightly Youth talk most pertinently on the proposed Subject, but I selt myself ready before-hand to despise whatever he should say, because I happened to be born ten Years before him; and yet how wretchedly inconsistent is this Distemper of Mind! for I was tempted the next Moment to neglect what was spoken by a grave Gentleman present, because he was born twenty Years before me: My own Vanity would persuade me that the one was so much younger than I, that he had not yet arrived at Sense, and the other so much older, that he had forgot it.

I FIND it is not Youth or Age, but 'tis Self is the Idol and the Temptation. My foolish Heart is apt to say within itself, even when I am in the midst of Persons of Thought and Sagacity, "Methinks they "should all be of my Mind when I have given my Opi"nion;" and I feel a secret Inclination to flatter my own Judgment, tho' I condemn the young and the old. Thus is Pride busy and zealous to exalt Self on every Occasion, to set up the Idol, and make all bow down to it.

THESE filent and unseen Turns of Thought within me are so impudent, and so unreasonable, that I cannot bear to let 'em appear even before my own Judgment: I scarce bring them to a Trial, for I know they are Evil; I condemn them as soon as they

are born, I banish them for ever from my Soul, and forbid their Return. But e're I am aware they will come to their old native Seat again, in spight of all the Laws and Rules of Reason and Religion; they overleap all the Bars and Fences that I raise perpetually to keep them out. This wicked Pride is a home-born and domestick Enemy, it knows every Avenue of the Soul, and is hardly excluded even by the feverest Watchfulness.

WE are so fond to appear always in the right, that I find myself to need a good degree of Self-Denial, in order to believe that Truth is Truth, when I have happened to fall into a different Sentiment; and what is this but Pride of Heart? I need not go far backward in my Life, to find an Instance of this Folly or Madness; something of this kind so often occurs.

THREE Days ago I was relating an Affair of great Confequence, and was opposed in my Narrative by a Friend, who knew the whole Story perfectly: I felt my Heart unwilling to yield to his Opposition, tho' the Reasonings that attended his Narration carried superior Light and Force in them; I was hardly convinced that I was in the wrong, till I had left the Company and bethought myself. This cursed Conceit! how it blinds the Eyes to Reason, and bars our Conviction! And 'tis the same Disease of the Mind. that prevents our Confession of an Error, even when we are inwardly convinced of it: 'Tis Pride that cramps the

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the Organs of Speech, and makes these Words, I was mistaken, so hard to pronounce in every Language.

WHEN I am debating a Point of Controversy, how much am I pleased when I overcome! and how ready do I find my Tongue to contend for Victory, too often with greater Solicitude than for Truth! I feel the Mischief working, tho' I hate it. I look inward, I blush and chide myself; but in the next Company Nature returns, the inward Distemper stirs again, I am ambitious of Conquest in the next Disspute; yet I profess to be a Philosopher, a Disciple of Wisdom, and a Lover of Truth; but I feel I am a Son of Adam.

I watch against the first Risings of this inbred Evil, but 'tis beforehand with me: I resolve to speak my Sentiments with a modest Aire, but Vanity sits upon my Lips, and forms the Sentence, or at least gives some swelling Accents to the Sound: Then I sigh inwardly at the sudden Reproach, What a vain Wretch am I! and should condemn myself as the very vilest Piece of Human Nature, if I did not observe the same Folly working at my right Hand and at my lest, and shewing itself all round me in a Variety of Shapes. Were all the Progeny of Eve to be summoned to the Bar of God, and tried upon this Indictment,

Alas for poor Mankind! Nor Sex nor Age is free: What would become of Man? What would become of me?

Vanisso was in Company while this Paper was read, wherein Senotus confess'd this Foible of his Soul; and with some Confusion broke out thus: "What! Se-" notus, the Wise and Pious, the Modest and the "Humble, say all this! Senotus, the Venerable Man" of the Episcopal Order, and the Glory of our "Church, talk at this rate? O for an eternal Succession of such Bishops in every See! But what "Lesson shall I learn by it? I'll retire to my Closet and search inward; for how many Vices so ever hung about me, yet I never thought myself a proud Man before, but I begin to suspect me now.

XXXVIII.

PASSION and REASON.

AMONG the multitude of Words that are uttered by the Passions, you may sometimes chance to hear the Dictates of Reason: But if you suffer yourself to be russled, and return Wrath for Wrath, you so effectually stop your Ears against her softer Voice, that you cannot believe there was a Syllable o Reason in all the Discourse of your Opponent; and thus by indulging a Spirit of Contradiction, you forbid your own Improvement.

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Tranquillus is a Gentleman of penetrating Judgment, and a sedate Temper: Astrapé is the Partner of his Lise; a Person of good Understanding, but her Imagination far exceeds; there is great Brightness in her Conversation, but her Passions are warm, and she so far forgets herself, that her Voice is sometimes a little elevated, even while Company is present. When the Clouds gather, and the Storm rises, Tranquillus yields to the Circumstances of the Hour; he knows tis in vain to debate with a Tempest, or reprove a Wirlwind, but he calmly expects Silence and sair Weather To-morrow.

MANY a time has the good Man confess'd, that he has gained some useful Hints of Knowledge under those Lectures; for I have worn out (said he) many a Campaigne, I have learnt to read Truth by the Flash of Gunpowder, and to hearken to good Sense, even when the Cannons roar. Her Admonitions are affishant to my Virtue, tho' sometimes they are pronounced louder than was needful.

HAPPY Man, who is grown fo familiar with Wisdom, as to distinguish her Voice in the midst of Thunders, and to know and venerate that divine Sunbeam among whole Sheets and Volumes of Lightning! Happy Man, whose Soul never kindles at those Flashes, nor doth he find his Tongue inclined to eccho to the Noise!

Astrapé indeed would do well to correct her Temper; but one would almost be content to live a Month among those Storms, if one might but gain by that Means the placid and lovely Virtues of Tranquillus.

I.

LET Astrapé forbear to blaze
As Lightning does, with dreadful Rays,
Nor spoil the Beauties of her Face,
To arm her Tongue with Thunder:
That Reason hardly looks Divine,
Where so much Fire and Sound combine,
And make the Way for Wit to shine
By riving Sense asunder.

II.

Yet if I found her Words grow warm,
I'd learn fome Lesson by the Storm,
Or guard myself at least from Harm
By yielding like Tranquillus.
Tempests will tear the stiffest Oak,
Cedars with all their Pride are broke
Beneath the Fury of that Stroke
That never hurts the Willows.



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XXXIX.

One Devil casting out another.

LATRISSA is often indisposed. Her Friends attend her with most obliging Visits, and sometimes give her Relief in a gloomy Hour. Last Friday she was seized with her usual Discomposures; two Ladies of her greatest Intimacy spent the Asternoon in her Chamber; they talk'd of publick Business, and the Commotions of the World; she was all Silence and unmov'd. They brought in Virtue and Religion, and try'd to raise the Conversation to Heaven; her Soul was very heavy still, and her Ears were listless. They descended to common Trisles, survey'd the green Fields through the Window, and blest the fine Weather and the warm Sun-shine; Latrissa was all cloudy within, and received the Talk very coldly.

WHEN they found all these Attempts were in vain, they ran to the charming Topick of Dress and Fashion, gay Colours and new Habits; they traversed the Park, and rehearsed the Birth-Day; but even this would awaken no pleasing Aires, not introduce one Smile, nor scarce provoke an Answer.

AT last one of the Visitants happen'd to mention a Name or two, for which Latrissa had a known Aversion, and began to expose their Conduct and their Character. Latrissa soon selt the wicked Pleasure; the luscious Poison wrought powerfully within, her Voice eccho'd to every Accusation, and confirm'd all the Insamy. A Discourse so agreeable, scatter'd the inward Gloom, and awaken'd her Gall and her Tongue at once. After a sew Sentences past, she assumed the Chair, and ingross'd the whole Conversation herself. She rail'd on triumphantly for an Hour together, without Intermission, and without Weariness, tho' when her Friends first came in to see her she could hardly speak for fainting.

Thus have I feen an old Lap-Dog lie Tullen or lazy before the Fire, the pretty Miss hath try'd a hundred Ways to awaken the Creature to Activity and Play: But a Stranger happening to enter the Room, the little Cur hath called up all his natural Envy and Rage, nor hath he ceased barking till the Stranger disappeared; when the sullen Animal would not play, he det us hear that he could bark.

BUT I reprove myself. This Vice is too big to be chastiz'd by Ridicule, for 'tis a most hateful Breach of the Rules of the Gospel. What a dismal Spectacle is it to see this Engine of Scandal set on work so successfully among Christians, to drive out the deaf and dumb

dumb Spirit! to see Satan employ'd to cast out Satan, and one evil Spirit disposses'd by another!

OTHE shameful Gust and Relish that some People sind in Reproach and Slander! The great Apostle says, Speak Evil of no Man, and he excludes Railers and Revilers from the Kingdom of Heaven; yet Latrisa performs the Duties of the Church and the Closet, rails daily at some of her Neighbours, and thinks herself a Christian of the first Rank still; nor will she see nor believe the Iniquity of her Temper, or the Guilt of her Conversation.

XL.

Excellencies and Defects compensated.

F A M E doth not always belong to the Active and the Sprightly, nor immortal Memory to the Sons of Wit. Gravonius was a Person of Prudence and Virtue, but rather of a slow Conception, and a very moderate Share of Natural Vivacity; a Man of little Discourse, but much Thought; he would sometimes bring forth very valuable Sentences, and surnish the Company with wise Observations that he had collected by many Years Reading, and long Acquaintance with Men and Books. He travelled on daily in a

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regular Round of Life and Duty to a good old Age, he pass'd off the Stage with Honour amongst his Friends, and was remembred Twenty Years after his Death.

Lycidas was a Gentleman of great Parts, sprightly Wit, far superior to Gravonius in the Powers of the Mind, and at least equal to him in Virtue; he shone bright in every Company, and put a Lustre upon all his Religion; he was the Wonder and Love of his Friends while he lived. He was summon'd away from the World in the Bloom of Life, deep Lamentations were made at his Grave, but in a few Years time he was forgotten.

How came this to pass, that what blazed so bright should vanish so soon, and be lost at once? The Reafon is not far to feek. Gravonius kept his Hours and his Rounds as constant as the Sun, and his Track of Life was drawn to a great Length, and was well known to the World: He faid over his Apophthegms and Lessons of Prudence, till his Acquaintance had learnt them by Heart. Lycidas was active and ready in all the Varieties of Life, but never tied himself down to Rules, and Forms, and Sentences, nor could he teach another to act as he did: He always entertained his Friends with a rich Profusion of new Sentiments. Neither his Wit nor his Wisdom had any Commonplaces: His Manner and his Way was like an Eagle in the Air, that leaves no Track behind. His Converfation and his Life had a thousand Beauties in them,

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but they were neither to be imitated, or scarce rehearsed by another.

IF I were to live always, furely I would wish to be Lycidas, that I might have my Heart ever at my Right Hand, in the Phrase of Solomon; that I might know on the fudden how to speak pertinently, and what Course to take in every new Occurrence of a World that's in perpetual Changes: I would have an Understanding ever ready to suggest the Thing that's proper in every Time It must be allow'd, that Lycidas was much and Place. the more useful Man on Earth, tho' his Name was foon But Gravonius hath this to compensate his Slowness, that in some Sense he lives the longer for it: His regular Conduct was learn'd and copied by his Family; his Sentences are often rehearfed among his Friends; he speaks while he is under Ground, and gives Advice to the Living Twenty Years after he is dead.

THERE is nothing on Earth excellent on all Sides; there must be something wanting in the best of Creatures, to shew how far they are from Persection: God has wisely ordained it, that Excellencies and Desects should be mingled amongst Men; Advantage and Disadvantage are thrown into the Balance, the one is set over against the other, that no Man might be surpremely exalted, and none utterly contemptible.

XLI.

ENVY Discover'd.

ENVY is a malignant Vice; of so hateful an Aspect, and so black a Character, that every Man abhors it, when appearing in its own Colours; and whosoever is accused, renounces the Charge with Indignation.

WHEN Athon was a Boy, and read the Description of this foul Fury in the Books of the Greek and Roman Poets, he imagined it was some Beldam that infested Heathen Countries, but he could not believe that she should dwell among Christians, and have a Temple in their very Bosoms.

COULD one ever suppose that Envy should mix itself with the Blood and Spirits of a good Man, or find any room in the same Heart where there is a Savour of true Religion? Religion consists in an Intercourse of Divine and Human Love;

But Envy smiles at Sorrows not her own,
And laughs to hear a Nation groan.
But Envy feeds on Infamy and Blood,
And grieves at all that's Great and Good.

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But Envy pines, because her Neighbours thrive,

And dies to see a Brother live.

Makes her Way sometimes into the very Soul that is born of God, and that hopes to be an Inhabitant of Heaven; but it generally takes care to conceal its Name, and to disquise its odious Appearance, that it may not be known in the Heart where it dwells. It too often breaks out indeed before the Eyes of the World, to the Shame and Scandal of Religion, and appears in its own most hateful Form, Rejoicing in Mischief; but it much more frequently sits brooding within, fretting at the Peace and Welfare of others, and spreads a melancholly Gloom and painful Horror round all the Chambers of the Soul, if the Sun but shine upon a Neighbour's House.

THERE is many a Christian indulges this secret Iniquity, and practises this Vice without the Reproaches of Conscience, because he can't believe his Conduct deserves this Name. And whether can I send such a one to learn the Nature of this Sin better than to his Bible?

THE Holy Pfalmist was once overtaken with a Fit of Envy, and after he had been divinely convinced and ashamed of it, the Way wherein he confesses and describes it is this; That he inlarged his Ideas of the Prosperity of the Wicked, he spread abroad all their

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Honours

Honours and their Riches before the Eyes of his Imagination, and magnify'd every Circumstance of their Health, their Strength, and all their Comforts of Life; but he conceals or lessens all their Troubles, as tho' they had nothing to complain of; while at the same time his Mouth was filled with Complaints of his own Sorrows, he painted his own Grievances upon his Fancy in the darkest Colours, and the most dismal Shapes, and by the Comparison of their Condition and his own, his Soul grew much more uneasy.

"As for my wicked Neighbours, fays be, they thrive in the World, they increase in Riches, they are not in Trouble like other Men, nor are they plagued as I am; their Eyes stands out with Fatness; they have more than Heart can wish; they oppress and prosper, they are encompassed with Pride and Honours, they are gay and wanton in their Garments of Oppression and Violence; in Life their Strength is firm, and they die easy, for they have no painful Agonies in their Death: But as for me, the Waters of a full Cup are wrung out to me; all the Day long have I been plagued, and chastened every Morning, Psal lxxiii.

THE good Man, when he felt this evil Temper working in him, indulged it too much at first; but upon a just Review he chid himself, and submitted

to call it by its proper Name, I was envious at the Poolish, when I saw the Prosperity of the Wicked.

OTHAT it had been found only among the Jews and Heathens, and never broke into Christendom! But this is a fruitless Wish ———

Thouillo has an Affluence of all the Bleffings of Life, except perfect Health and publick Honour. He is fometimes confined to his Chamber by small Indifpositions, while his next Neighbour Thiron is halfgone in a dangerous Consumption, and Thouillo knows it too; but Thiron walks about the Fields, and rides daily in the Country, if possible to preserve his Life; in the mean time he receives his Friends with a becoming degree of Chearfulness and Pleasure, and is much honoured and esteemed by all his Acquaintance, nor yet beyond his Merit.

Go, visit Thonillo, and he entertains you with nothing but long tiresome Complaints of his own Pains and Ailments, and with a sensible Anguish at Heart tells you, that he hears Thiron laugh aloud with his Companions; that Thiron rides about at his Ease, while himself is a Prisoner; and while he inlarges up on all the Topicks that make his own Life any way uncomfortable, he takes as much Pains to expatiate upon all the better Circumstances of his Neighbour; he spreads them abroad in their most ample Forms, and with an inward Resentment paints out Thiron's Hap-

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piness in glaring Colours; he magnifies it to a vast Excess in his own Fancy, and before his Friends, that he may seem to have some Reason to support his uneasy Comparison, and his inward Disquietude of Soul.

SOME of those that visit him happen to speak well of Thiron; and while they pity his dying Circumstances, they mention his Virtues with Praise. Ah! says Thonillo, my Neighbour walks at his Pleafure, he is courted and cares'd, and he loves those that cares him; but if they knew all that I have heard of him, they would change their Opinion, and regret his Honours.

Thus Thonillo grows peevish with all around him, and frets away a good Part of his own Health, because his Neighbour is not confined to his Chamber too. He loses all his good Character, by endeavouring to sully that of his Neighbour; nor can you ever please him, unless you find fault with some of his Acquaintance, and sink their Names a little, and diminish their Praise.

YET Thonillo thinks himself a very good Christian, and thanks G o D he has no Envy belonging to him. Thonillo read the Seventy-third Psalm this Morning, and could not see any thing of his own Temper or Features there. Who will help Thonillo to a Pair of Spectacles, and affift his Eye-sight?

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I HAD scarce written this, when Sibylla entered the Room, and when she had read the Paper, "Sure"ly, said she, you have drawn the Picture of Tho"nillo to the Life; for tho' I never saw the Gentleman, yet I have heard much of him; I know a
"Brother and Sister of his, Thonerus and Thonerina, and
am acquainted with many others of his near Rela"tions-

XLII.

The Rough MAN softened.

EGRIDIA was of a fickly Constitution, but she was born of Quality; and having condescended to marry a private Gentleman, she assumed a right to be imperious while her Distempers made her peevish. She was yoked with a Partner of a tall and firm Stature, robust and healthy, a Man of great Courage and Roughness, a very Sampson: Yet his Soul had a tender Part in it, and would weep and bleed, if touch'd in the right Vein.

HE never knew indeed what Sickness meant, and therefore, tho' he was continually entertained with Complaints new and old, yet he shewed very little Sympathy with his suffering Friends under their va-

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Reproaches for want of it, and had daily severe Lectures read to him at home on that Occasion.

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ONE Evening he was attacked with more Fury than usual, and it awaken'd him to make this short. Reply.

"PRITHEE, Egridia, do not labour in vain.

"Beef or Stock-fife may be beaten till it be tender, but the Soul of a Man is neither Flesh nor Fish; 'tis not to be buffeted into Softness, nor teiz'd or scold
ded into Compassion."

Egridia took the Hint, and changed her Artillery in order to a Conquest. In a few Days she found that Sampson's Heart was not all made of Iron, but there were some kinder Materials in his Composition. She dropt a few Tears on him, and the Clay grew soft; she practis'd upon him with the Arts of Kindness, and he melted like Wax into Compassion before the gentle Fire, and began to condole sincerely upon all her Complaints.

REPROACHES, like Needles, may make uneafy. Impressions upon a rough Temper, and awaken it to Fury; but every Surgeon will tell us, that a Callus or hard Flesh, is to be cured by supplying Oils, and not by the Incision-knise. Perpetual Rhetorick of the clamorous kind, may at last force the Countenance of

a Sampson perhaps to imitate Pity, for the Sake of his own Peace; but it can never teach his Soul to practice the tender Passion. Persecution may sometimes produce a Hypocrite, but 'tis soft Persuasion and Kindness only, can make a real Convert to Sympathy, and turn a Heart of Stone into sincere Tenderness.

MAN is the same Thing still, as he was in the Days of Solomon; and Human Nature in Great Britain is to be managed the same way as it was in Judea above two Hundred Years ago. The Maxims of that Philosopher are everlasting Truth, and his Prudentials will stand the Test in all Ages. A soft Answer turneth away Wrath, but grievous Words stir up Strife. By long Forbearing, even a Prince is persuaded, and a soft Tongue breaketh the Bone, Prov. xv. 1. and xxv. 15.

XLIII.

IGNORANCE of Ourselves.

HOW strangely are we situated in this mortal State! We open our Eyes, we employ our Senses, and take notice of a thousand Things around us; but we see and know almost nothing of Ourselves. We are conscious indeed of our Being, and therefore we are sure that we are; but what we are, lies deep in Darkness. We see and seel these Limbs, and this Flesh

Flesh of ours; we are acquainted at least with the Outfide of this Animal Machine, and fometimes call it Ourselves, tho' Philosophy and Reason would rather fay, 'Tis our House, or Tabernacle, because we possess it or dwell in it; 'tis our Engine, because we move and manage it at Pleasure: But what is this Self which dwells in this Tabernacle, which possesses this House, which moves and manages this Engine and these Limbs? Here we are much at a Loss, and our Thoughts generally run into some airy Forms of Being, some empty Refinements upon sensible Images, fome thin rarefy'd Shape and fubtile Confusion. know not this Self of ours, which is conscious of its own Existence, which feels so near a Union of this Flesh and Limbs, and which knows a Multitude of Things within us and without us. A furprifing Phenomenon in Nature is this, that the Soul of Man. which ranges abroad through the Heavens and the Earth, and the deep Waters, and unfolds a thousand Mysteries of Nature, which penetrates the Systems of Stars and Suns, Worlds upon Worlds, should be for unhappy a Stranger at home, and not be able to tell what its Self is, or what it is made of.

AND as we are ignorant what Ourselves are in a natural Sense, so we are as little acquainted with Ourselves in a moral Respect. Self-love and Pride, and various Passions, throw an everlasting Disguise upon our own Temper and Conduct. Whether we have any lovely Qualities in us or no, yet we fondly love Ourselves.

Ourselves, and then we readily believe all lovely Qualities belong to us.

'T 1 s hard, exceeding hard, to convince a Lover that any Blemishes are to be found in the dar Centre of his Affections: But we are warm and zealous Lovers of Ourselves in all the Ages of Life. Youth is wild and licentious; but in those Years we perfuade Ourselves that we are only making a just Use of Liberty. In that Scene of Folly we are light and vain, and fet no Bounds to the frolick Humour; yet we fancy 'tis merely an innocent Gaiety of Heart, which belongs to the Springs of Nature and the blooming Hours of Life. In the Age of Manhood, a rugged or a haughty Temper is angry and quarrelfome; the Fretful and the Peevish in elder Years, if not before are ever kindling into Passion and Resentment : but they all agree to pronounce their furious or fretful Conduct a mere necessary Reproof of the Indignities which are offered them by the World. Self-love is fruitful of fine Names for its own Iniquities. Others are fordid and covetous to a shameful degree, uncompaffionate and cruel to the Miserable; and yet they take this vile Practice to be only a just Exercise of Frugality, and a dutiful Care of their own Houshold. Thus every Vice that belongs to us, is construed into a Virtue; and if there are any Shadows or Appearances of Virtue upon us, these poor Appearances and Shadows are magnified and realized into the Divine Qualities of an Angel. We who pass these just Censures.

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on the Follies of our Acquaintance, perhaps approve the very fame Things in Ourselves, by the Insluence of the same native Principle of Flattery and Self-Fondness. So different is our Judgment of the same Weaknesses when we find them in Ourselves, from the Sentence we pronounce upon them if we see them in our Neighbour.

Thus we begin to learn and practice early this Art of Self-deceiving; we grow up in Disguise and Self-Flattery, and we live unknown to Ourselves. Happy for us, if our Eyes are opened to behold the Imposture before we go off the Stage; for such gross Minstead will then be fatal, or at least extremely dangerous, when 'tis too late to correct them.

TEACH me, O my Maker, the Knowledge of myself, this moral or divine Knowledge, which is necessary to correct my Errors, and to reduce my Feet to the sacred Paths of Virtue. Let me see so much of my Folly, Vice and Vanity, as to be fond of this wretched Self no longer. Let me grow so far out of love with Myself, as to sly from Myself to the Arms and Mercy of my God. There mould and sashion measter thine Image in all the moral Qualities of my Soul, and let me find in myself those divine Features which will be ever beautiful in thy Eyes! Grant me this Blessing, O Father of Spirits; for I cannot rest till I see and know myself made like thee. When this is done, I can bear the rest of my Ignorance with humble

humble Patience till I put off this Vail and Difguise of Flesh; I can wait to learn what Sort of Being my Soul. is, till I arrive at the World of Souls.

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XLIV.

Absence from God, who is our All

MY.GoD, my Maker, I have called thee my allfatisfying Portion, and my eternal Good; when I contemplate thee, I stand amazed at thy Grandeur; thy Wisdom, thy Power, thy Fulness of Bleffing. wrap my Soul up in Astonishment and devout Silence. In that happy Moment, my Soul cries out, What are Creatures when compared with Thee, but mere Shadows of Being, and faint Reflections of thy Light and Beauty! And yet (stupid as I am) I soon loose my. Sight of GoD, and stand gazing upon thy Creatures; all the Day, as if Beauty and Light were theirs in the Original.

WHAT are they all, O my God, but empty. Cifterns, that can give no Relief to a thirsty Soul, unless thou supply them with Rivulets from on high? And yet we crowd about these Cisterns, and are attached to them, as tho' they were the unfailing Springs and Fountains of our Blessedness. Every Breath we draw is a new and unmerited Gift from Heaven;

GOD.

Go D is our Life, and the Length of our Days; and yet we are contented to spend that Life far from Heaven and from GoD, and to dwell afar off from him, amidst the Regions of Mortality and Death; we are are ever grovelling in this Land of Graves, as the immortal Blessings were to be drawn from the Clods of it.

Our real and eternal Interest depends more on thy single Favour, than on the united Friendship of the whole Creation; and yet, soolish Wanderers that we are! we absent ourselves from our God, and rove far and wide to seek Interests and Friendships among Creatures whose Character is Weakness, Vanity, and disappointing Vexation. How fond are we of a Word or a Look from a Worm in a high Station? How do we cares them and court their Love, at the Expence of Virtue and Truth, and the Favour of God our Maker? And yet they are nothing without God, but he is our All without their Leave.

SHOULD my Father and my Mother, and every mortal Friend for sake me, and every good Angel take his Flight, should these Heavens and this Earth, with all their innumerable Inhabitants disappear at once, and vanish into their first Nothing, thy Presence with me is all-sufficient, thy Hand would support my Being, and thy Love would furnish out an Eternity of Life and coeval Happiness. Why then do I tie myself so fast to my mortal Friends, as the my Separa-

Separation from them were certain Misery? Why do I lean upon Creatures with my whole Weight, as tho' nothing else could support me?

OH my GoD! I am convinced that I have more Affairs, and of far higher Importance, to transact with thee, than with all thy Creatures, and yet I am ever chattering with thy Creatures, and fay little to my GoD; or at best give him a Morning or an Evening Salutation, and perhaps too with Indolence and For-Whom have I in Heaven or on Earth but thee, that can supply all my Wants, and fill up all the Vacancies of my Heart? And yet how are my Thoughts and Hours bufily employed in quest of Satisfaction among the shining Snares, or at best among the flattering Impertinences of the World; tho' every new Experiment shews me they are all unsatisfying. If I happen to find any thing here below made a Channel to convey fome Bleffing to me from thy Hand, how prone am I to make an Idol of it, and place it in the room of my Go D?

How much, alas! do I trust to my Food to nourish, and Physick to heal me! but'tis thou alone can'st bless me with Ease, Nourishment and Health, while I dwell in this Cottage of Flesh and Blood. Let Medicines and Physicians pronounce Despair and Death upon me, a Word of thine can shut the Mouth of the Grave, can renew the Vigour and Bloom of Youth, and repair the Decays of Nature. If thou with-hold thy vital Influence, my Flesh languishes and expires, even among the luxurious Provisions of the Table, and the Recipes of the Learned; and 'tis thou only can'st provide me a blissful Habitation, when this Cottage is fallen to the Ground. Father, into thy Hand I commend my Spirit, when it is dislodged from this mortal Tabernacle; and why should I not keep my Spirit ever near thee, since every Moment I am liable to be turned out of this Dwelling, and sent a naked Stranger into the unknown World of Spirits?

'T Is but a few Days and Nights more that I can have to do with Sun, Moon and Stars; a little time: will finish all my Commerce with this visible World; but I have Affairs of infinite and everlasting Moment to transact with the Great GoD. 'Tis before thy Tribunal I must stand as the final Judge of all my. Conduct, from whose decisive Sentence there is no, Appeal; and yet how fond am I, and wretchedly folicitous, to approve myself rather to Creatures, whose Opinion and Sentence is but empty Air. 'Tis by thy Judgment that I must stand or fall for ever; the Words of thy Lips will be my eternal Blifs, or my everlasting Woe; why then should I, a little Insect, or Atom of Being, be concerned about the Smiles or Frowns of my Fellow-Infects, my equal Atoms? Can: all their Applauses, or their Reproaches, weigh a Grain in the Divine Balance, that facred and tremendous Balance of Justice, in which all my Actions and my Soul itself must be weighed? Let all the Creatures

Creatures above and below frown and fcowl upon me, if my Creator fmile, I am happy; nor can all their. Frownings diminish my compleat Joy.

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FORGIVE, gracious GOD, forgive the paste Follies and Wanderings of a sinful Worm, from theethe highest and the best of Beings. I am even amazed at my own Stupidity, that I could live so much absent from thee, when my eternal All depends upon thee.

AND how much more inexcufable is my Forgetfulness of my GoD, fince he has fent his own Son, his fairest Image, into Flesh and Blood, to put me in mind of my Maker, and to teach me what my GoD is? He that has seen me, says he, has seen the Father; I and the Father are One. We happen to be born indeed too late for the Sight of his Face, but we have the Transcript of his Heart, the true Copy of his Life, and the very Features of his Soul, convey'd down to us in his everliving Gospels. There we may read Fesus, there we may learn the Father. O may the little Remnant of my Days be spent in the Presence of my GoD; and when I am constrained to converse with Creatures, let me ever remember that I have infinitely more to do with my Creator; and thus shorten my Talk and Traffick with them, that I may have Leifure to converse the longer with thee. Let me see Thee in every thing; let me read thy Name every where; Sounds, Shapes, Colours, Motions, and all visible Things,

let them all teach me an invisible GoD. Let Creatures be nothing to me, but as the Books which thou hast lent, me to instruct me in the Lessons of thy Power, Wisdom and Love; above all, let me derive this Science by Converse with the bleffed Fesus, and may I be so wise a Proficient in this Divine School, as to learn some new Lesson daily. Train me up at mong thy visible Works and thy Word, O my heavenly Father, by the condescending Methods of thy Grace and Providence, till I am loosen'd and weaned from all Things below GoD; and then give me a glorious Dismission into that intellectual and blissful World, where in a more immediate Manner I shall fee GoD, and where GoD himself is the sensible and acknowledged Life of Souls.

XLV.

FORMALITY and SUPERSTITION.

IS a melancholy Thing to confider how great a Part of Mankind, even in Christian Countries, deceive themselves in the facred and important Affairs of God and Religion. They cheat their Consciences with the empty Forms of Worship, and hope to secure themselves from eternal Evils, and to obtain every Bleffing Bleffing of the upper and lower World, by mere bodily Service, and the outward Shapes of Devotion.

THE Papist sprinkles himself with Holy Warer, and believes that the Devil dares not assault him; he has sign'd his Forehead with a Cross, and got some Relicks of a Saint about him, and now he imagines himself so well guarded, that he defies the Powers of Hell. He says his Prayers in Latin, in sull Tale and Number, for he counts his String of Beads to secure his Memory and his Honesty, and expects God should hear and bless him for it; tho' he himself does not know what he prayed for, in so many hard Words and Syllables.

Ritillo professes the Protestant Faith, keeps his Church, cons over his Prayer-book, bows at the Name of Jesus, and makes all the Responces in proper Time; he observes every Festival, honours the Saints, receives the Sacrament at Christmas and Easter, and grows up merely in the Power of these Forms to full Assurance of Salvation; yet Ritillo knows not what you mean by Conviction of Sin, he scarce ever thought himself to want Repentance, or saw and selt his real need of Grace and Forgiveness.

No R is this dangerous Piece of Self-flattery confin'd only to those Parties of Christians that deal much in Ceremony. Amorphus divides himself from the National Church, that he may enjoy and practice purer purer Worship, without the Inventions of Men; he carries his Scruples to a considerable Length in this Way; he dares not be present at a common Funeral, lest he should appear to join in some exceptionable Forms; he attends the best of Preachers in their separate Meetings, and that with an Aire of Zeal and Devotion; he lays his Bible every Night under his Pillow, and reads three Chapters every Morning; he endures perhaps many a Scoff for his precise Practices and Punchilio's, yet he neglects the great Duties of Repentance and Charity, and puts the vain Fancy of Preciseness and Separation in the room of Faith and Love, and inward Holiness.

Poor abused Mankind, that feeds on the Wind to gain Immortality, and rests on a Shadow for Support in Matters of everlasting Weight and Consequence!

Believe me, Amorphus, your mere Nonconformity is no better a Defence against the Devil than the Reliques of a Saint or the Holy-water Pot. Your Disgust against established Forms of Prayer, will procure no more Blessings from Heaven, than the Latin Devotions of a Priest or a Friar. Superstition does not always lie in the Observance of more Ceremonies than God has made, or in a mere Affectation to serve him with Rites and Forms of the Contrivance of Men. Anthemerus is as superstitious in his Hatred of Christmas and Good Friday, as Hemerino is in the too fond Observation of

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them, because each of them place their Merit in their Zeal about a Thing which God has lest indifferent in his Word, and for which he owes them no special Reward.

THE severe Separatist with all his Singularities, and the High-Church Man with all his Rituals and Rubrick, his Saints and their Festivals, the scrupulous, the precise, and the ceremonious Worshipper, will be all shut out together from the Kingdom of Heaven, if they have no better Certificate to show at the Gates of it, than fuch empty Characters as these. These Shapes of Profession, without real Piety, have no Place in the World of Spirits, and are of no Esteem in Paradife, where God and Angels dwell. Nothing can ever make way for our Admission there, but a holy Acquaintance with God, Repentance of every known Sin, and Trust in Jesus the Saviour; nothing but the Life and Spirit and Power of Godliness, but Patience Humility and Self-Denial, Mortification and Watchfulness, and Faith that worketh by Love.

MERE Forms are so easy a Way of getting to Heaven, that GoD would never allow them to be a sufficient Title, lest his Palace should be crouded with ten Thousand Hypocrites.



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XLVI.

COWARDISE and SELF-LOVE.

I HAVE often thought 'tis a right noble and gallant Principle which enables a Person to pass a just and solid Judgment upon all Things that occur, without ever being warpt aside by the Insluence of Fashion and Custom: 'Tis a noble Soul that can practise steady Virtue in Opposition to the Course and Humour of the Multitude;

'Tis brave to meet the World, stand fast among Whole Crowds, and not be carry'd in the Throng.

'T was a female Muse wrote these Lines, but there is a manly Spirit and Vigour in them. Not that we should be fond of running counter to the Custom of the Age or Nation wherein we dwell, out of a humourous Singularity to shew our Valour; but when those Customs have a plain Appearance of Vice and Folly in them, we should dare to be Virtuous and Wise in spight of the World.

'T is a Felicity in Human Life to have a good degree of Courage inwrought into our very Frame, and mingled mingled with our Blood and Spirits. Virtue itself, even where it has a great Ascendant in the Soul, has not Power to exert itself, and shine out to the World, if Animal Nature want this brave and hardy Temperament. How much do I seel myself stand in need of this Fortitude of Constitution? What shall I do to acquire it? Methinks I should be ready to part with a sew Ornaments of the Mind, and make an Exchange of some of the more shewy and glittering Sciences for this bodily Virtue, (if I may so express it) this Complexional Bravery.

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I CONFESS, there are some other and worse Principles than a mere desect of natural Courage which tempt a Man sometimes to comply with the Fashion, and to fall in roundly with the Errors and Vices of the Times. Some Persons have so little Love to Truth and Virtue, and such an excessive Fondness for the Thing called SELF, that they will never expose themselves to the least Inconveniency, in order to support the Honour of Wisdom and Religion among Men. Such an one was Crispus in the 4th Satire of Juvenal, who ever flattered the Court, and soothed the successive Emperors in all their Vices, and by this Means drew out his Age to Fourscore Years.

Ille igitur nunquam direxit brachia contra Torrentem, nec Civis erat, qui libera posset Verba animi proferre, & Vitam impendere Vero.

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not Toure to exert fifely, and thine out to the World, a Animal Naudi Cas Ais thank Rad hardy Tempe-

He never was the Man that dar'd to swim
Against the rolling Tide, or cross the Stream:
He was no Patriot, nor indulg'd his Breath
Bravely to speak his Sense, and venture Death.
Thus he spun out his supple Soul, and drew
A Length of Life amidst a vicious Crew.
Full Fourscore Years he saw the Sun arise,
Guarded by Flattery, and entrench'd in Lyes;
For 'twas his settled Judgment from his Youth,
One Grain of Ease was worth a World of Truth.

But this wretched Self-Love is so vile a Principle that 'twill not only constrain a Man to avoid his Duty, but 'twill oftentimes push him upon most inhumane Practices, and make him sacrifice his Friends, his Parents, or his Country to his own Ease and Safety.

O cursed Idol SELF!

The Wretch that worships thee would dare to tread With impious Feet on his own Father's Head,
To 'scape a rising Wave when Seas the Landinvade.
To gain the Sasety of some higher Ground, [round]
He'd trample down the Dikes that sence his Country
Amidst a general Flood, and leave the Nation drown'd.

WELL, tho' my natural Courage run very low, yet I hate these Characters which have been now described, and abominate the Principles whence they proceed. I confess, a feeble Man and diffident had need to pray daily, Lord, lead us not into Temptation: But if ever I should be called to bear witness to the Truth, and to do publick Honour to Religion and Virtue, at the Expence of all my mortal Interests. I trust the God of Nature and Grace to furnish me with every necessary Talent, and to uphold me with Divine Fortitude. And O may I never dare to do a base or unworthy Action, to the Injury of my Friend or my Country, or to the unjust Detriment of the meanest Figure among Mankind, in order to fave Life itself, or to acquire the richest Advantages that can belong to it!

d. XLVII.

SICKNESS and RECOVERY.

IT was the Custom of David, as appears by several of his Psalms, and it was the Practice of Hezekiah and Jonah, Kings and Prophets, to rehearse the Agon nies of their Distress, when they offer'd to Heaven their Songs of Deliverance. They recollected their Hours and Days of Bitterness, and the Workings of

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their Soul amidst their sharp and grievous Sorrows; to make the Remembrance of their Salvation the fweeter; and so kindle the Zeal of their Gratitude to a higher Flame. Is it a Matter of Blame to imitate fuch Examples? Doth not the Reason hold good in our Age, and to all Generations? Why should a Christian be any more afraid to tell the World of his Afflictions or Disturbances than a Few? Or why should he be ashamed to let them know, that amidst those Sinkings of Life and Nature, Christianity and the Gospel were his Support? Amidst all the Violence of my Distemper, and the tiresome Months of it, I thank God I never loft Sight of Reason or Religion, tho' sometimes I had much ado to preserve the Machine of Animal Nature in fuch Order as regularly to exercise either the Man or the Christian, especially when I shut my Eyes to feek after Sleep and Repose, and had not their Aid to fence against the disorderly Ferments of natural Spirits. But these Conflicts are described in the following Lines. Bleffed be God for preserving and healing Mercy!

THOUGHTS and MEDITATIONS in a long SICKNESS, 1712 and 1713. @ 38

The Hurry of the Spirits, in a Fever and Nervous Diforders.

AY Frame of Nature is a ruffled Sea, And my Disease the Tempest. Nature feels A strange Commotion to her inmost Centre;

The

The Throne of Reason shakes. " Be still, my Thoughts; Peace and be still." In vain my Reason gives The peaceful Word, my Spirit strives in vain To ealm the Tumult and command my Thoughts. This Flesh, this circling Blood, these brutal Powers-Made to obey, turn Rebels to the Mind, Nor hear its Laws. The Engine rules the Man. Unhappy Change! When Nature's meaner Springs Fir'd to impetuous Ferments break all Order; When little restless Atoms rise and reign Tyrants in Sovereign Uproar, and impose Ideas on the Mind; confus'd Ideas Of Non-existents and Impossibles,-Who can describe them? Fragments of old Dreams, Borrow'd from Midnight, torn from Fairy Fields And Fairy Skies, and Regions of the Dead, Abrupt, ill-forted. O'tis all Confusion! If I but close my Eyes, strange Images In thousand Forms and thousand Colours rife. Stars, Rainbows, Moons, green Dragons, Bears, and An endless Medley, rush upon the Stage. And dance and riot wild in Reason's Court Above controul. I'm in a raging Storm, Where Seas and Skies are blended, while my Soul Like fome light worthless Chip of floating Cork Is tost from Wave to Wave: Now overwhelm'd With breaking Floods I drown, and feem to lofe. All Being: Now high-mounted on the Ridge Of a tall foaming Surge, I'm all at once Caught up into the Storm, and ride the Wind,

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The whiftling Wind; unmanageable Steed,
And feeble Rider! Hurried many a League
Over the rifing Hills of roaring Brine,
Thro' airy Wilds unknown, with dreadful Speed
And infinite Surprize; till fome few Minutes
Have spent the Blast, and then perhaps I drop
Near to the peaceful Coast; some friendly Billow
Lodges me on the Beach, and I find Rest:
Short Rest I find; for the next rolling Wave
Snatches me back again; then ebbing far
Sets me adrift, and I'm borne off to Sea
Helpless, amidst the Bluster of the Winds,
Beyond the Ken of Shore.

A H, when will these tumultuous Scenes be gone? When shall this weary Spirit, tost with Tempests, Harrass'd and broken, reach the Port of Rest, And hold it firm? When shall this way-ward Flesh With all th' irregular Springs of vital Movement Ungovernable, return to sacred Order, And pay their Duties to the ruling Mind?

Peace of CONSCIENCE and Prayer for HEALTH.

Above centroid. The last sweets

YET, gracious God, amidst these Storms of Nature,
Thine Eyes behold a sweet and sacred Calm
Reign thro' the Realms of Conscience: All within
Lies peaceful, all compos'd. 'Tis wond'rous Grace
Keeps off thy Terrors from this humble Bosom,

Tho

Tho' stain'd with Sins and Follies, yet serene
In penitential Peace and chearful Hope,
Sprinkled and guarded with atoning Blood.
Thy vital Smiles amidst this Desolation
Like heavenly Sun-beams hid behind the Clouds,
Break out in happy Moments, with bright Radiance
Cleaving the Gloom; the fair celestial Light
Softens and gilds the Horrors of the Storm,
And richest Cordials to the Heart conveys.

O G L O R I O U S Solace of immense Distress.

A Conscience and a God! A Friend at home,
And better Friend on high! This is my Rock.

Of firm Support, my Shield of sure Defence
Against infernal Arrows. Rise, my Soul,
Put on thy Courage: Here's the living Spring

Of Joys divinely sweet and ever new,

A peaceful Conscience and a smiling Heaven.

My God, permit a creeping Worm to fay,
Thy Spirit knows I love thee. Worthless Wretch,
To dare to love a God! But Grace requires,
And Grace accepts. Thou feeft my labouring Soul:
Weak as my Zeal is, yet my Zeal is true;
It bears the trying Furnace. Love Divine
Constrains me; I am thine. Incarnate Love
Has seiz'd and holds me in Almighty Arms:
Here's my Salvation, my eternal Hope,
Amidst the Wreck of Worlds and dying Nature;
Lam the Lord's, and he for ever mine.

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O THOU all-powerful Word, at whose first Call Nature arose; this Earth, these shining Heavens, These Stars in all their Ranks came forth, and said, We are thy Servants: Did ft thou not create My Frame, my Breath, my Being, and bestow A Mind immortal on thy feeble Creature Who faints before thy Face? Did not thy Pity Dress thee in Flesh to die, that I might live, And with thy Blood redeem this captive Soul From Guilt and Death? O thrice adored Name. My King, My Saviour, My Emanuel, fay, Have not thy Eyelids mark'd my painful Toil, The wild Confusions of my shatter'd Powers, And broken fluttering Thoughts? Hast thou not seen Each restless Atom that with vexing Influence Works thro' the Mass of Man? Each noxious Puice. Each Ferment that infects the vital Humours, That heaves the Veins with huge Disquietude And foreads the Tumult wide? Do they not lie Beneath thy View, and all within thy Reach? Yes, all at thy Command, and must obey Thy fovereign Touch: Thy Touch is Health and Life, And Harmony to Nature's japping Strings.

(Groans
When hall my Midnight-Sighs and MorningRife thro' the Heights of Heaven, and reach thy Ear
Propitious? See, my Spirit's feeble Powers
Exhal'd and breathing upward to thy Throne,
Like early Incense climbing thro' the Sky

From

From the warm Altar. When shall Grace and Peace Descend with Blessings, like an Evening Shower On the parch'd Defart, and renew my Bloom? Or must thy Creature breathe his Soul away In fruitless Groans and die? and a property material and a Come, bleft Physician, come attend the Moan-Of a poor suffering Wretch, a plaintive Worm, Crush'd in the Dust and helples. O descend, Array'd in Power and Love, and bid me rife. Incarnate Goodness, send thy Influence down To these low Regions of Mortality Where thou haft dwelt, and clad in fleshly Weeds Learnt sympathetic Sorrows; fend and heal My long and fore Diffress. Ten thousand Praises Attend thee: David's Harp is ready strung For the Melliah's * Name: A winged Flight Of Songs harmonious, and new Honours wait The Steps of moving. Mercy.

Encouraged to hope for HEALTH in MAY.

December 1712.

COnfin'd to fit in Silence, here I waste.

The golden Hours of Youth. If once I stir,

And reach at active Life, what sudden Tremors

Shake my whole Frame, and all the poor Machine.

^{*} At this Time my Imitation of David's Psalms in Christian Language was not half done: As fast as I recover'd Strength after this long Ulness, I apply'd myself by degrees to finish it.

Lies fluttering? What strange (wild) convulsive Force
O'erpowers at once the Members and the Will?
Here am I bound in Chains, a useless Load
Of breathing Clay, a Burden to the Seat
That bears these Limbs, a Borderer on the Grave.
Poor State of worthless Being! while the Lamp
Of glimmering Life burns languishing and dim,
The Flame just hovering o'er the dying Snuff.
With doubtful Alternations, half disjoin'd,
And ready to expire with every Blast.

YET my fond Friends would speak a Word of Hope; hove would forbid Despair: "Look out, they cry, Beyond these gloomy Damps, while Winter hangs.

" Heavy on Nature, and congeals her Powers:

" Look chearful forward to the vital Influence

"Of the returning Spring;" I rouze my Thoughts
At Friendship's facred Voice, I send my Soul
To distant Expectation, and support
The painful Interval with poor Amusements.

My Watch, the solitary kind Companion.

Of my Imprisonment, my saithful Watch
Hangs by; and with a short repeated Sound
Beats like the Pulse of Time, and numbers off
My Woes, a long Succession; while the Finger'
Slow-moving, points out the slow-moving Minutes;
The slower Hand, the Hours. O thou dear Engine,
Thou little Brass Accomptant of my Life,
Would but the mighty Wheels of Heaven and Nature

Occes

Once imitate thy Movements, how my Hand Should drive thy dented Pinions round their Centres With more than Ten-fold Flight, and whirl away These clouded wintry Suns, these tedious Moons, These Midnights; every Star should spreed its Race, And the slow Bears precipitate their Way Around the frozen Pole: Then promis'd Health That rides with rosy Cheeks and blooming Grase On a May Sun-beam should attend me here Before To-morrow sheds its Evening-Dew.

A H foolish Ravings of a fruitless Wish And Spirit too impatient! Know'ff thou not, My Soul, the Power that made thee? He alone Who form'd the Spheres, rolls them in deffin'd Rounds Unchangeable. Adore and trust and fear him: He is the Lord of Life. Address his Throne. And wait before his Foot, with awful Hope Submiffive; at his Touch Distemper flies: His Eyelids fend Beams of immortal Youth . Thro' Heaven's bright Regions. His all-powerful Word Can create Health, and bid the Bleffing come Amid the wintry Frost, when Nature seems Congeal'd in Death; or with a fovereign Frown (Tho' Nature blooms all round) he can forbid-The Bleffing in the Spring, and chain thee down To Pains and Maladies and grievous Bondage Thro' all the circling Seafons,

The Wearisome Weeks of SICKNESS.

Once in law his emonts, how m

THUS pass my Days away. The chearful Sun. Rolls round and gilds the World with lightforme. Alas, in vain to me; cut off alike (Beams, From the bleft Labours, and the Joys of Life; While my fad Minutes in their tiresome Train. Serve but to number out my heavy Sorrows. By Night I count the Clock; perhaps Eleven, Or Twelve, or One; then with a wishful Sigh Call on the lingring Hours, Come Two; come Five: When will the Day-light come? Make hafte, ye Mornings, Ye Evening-shadows haste; wear out these Days, These tedious Rounds of Sickness, and conclude The weary Week for ever -Then the sweet Day of sacred Rest returns, Sweet Day of Rest, devote to God and Heaven, And heavenly Bufiness, Purposes divine, Angelick Work; but not to me returns Rest with the Day: Ten Thousand hurrying Thoughts Bear me away tumultuous far from Heaven And heavenly Work. In vain I heave and toil, And wrestle with my inward Foes in vain, O're-power'd and vanquish'd still: They drag me down From Things coeleftial, and confine my Sense To present Maladies. Unhappy State, Where the poor Spirit is fubdu'd t' endure Unholy Unholy Idleness, a painful Absence
From God, and Heaven, and Angels blessed Work,
And bound to bear the Agonies and Woes
That sickly Flesh and shatter'd Nerves impose.
How long, O Lord, how long?

AHYMN of PRAISE for RECOVERY.

Link there unbeeded; Brine them forth to view,

HAPPY for Man, that the flow circling Moons And long revolving Seafons measure out The tirefome Pains of Nature! Prefent Woes Have their sweet Periods. Ease and chearful Health. With flow Approach (fo Providence ordains) Revisit their forsaken Mansion here, And Days of ufeful Life diffuse their Dawn bins avoil O're the dark Cottage of my weary Soul min o'l My vital Powers refume their Vigour now, I swal o'll My Spirit feels her Freedom, thakes her Wings, Exults and fpatiates o'er a thousand Scenes, Surveys the World, and with full Stretch of Thought-Grasps her Ideas; while impatient Zeal. Awakes my Tongue to Praife. What mortal Voice Or mortal Hand can render to my God The Tribute due? What Altars shall I raise? What grand Inscription to proclaim his Mercy, In living Lines? Where shall I find a Victim, and I Meet to be offer'd to his fovereign Love, and may sand And folemnize the Worship and the Joy. 11/10 att 10

SEARCH

Unitely Idleness, a painful Ablence

SEAR CH well my Soul, thro' all the dark Recesses
Of Nature and Self-Love, the Plies, the Folds,
And hollow winding Caverns of the Heart,
Where Flattery hides our Sins; search out the Foes
Of thy Almighty Friend; what lawless Passions,
What vain Desires, what vicious Turns of Thought
Lurk there unheeded: Bring them forth to view,
And sacrifice the Rebels to his Honour.
Well he deserves this Worship at thy Hands,
Who pardons thy past Follies, who restores
Thy mouldring Fabrick, and with holds thy Life
From the near Borders of a gaping Grave.

Have their fweet Periods Fafe and chearful Highly

ALMIGHTY Power, I love thee, Blifsful Name, My Healer-God; and may my inmost Heart

Love and adore for ever! O'tis good

To wait submissive at thy holy Throne,

To leave Petitions at thy Feet, and bear

Thy Frowns and Silence with a patient Soul.

The Hand of Mercy is not short to save,

Nor is the Ear of heavenly Pity deaf

To mortal Cries. It notic'd all my Groans,

And Sighs and long Complaints, with wife Delay,

Tho' painful to the Sufferer; and thy Hand

In proper Moment brought desir'd Relief.

Rise from my Couch, we late enfeebled Limbs, and Prove your new Strength, and shew th' effective Skill.

Of the Divine Physician; bear away

BEARCH

This

This tottering Body to his facred Threshold: There laden with his Honours, let me bow Before his Feet; let me pronounce his Grace. Pronounce Salvation thro' his dying Son, And teach this finful World the Saviour's Name. Then rife, my hymning Soul, on holy Notes Tow'rd his high Throne; awake, my choicelt Songs, Run ecchoing round the Roof, and while you pay The folemn Vows of my diffresful Hours, A Thousand friendly Lips shall aid the Praise.

Jesus, great Advocate, whose pitying Eye Saw my long Anguish, and with melting Heart to And powerful Interceffion spread'ft my Woes With all my Groans before the Father-God and of all Bear up my Praises now; thy hely Incense Shall hallow all my Sacrifice of Joy, And bring these Accents grateful to his Ear. My Heart and Life, my Lips and every Power-1990 Snatch'd from the Grasp of Death, I here devote By thy bleft Hands an Offering to his Name. Amen, Hallehijab. I



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The DEIST and the CHRISTIAN.

APISTUS went into a Church one Morning, because he knew not how to employ the Hour, and heard the Text read out of Rom. xii. 1. I besech you therefore, Brethren, by the Mercies of, God, that you present your Bodies a living Sacrifice, help, acceptable to God, which is your reasonable Service." "Well, said he to himself, "I like this Period; I hope I shall mow hear a Piece of Divine Service that has some-

thing reasonable in it; it is my Opinion, as well as

" Paul's, that we hould employ these living Bodies of

" ours to the Service of that God that made us, and.

" the Mercies of God oblige us to it.

The Preacher pursued his Subject with much Beauty and Justness of Thought and Style; he expatiated on the various Engagements we lie under to the great God to present our whole Natures and all our active Powers as a living Sacrifice to him. Thus far Apistus was charm'd with the Performance. But after the mention of many of those Mercies of God which oblige us to a holy Life, he came at last to name that illustrious Instance of Divine Mercy, in sending

sin and Hell; then he shewed that the only Ground and Foundation upon which God would accept this living Sacrifice of our Bodies was the dying Sacrifice of his own Son, who bore our Sins in his Body on the Tree: Here Apistus begun to be ruffled a little, and as the Sermon went on with some Life and Spirit on this glorious Subject, he was so much displeased with the Preacher, that he rose up and went out of the Church, and with an Air of mingled Indignation and Contempt, he told his Neighbour Pithon the whole Story on the Monday,

COME, ht down a little, said Pithon, and let us examine the Merits of this Cause. Our Bible obliges us to give to the great God our Creator all that reasonable Service which you pretend to; it teaches us to present our Bodies, and our Souls too, as a Sacrifice to our God: The Soul must be there, or the Body can never be a living Sacrifice. Thus far we agree. Now if your Religion be right; the Christian is in a very safe and secure State, for he endeavours to perform all that reasonable Duty and Service that the Light of Nature requires of him as well as you.

But we Christians are taught further to believe, that all Men are Sinners; and surely you yourself must acknowledge you have been guilty of many Violations of the Law of God and Nature, and you have not always performed that reasonable Service to God, which

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which your own Conscience requires. Have you not too often been tempted to alienate some of those very Powers of Body or Mind from the Service of God, which you had before devoted to him as your living Sacrifice? Have your Soul, your Lips and your Hands been always employ'd in their Duty to this God? Have you never indulged a criminal Wish, never spoken an evil Word, or committed an Action which your own Conscience condemns? Think of this, Apistus, and your Conscience must tell you that you are a Sinner too.

We believe also, that without a Sacrifice for Sin, there is no Acceptance with God, and we have reason to think that God has told us so. But this God in his infinite Mercy has provided such a Sacrifice, he has made the Body and Soul of his own Son a dying Sacrifice of Atonement; this is the only Ground of our Hope, and 'tis a glorious Ground indeed! Now if our Religion be true, what will become of Apistus, who confesses he hath-been a Sinner, and yet renounces at once this only Hope and this Atonement?

Heb. x. 26, 27, 31. For if we fin wilfully, i. e. by renouncing the Christian Sacrifice, after we have received the Knowledge of the Truth, there remaineth no more Sacrifice for Sin, but a certain fearful looking for of Judgment and fiery Indignation which shall devour the Advergaries. And it is a fearful Thing to fall into the Hands of the Living God.

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To Pocyon.

The Mischief of warm Disputes and Declamations on the Controverted Points of CHRISTIANITY.

ought to retire made than

My Dear P.

I GAVE your last Letter a joyful Entertainment; methought it talk'd so pleasingly and so long with me, as if it meant to make amends for its tedious Delay: One of the chief Subjects of its Discourse was the extensive Design of Divine Love to Men. I have been debating with myself, whether I should return my Friend an Answer to his proposed Thoughts on a Point so abstruse and difficult: I have not yet decided the Cause for myself, for want of sufficient Study and Thoughtfulness, tho' you know I have been no Stranger to Diligence in Academical Studies thefe several Years past: It seems to require larger Time, and a vaft and more comprehensive Survey of Things, in order to fix my Opinions in these Controversies, or pronounce any thing certain in Doctrines to much disputed; unless it please God himself by a divine Ray to strike a powerful Light upon any particular Truth. and convey it in that Light to the Understanding and the LIJOW

the Conscience of the Enquirer. I'm persuaded this is his frequent Method with humble and tractable Spirits, who have not Capacity nor Advantages for a long Train of Reasonings, and Years of Suspense and Enquiry. In the mean time I would pursue Knowledge with Honesty and Diligence in the ordinary Methods which are suited to attain it.

When I'm in doubt about any Point, and set my Thoughts at work in a search after Truth, I think I ought to retire more than hitherto I have done, from the noisy and furious Contests which the several Factions and Parties of Christians are engaged in. I am very unwilling to contend in a Dispute; or to sourish in a Declamation upon the Subject into which I'm enquiring. Sophistry and Oratory throw so much Paint upon the Question in Dispute, or raise so much Dust about it, as to conceal the Truth from the Eye of the Mind, and hide the Merits of the Cause from Reason.

In Matters of the Christian Faith, I would make the Scripture my Guide, and enter into a calm Conference with myself in a Survey of the Oracles of God, in order to a Decision of the Sense and Meaning of them; not neglecting the Assistance of pious and learned Authors, but conversing very little with the Angry and Supercilious. I would with daily and hourly Importunity address the Father of Lights, to shine upon his own Word, and to discover his Intent therein. I

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would humbly implore the Spirit of Wisdom and Revelation to take the Things of Christ, and shew them to my Understanding in a most convincing Light, and to lead me as it were by the Hand into all. needful Truths. My Reason should be used as a neceffary Instrument to compare the several Parts of Revelation together, to discover their mutual Explication, as well as to judge whether they run counter to any Dictates of natural Light. But if an inquisitive Mind overleap the Bounds of Faith, and give the Reins to all our Reasonings upon Divine Themes in so wide and open a Field as that of Possibles and Probables, 'tis no easy Matter to guess where they will stop their Career. I have made Experiment of this in my own Medita. tions; when I have given my Thoughts a loofe, and let them rove without Confinement, sometimes J feem to have carried Reason with me even to the Camp of Socious; but then St. John gives my Soul a Twitch. and St. Paul bears me back again (if I mistake not his Meaning) almost to the Tents of John Calvin. Nor even then do I leave my Reason behind me. So difficult a Thing is it to determine by mere Reasoning those Points which can be learnt by Scripture only.

But you would urge me further perhaps to inform you, why I am so cold and backward to enter into a Debate on the Subject you propose, and upon which you flourish with such sorce of Similes, and in Language so bright and pathetick. I am too sensible, dear Pocyon, and that by reading your Letter, that such

fuch Disputations can hardly be managed without interesting the Affections in them, and I'm afraid to be byass'd, for I seek the Truth. 'Tis exceeding hard to dispute without gaining some invisible Prejudice and Good-liking to the Opinion we defend. So devoted are we to ourselves, in this dark and degenerate State, that Self-love too eafily engages our Favour to the Cause we have espoused, and for no other Reason than because we espoused it. Tho' we had no Kindness before for an Opinion that we maintain for disputingfake, yet if a plaufible and smiling Argument for it occurs in our hafty Thoughts, how prone are we to hug the Creature of our Brain, and be almost in love with the Opinion, for the fake of the Argument? I confess there are no such formal Reasonings in our Minds as these; yet we are infensibly captivated to efteem any thing that proceeds from ourselves: Our Passion first thinks it Pity that such a happy Argument of our own Invention should be on the false Side, and by fecret Infinuation persuades the Judgment to vote it true. How often have I experienced thefe Fallacies working within me in verbal Disputations before my Tutor! And for this Reason, I have no great Esteem of the Method of our Academical Difputes, where the young Sophisters are obliged to oppose the Truth by the best Arguments they can find, and the Tutor defends it and affifts the Respondent. There is a certain Wantonness of Wit in Youth, and a pleasing Ambition of Victory, which works in a young warm Spirit, much stronger than a Defire of Truth.

There is a strange Delight in baffling the Respondent, and it grows bigger sensibly, if we can put the President to a Puzzle or a Stand. The Argument which is so successful, relishes better on the Lips of the young Opponent, and he begins to think that 'tis folid and unanswerable; " Surely my Tutor's "Opinion can hardly be true, and tho' I thought I " was put on the Defence of a false Doctrine, yet " fince I have found fo good an Argument for it, I " can hardly believe it false." Then his Invention works on to strengthen his Suspicion, and at last he firmly believes the Opinion he fought for. Often have I been in danger of such Delusions as these, and feel myself too ready to submit to them now. Even a Closet, and Retirement, and our coolest Meditations are liable to these secret Sophistries. Upon the first Sight of an Objection against our Arguments, our Thoughts are strangely hurried away to ransack the Brain for a Reply, and we torture our Invention to make our Side have the last Word, before we call in cool Judgment calmly to decide the Difference; and thus from a hot Defence of our own Reasonings, we. unimaginably flide into a cordial Defence of the Cause,

This unaccountable Prejudice for an Opinion in Dispute, sticks so close to Human Nature, that I question whether Pocyon himself can boast an absolute Freedom. You seem, my Friend, to indulge and maintain some hard Consequences now, which some time ago would have startled your Soul, and affrighted and forbid

forbid your Assent. Farewel, dear Man, and let your next Letter proceed on the Philosophical Themes that are before us, in which you may expect a bolder Freedom of Thought, a more agreeable Reply and Correspondence from

Yours, &c.

Southampton, 1696.

dendy believes the Opinion he tought fer. Onen have bleen in dancer of **th**e PoleKons as disterend

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Of Labour and Patience in In-

To Pocyon, complaining of his just Anger and melancholy Resentment, that he met with so many Persons of narrow and uncharitable Souls, obstinate in Opinions, and violent against all other Notions and Practices, but what themselves had embraced.

YESTERDAY, my Friend, I received your long Complaint, and I have already five Hundred Things to say to you; for there is not a Person I converse with that can stir up the Thoughts which lie at the bottom of my Soul like you. All my Notions are assoat when I read your Letters, but at present its in a troubled Sea; for you express your own Melancholy with so lively an Aire, that it raises a Gust of the

the fame Passion in me; tho' Nature has not mingled much of that dark Humour in my Constitution. If I cannot present you my Sympathy in such vivid and tender Expressions as I would, yet I can read over your Lines again and again, and fay I feel them.

I could belo you, methinks, to fourn this Globe away, and join with you in renouncing Commerce with Men, while we arise to some higher Worlds. furnish'd with Inhabitants of a better Composition. Or, if this be too bold a Thought, and we cannot afcend above the common Rank of Human Nature. let us retire from them into fome folitary Shade, that we may be free from their Impertinences, for we can't live happily among the Race which this Earth breeds, they are of so perverse a Mold. How have I fretted fometimes to stand by and hear the Nonsense of a brutal World that pretends to Reason! 'Tis Education, 'tis Passion, 'tis Prejudice, 'tis Stubbornness, 'tis what you will but good Seafe, that commands the Judgments and stamps the Opinions of Men. How often have I laboured by Reasons of the brightest Evidence to rectify a gross and vulgar Mistake? But Words have been loft in the Wind: Prejudice and Education had eleven Points of the Law, and it was impossible for Argument to disposses them. Those Arguments that I have fought out from far, and dig'd deep for them with the Sweat of my Soul, and have felt and yielded to their reliftless Power, those very Arguments (I fay) have been answered with a Jest or a loud Laugh,

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194 Miscellaneous Thoughts,

Laugh, and been scorn'd by unletter'd Animals, as the Leviathan derides and mocks at a Spear of Straw. Then, my Friend, I have almost regretted the Labours of my Brain, and wonder'd to what Purpose I had devoted myself to Studies that improv'd my Reason. 'Tis true, our Design is to tame and polish an uncultivated World; but if this World be so mad and savage as never to be tam'd, then I do but teach an Ass Latin, and wash an Æthiop.

Union of Hearts, and Impotence to bear Thy Sorrows, Friend, transported me thus far With Sympathetic Fury, not my own; But now my Reason reassumes the Throne, And strikes my Passon dumb.

WERE I a Heathen Philosopher, perhaps I might thus loosely philosophize; if I were a mere Orator, or a Poet, I would chide and flourish at this rate; but as I pretend to be a Christian, I must recant it all, and put these cooler Thoughts in the Place of it.

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WHEN our sovereign Creator form'd our Souls, and sent them to inhabit these two Engines of Flesh, which were then a framing for you and me, he knew well what a World he sent us into, and designed our Converse to be with Men (shall I say) of like Infirmities with ourselves: For if they are perverse and intractable, perhaps we are proud, imperious and disdainful; and perhaps too, we are seldom so much in the

the right as we think ourselves to be; 'tis probable that Minds releas'd from Flesh, and the Genii of a higher Region may smile at some of the Fooleries and airy Shapes of Reason which we hug and embrace, as much as we do at the senseless Notions and obstinate Practices of our Fellow-mortals, whom we have the Vanity to think so much beneath ourselves. Poor weak Reasoners are we and they, when compared with the Worlds above us!

BUT to drop this Thought: I fay ftill, God defigned us to dwell here in fuch a wretched World, and I grant 'tis no small Part of our State of Trial; but to alleviate our Unhappiness, he has mingled in the Mass of Mankind some finer Veins, some more intellectual and unprejudiced Spirits, in whose Conversation we may find fuitable Delight, and Pleasures worthy of the rational Nature. Why should not we suppose there are many other Minds as happily turn'd as our own. and of superior Size and more divine Temper? All Men have not been blefs'd with our Advantages, yet their native Felicity of Thought may transcend ours. And as for the rest, God has ordain'd it our Duty to affociate with 'em for valuable Ends and Purpofes in his Providence, which regard both them and us. 'Tis our Business to endeavour to persuade 'em to lay aside their mistaken Notions, to remove all the Byasses of Error from their Judgment, to quench their Indignation against Men of different Opinions, and to inlarge their K 2

their narrow Souls, tho' we find it a difficult Work. I have often feen what you complain of, and have been ready to conclude that when we have to do with vulgar Souls, we should not lavish away our Labour to convince them of innocent Mistakes in Matters of finall Importance, but only lay out our Thoughts to rectify their Notions in Things that regard their prefent or future Welfare. And when we reflect how very impotent and low are the Capacities of some ignorant Creatures that we have to do with, how fhort their Reasonings, how few their Advantages to improve their Minds, how uncapable their Judgments are of growing up to a folid and mature State by our itmost Cultivation, and how unable their Minds are in many Cases to discern and distinguish Truth; I have been tempted to perfuade myfelf, it is not difhonest Policy to engage their Affections a little. I know well, that the Passions were never made to judge of Truth; but if we find Persons who will never judge by any other Rule, I would make Enquiry whether we might not in some Cases honestly make use of this. If we find that Affection is the great Gate of Entrance into the Judgments of the Multitude, and Reason is but like the Back-Door, or some meaner Avenue, and feldom open'd to let in any Doctrine, may we not thence infer, that the fofter Arts of winning upon ivien, are to be studied by us as well as hard Arguments? do'al asim ob. 134 192 When spanished the gracies, so see Early State handle

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which drugglings in the Mary and contrading to How have I mourned inwardly, to consider that even pious and holy Souls have been fo over-run with Ignorance and Zeal, (that is, with Fire and Darkness) and have been so possessed with narrow Thoughts and uncharitable Notions, that it must be the Work of an Age, or the Power of a God, to correct their Errors. Yet I reflect again, that my Maker in his wife Providence disposed my Lot amongst Persons of this Constitution, and expects that I should carry it amongst'em, as it becomes one to whom he has indulged higher Favours; that I should strive with Constancy to reduce my Neighbours to Thoughtfulness. Virtue and Religion, and not be tir'd and desist, tho' I find but little Success; 'tis a coward Soldier that declines the Fight, because he can't every Day gain a new Victory.

WHEN I recount how many weary Months my Saviour spent in preaching divine Doctrines to a wild Multitude, and to their more conceited Leaders, and how little, very little Fruit he sound whilst he was upon Earth; I persuade myself 'twas with a Design to encourage his Followers in the Gospel, and become a Pattern of Patience to such as should meet with the same Disappointments. The Israel be not gathered, yet surely my Judgment is with the Lord, and my Reward with my God. If I can't bring Jacob again to his Duty, yet shall I be glorious in the Eyes of the Lord, and my God shall be my Strength, Isa. xlix. 4, 5. These

were the Encouragements of the Son of God himfelf, when dwelling in feeble Flesh, and contending with an obstinate and vicious Age; and St. Paul, the next in Dignity to the Man Jesus, expected to be a sweet Savour unto God in them that perish, as well as in those that were faved, 2 Cor. ii. 15. If we can't turn stupid and headstrong Sinners from the Errors of their Way, we must not suffer ourselves to swim with the Tide, nor fall into a Compliance with their mistaken Notions and Practices. 'Tis our Bufiness to move right onward towards Heaven, through the midst of a Multitude that are travelling another Way. The greater the Exercise of our Patience is, the weightier will be our Crown; and if we have broke through a Multitude of Difficulties in our Journey toward Paradife, our Rewards will not be few. He that evercomes shall eat of the Tree of Life. Large and thining and durable Glories, in a rich and pleasing Variety, are made over by Promise to those that overcome, if we can but read the second and third Chapters of the Revelations, and believe them.

FAREWEL, my Pocyon, and persevere in Patience to teach Mankind, nor forget to continue your heartiest Love and Instructions to

Your Affectionate Lover and willing Disciple,

Newington, 1697-8.

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And supplies that on the contribute forces. Probability Publick DISPUTATIONS.

CINCE the true Design of Philosophy is to learn and know the Truth, and to render that Knowledge subservient to our Practice and Happiness here and hereafter, how abfurd and impertinent are the Methods of the Aristotelian Schools, who have changed this Defign into mere Sophistry and the Art of Disputation? They make Logick and Prime Philosophy to longer the Shop or Work-house to form proper Irstruments to search out Truth, or to teach Virtue, for they turn it into a Seminary of Altercations. When they speak of a young Philosopher, there is no Enquiry, how wife or how good a Man he is, but how skilful a Disputer. He that knows how to attack and foil his Advertary, to stand his Ground and defend himself and his Thesis against all Opposition; this is the Man of Merit and Honour. Then they imagine they have attain'd the most plentiful Fruits of Philofophy, when they can brayely oppose and defend any Themes whatfoever in Publick, by Arguments in Form and Figure. 100 to taging tributtions, to evelude from it

I WILL not deny but some private Conversations in the manner of Dispute may have a Tendency to discover Truth, when they are carried on without Spectators, without Paffion or Party-Spirit; and that on this Condition, that on which Side foever Probability and Truth appear, each of the Disputants shall be ready to give up his own Opinion, and furrender it to the Force and Evidence of Reafon. But when Contests are fo managed, that Disputations are become publick Spectacles, and each of the Combatants aim at nothing fo much as always to conquer, and never to yield, it is impossible that Truth should ever be fought or found in this manner. 'Tis much more likely that if the were prefent, the would withdraw herfelf from so profane and ill-deserving a Rout of Men. Truth is loft in fuch Difputing. The genuine Study of Truth, which is true Philosophy, is a serene and gentle thing, and may be compar'd to the River Nile, that tho' it flows with a foft and placid Stream, yet it renders the whole Country fruitful, and carries more Profit and Plenty with it, than all the Torrents and rapid Rivers that pour down with Noise and Violence.

But what a ridiculous Scene is a Scholastick Disputation! a mere Stage-Play! where two Combatants meet, and with Rounds and Flourishes, with many Feints and Approachings and Retirings, with Distinctions heap'd upon Distinctions, to exclude from the Question what no Man ever could doubt or dispute,

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they come at last to the Point in hand; and their grand Defign is, that each of them may 'scape safe, without being forced to yield up his Point. Thus when they are put to a Plunge, they talk whatfoever comes uppermost, they raise mutual Scoffs and Clamours and loud Reproaches, and scarce with-hold themselves from manual Constict, when their Tongues have done their utmost. And if one of them happen to filence and overwhelm his Adversary, how vain he grows! how he fwells and exalts himfelf! What Airs of Arrogance he affumes! as tho' like Hercules he had destroy'd an Hydra, or like Atlas he had supported a World; when perhaps the Truth lies bleeding on the Ground, and by his sophistick Subtilities and his brawling Battle he has supported some gross Error, and established Falshood in triumph. The great Gallendus was deeply sensible of this Folly Fourscore Years ago, and declaims against the Professors of Artifotelian Logick and Philosophy in his Day upon this Account.

YET perhaps it is possible that Academic Disputations may be reduced to such a Form, and put under fuch Regulations, as to render them serviceable for some good Purposes among Students in the Schools. But I have discoursed more largely on this Subject in some Papers relating to the various Methods of Improving the Mind. 相似的情况。在用为明显中的外面控制的

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Devotional WRITINGS.

PERHAPS it is a Wish too glorious and happy to be ever fulfill'd in this State of Mortality, to fee all the Disciples of Christ grown up into such a Catholick Spirit, as to be ready to worship God their common Father, through Jesus their common Mediator, in the fame Affembly, and to join in the fame holy Fellowship. There are so many Punctilio's of Difference to be adjusted, and so many Party-Prejudices to be overcome, that such a Union of Hearts and Sentiments lies beyond our present Hope. Yet methinks every Step towards fuch a Union, carries a Bleffing in it, and every Christian should defire to promote it. Bobemus was a German Divine, of various Knowledge and sedate Judgment, of admirable Temper and uncommon Piety: He had observed long the Disputes and Divisions in England about the Imposition and the Use of Forms of Prayer; he stood by as a Stranger and a Spectator, nor took any Part in the Controversy, but with an indifferent Eye beheld their Disputes, and thought himself on that account the fitter to become a Moderator between both, being under the Influence of no Prejudice nor Party.

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I KNOW, faid he, the Church of England hath. long Prescription on their Side for the Use of Forms. in their Publick Assemblies, tho' they cannot say from the first Beginning of Christianity, nor will I. They argue, and with much Force and Evidence, that what we address to the great God ought to be duly considered, nor should our Lips pour our Words rashly, nor offer to our Maker the Sacrifice of Fools. What, fay they, cannot Men of Learning, Prudence and Piety compose better Prayers for us than we can utter on a fudden before God, and much fitter for the Ear of his Majesty? Ought we not to serve God with our best? And when we have such happy, devout and affectionate Prayers made to our hands, by Men of great Worth and fingular Goodness, why should we offer up to God fuch poor, lean, raw Sacrifices, fuch loofe Sentences and weak Expressions, as our own Thoughts on a fudden can furnish us with? aid he letted from Marie

BESIDES, say they, is Invention the chief Talent we are called to exercise when we bow our Knees before God? Is the Toil of our Imagination, and the Isabour of finding out proper Thoughts and Words, our chief Business at the Throne of Grace? Should not our Faith, our Hope, our Love, our Repentance for Sin, our Desire of Mercy, and every Christian Virtue which relates to Worship, be the chief Exercises of our Spirits? Should not these be supremely engaged at such a Season? Let Fancy and Inventor

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Invention therefore lie at rest, which are meaner Powers of the Soul, while the Graces and Virtues, and devout Sentiments of the Heart are excited by reading or hearing a well composed Form.

On the other hand, I know it is the Opinion of the Protestant Dissenters, that since Prayer is but the Expression of our Sense of divine Things to God, there is no Man who can fpeak his Mother-Tongue, so deflitute of Words, but that he is able with Ease to express his own Sins, and Sorrows, his own Hopes and Fears, his own Faith, and his Desires before God, in fuch Language as God understands and accepts; and that there is no Man called by Providence to pray in the Presence of others, and to lift up their joint Addreffes to Heaven, but he is, or ought to be, fufficiently furnished with Knowledge and Language to perform this Part of Worship in a proper and becoming Manner, to the Edification of himfelf and those who join with him. I know also, saith he, it hath been Matter of frequent Complaint among them, that the constant and unvaried Repetition of Sett Forms of Prayer has a great Tendency to introduce Coldness and Formality into divine Worship. The' the Confessions, the Petitions and Praises are never to happily framed, and the Expressions never so proper and pathetick, yet, say they, where the same Sett of Words and Phrases pass over the Ears in a constant Rehearfal, the Soul by degrees lofes those lively Influences and devout Senfations which it at first received from them; and the

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continual Round of uniform Expressions rolling on in a beaten Track, makes little more Impression upon the Heart, than a Wheel that has often travel'd through a harden'd Road.

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AND vet, further they fay, there is no Man knows my Thoughts, my Wants and my Defires fo well as I do myself; and where the Heart and the Thoughts of a Christian are imprisoned and restrained by the Words of any Form, so as not to give himself the liberty of expressing his own present devout Breathings towards God, whatfoever holy Elevations of Soul he may feel within himfelf, this brings a heavy Damp upon the inward Devotion of the Heart, it binds the Soul in uneafy Fetters, it appears to carry in it a Refistance of these good Motions of the bleffed Spirit, whose Affistance is promised us in Prayer, because we know not what to pray for as we ought, and the Spirit maketh Intercession for us. (or in us,) according to the Will of God, Rom. viii Such a Restraint is indeed painful to a holy and devout Worshipper, it cuts short the Christian in the Pleasure of his Converse with Heaven, while it makes him speak to God the Thoughts of other Men, and he neglects his own.

HAVING represented in short, something of the Sense of both Parties on this Subject, I shall not tarry now, said Bohemus, to relate how each Party defend themselves against the Difficulties objected by the other,

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other; but I beg Leave to interpose a little, and enquire why Mankind, when their Sentiments differ, should be so fond of running into Extreams? Is there no Use to be made of the devout Composures of holy Men, without confining ourselves to all the Words and Syllables of their Writings? May we not enjoy their Help, without making them our absolute Dictators? Whatsoever Inconveniency may arise from the conftant Use or unalterable Imposition of Forms of Prayer, yet certainly there is very confiderable Benefit and Affistance in the Christian Life to be derived from Devotional Compositions. Such Forms of pious Address to God as are drawn from a serious Sense of divine Things, and framed by a skilful and judicious Hand, has given rich Advantages to a fincere Worshipper, both in solitary and social Worship. Many a holy Soul has found its inward Powers awaken'd and excited to lively Religion by fuch Affiftances; many a penitent Groan under the Sense of Sin; many an ardent Petition for fome peculiar Grace or Virtue; many a pious Aspiration of Heart, and many a joyful Sound of Praise, has ascended towards Heaven in the Words and Language of fome well composed Form. And I am well affured the bleffed Spirit of God neither confines his facred Influences to those who worship without Forms, nor with-holds it from those who use them. Both have need of his Aid, and I amperfuaded both do partake of it,

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INDEED in the Use of Forms, there is no need. of binding ourselves to a whole Page together, as it flands in the Book. In the Name of God let us stand fast in our Christian Liberty, and maintain a just Freedom of Soul in our Addresses to Heaven; let us change, enlarge or contract, let us add or omit, according to our peculiar Sentiments, or our prefent. Frame of Spirit. Mr. Yenks, a pious Divine of the Church of England, has written an excellent Treatife of the Liberty of Prayer, which I dare recommend to every Sort of Reader. But when we find the Temper, the Wants and the Wishes of our Hearts so happily express'd in the Words of the Composer, as that we know not how to frame other Words fo fuitable and so expressive of our own present State and Case, why should we not address our God and our Saviour. in this borrowed Language? I confess indeed, when long Custom has induced a fort of Flatness into these Sounds, how happily foever the Words might be at first chosen, then perhaps we shall want something new and various to keep Nature awake to the Devotion. Or if we still confine ourselves entirely to the Forms we read, and forbid our Spirits to exert their own pious Sentiments, we turn these Engines of holy Elevation into Clogs and Fetters. But when Christians make a prudent use of them, they have frequently experienced unknown Advantage and Delight. A dull and heavy Hour in the Closet has been relieved by the use of such devout Composures of mingled Meditation and Prayer; and many a dry. and.

and barren Heart has been enabled to offer up the first Fruits of a sweet Sacrifice to God in the Words of another Man. The Fire of Devotion has been kindled by the help of some serious and pathetick Forms. and the Spirit of the Worshipper, which has been straiten'd and bound up in itself, has found a bleffed Release by the Pen of some pious Writer. The Wings of the Soul have been first expanded toward God and Heaven by some happy Turn of servent and holy Language; she has been lifted up by this Affistance above the Earth and Mortality; then she has given herfelf a more unconfined and various Flight in the upper Regions, she has traversed the heavenly World, the has felt herself within the Circle of divine Attraction, and has dwelt an Hour with God.

THE good Man Bohemus had warmed his Imagination a little by this vivid manner of representing the Argument. His Soul catch'd Fire, was seized with a facred Enthusiasm, and broke out in the following Transport. or same studies and a contract they see Manhall a male 1977 - actions on into activate and

Hail, Hebrew Pfalmist-King! Hail happy Hour! I fee. I hear, I feel the Sovereign Power Of Language fo devout. Th' immortal Sound Trills thro' my Vitals with a pleafing Wound, And mortal Passions die. Devotion reigns, Earth disappears, her Mountains and her Plains, I foar, I pray, I praise in David's heavenly Strains. अन्तर में महार है जिसका है। जा हरण है जाती जा रहे हैं Her Pou Spre Can In l W Giv And On And W

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Here Thoughts divine in living Words exprest,
Pour'd out and copied glowing from the Breast,
Spread o're the facred Page; what Eye, what Heart,
Can read the Rapture, and not bear its Part
In holy Elevation?
Where Love and Joy exult, the glorious Line
Gives the same Passions, spreads the Fire divine,
And kindles all the Reader. See him rise
On Wings of Extasy, shoot thro' the Skies,
And mix with Angels; Hail, ye Choirs above,
Where all is holy Joy, where all is heavenly Love.

If Sins review'd in trickling Sorrows flow;
The Page conveys the penitential Woe,
And strikes the inmost Spirit. Conscience hears
The Words of Anguish, and dissolves in Tears.
Ev'n Iron Souls relent, and Hearts of Stone
Burst at these Mournings, and repeat the Groan:
God and his Power are there.

Formistes and Libero were present while Bohemus was carry'd away in this surprising Rapture. The last had been educated in too great an Aversion to Forms of Prayer, and the first never thought of addressing God without 'em; but both were deeply struck with Conviction at this Speech of Bohemus; they confess'd that they had liv'd all their Days in Extremes, and begun to confess their Mistake.

SURELY, fays Libero, Written Prayers are not fuch formidable Things as I once imagined them, especially

especially since we are not pinned down to every Sentence, but maintain a just Liberty to alter as we And yet further, now I think of it, Chriflians of every Party find it no Hindrance to the devout Melody and Praise which they offer to God, that they have the Words of a facred Song provided for them before-hand; and 'tis as certain that compofed Forms of Prayer are evidently useful, if not necesfary, for the Assistance of Children, to train them up to this Part of Worship, and lead them in the Way to private Devotion in their younger Years; and why should they not be happy Expedients to relieve the Weakness of the Bulk of Christians? Certainly they are so, reply'd Bohemus, for if we consider Mankind in the various Ranks, Conditions and Circumstances of Life, and take a just Survey of the many Infirmities that furround human Nature, and the flumerous Weights that hang upon the Soul, if we observe the perpetual Diversion from the Things of God, to which the Mind is exposed by constant Business in the World, if we think of the low Capacity, feanty Furniture and poor Invention of many Terious Persons. whose Hearts have a fincere Tendency toward God, and their want of Words to express even the pious Thoughts that arise within 'em, may we not suppose that they would be thankful for some such Assistances in this Work of inward Religion, if they were but once furnish'd with them by their Friends, and encouraged to make use of them; and even the wifest and best of Men might be glad of them at some Seafons. AND

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AND let me add also, said he, there is many a Family which would have lived to this Day without paying Homage to the God of Nature and Grace in social Worship, which has been enabled by the Help of pious Forms to maintain daily Religion in the House, and the Children and the Servants of the Family have been trained up to constant Devotion and daily Acknowledgment of God, by these Assistances, borrowed from holy and skilful Writers; and God forbid that any House among Christians should be Prayerless, since these devout Compositions are so easy to be had.

THIS is well known and abundantly practiced amongst the Christians of the Establish'd Church. and they rejoice in it as their Privilege and their constant Blessing; whereas I fear there are some among the Protestant Diffenters have been educated with fuch an unreasonable and superstitious Aversion to all precomposed Prayers, that a few of them, even to this Day, are hardly willing that Children and ignorant Persons should use them; and there are but few, I doubt, who give themseves leave to make a full and. proper Use of such Advantages with which our Nation. and our Age are furnish'd. Dr. Patrick, Dr. Innet, Dr. Meriton and Mr. Jenks, with several other worthy Divines, have done much this Way; fome of the Dissenters themselves have given Affistance in this Affair, and have composed Forms of Address to God upon: upon the common Occasions of Life, as well as upon the various Themes of the Christian Religion. Mr. Baxter in the last Age, and Mr. Howe; and in this Century Mr. Murrey, Mr. Bourne, and others; and I wish this fort of Devotional Writings were multiply'd among them.

I ACKNOWLEDGE, fays Libero, this is the Case; we have some unhappy Prejudices still hanging. about our Spirits, in making a religious Use of written or printed Prayers, either in our Retirements, or in the Family; and I am now fenfible this has bereaved us of those Advantages for the Religion of the Closet and the Houshold, which our Neighbours partake of and which we might enjoy with great Liberty of Souls and rejoice in with rich Improvement. I thank you from my Heart, dear Bohemus, for the Lesson I have learnt of you this Day, and I will endeavour that many of my Friends shall learn it too, that they may no more renounce that spiritual Assistance and Relief which may be borrowed from pious Composures; and especially that Masters of Families may begin to make a happy use of them in their Houshold, and worship God by these Helps, when they want them, without the least Restraint laid either upon the just Freedom of their own Spirits, or the Hopes of divine Influences.

AND I, for my Part, faith Formistes, return you my sincere Thanks, good Bohemus, that you have mark'd out so happy a Medium between an utter Rejection

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jection of all Forms of Prayer, and an absolute Confinement of ourselves to them. I cannot but acknowledge I have fometimes found inward Motions of Repentance for particular Sins, of humble Defires towards God, and Wifhes for Affiftance against particular Temptations and Snares, while I have been reading my written Devotions, and yet I was unwilling to express them with my Tongue, lest I should utter any thing rashly before God. But upon what you have faid, I now give myself leave to think, that the sincere Workings of a Man's Heart towards Virtue and Religion, and Things of the upper World, are best known to himfelf, and may be expres'd by himfelf, when they arise in his Heart, in such Language as a gracious God will accept. I shall never more therefore suppress these good Desires for want of Courage to utter them; but while I make use of Forms of Worship composed by pious and learned Men, I shall remember that they were defigned only as Affiftances to my Devotion, and not impose 'em on my Conscience as Restraints upon all the good Motions of the blessed Spirit, which our Church teaches us humbly to pray for, and to expect according to the divine Promife. And fince the holy Scripture often requires us to pray to God, but never prescribes to us whether we should use our own Words, or the Words of other Men, I will learn for the future to look upon that as a Matter of greater Indifferency than I once thought it, and not make that a Duty for myself, which God has not made fo, nor charge my Neighbour Libero with Sin, for

214 Miscellaneous Thoughts,

for praying in fuch a free Manner as God has never forbid.

continue for particular State of Jennile Jerres de-

LIII.

An ELEGY on SOPHRONIA, who died of the Small-Pox, 1711.

SOPHRON is introduced speaking.

when the suffer in his fleat, in face Campilage from

P Orbear, my Friends, forbear, and ask no more, Where all my chearful Airs are fled?
Why will ye make me talk my Torments o're?
My Life, my Joy, my Comfort's dead.

II.

Deep from my Soul, mark how the Sobs arise,

Hear the long Groans that waste my Breath,

And read the mighty Sorrow in my Eyes,

Lovely Sophronia sleeps in Death.

erold in the Anna WHL and Sho Manyo 160 of

Unkind Difease, to vail that rosy Face
With Tumours of a mortal Pale,
While mortal Purples with their dismal Grace
And double Horror spot the Vail.

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Virtue

Grace

Roots

Such :

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IV.

Uncomely Vail, and most unkind Disease!

Is this Sophronia, once the Fair?

Are these the Features that were born to please?

And Beauty spread her Ensigns there?

V.

I was all Love, and she was all Delight Let me run back to Seasons past;

Ah flow'ry Days when first she charm'd my Sight! But Roses will not always last.

VI.

Yet still Sophronia pleas'd. Nor Time, nor Care, Could take her youthful Bloom away:
Virtue has Charms which nothing can impair;
Beauty like her's could ne're decay.

VII.

Grace is a facred Plant of heavenly Birth:

The Seed descending from above
Roots in a Soil refin'd, grows high on Earth,

And blooms with Life, and Joy, and Love.

VIII.

Such was Sophronia's Soul. Celestial Dew
And Angels Food were her Repast:
Devotion was her Work; and thence she drew
Delights which Strangers never taste.

IX.

Not the gay Splendors of a flattering Court
Could tempt her to appear and shine:
Her solemn Airs forbid the World's Resort;
But I was blest and she was mine.

X.

Safe on her Welfare all my Pleasures hung,
Her Smiles could all my Pains controul;
Her Soul was made of Softness, and her Tongue
Was soft and gentle as her Soul.

XI.

She was my Guide, my Friend, my earthly All;
Love grew with every waning Moon:
Had Heav'n a Length of Years delay'd its Call,
Still I had thought it call'd too foon.

XII.

But Peace my Sorrows! nor with murmuring Voice
Dare to accuse Heaven's high Decree:
She was first ripe for everlasting Joys;

Sophron, she waits above for thee.





LIV.

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An ELEGY

On the much lamented DEATH of

Mrs. ELIZABETH BURY,

Late Wife of the Reverend Mr. SAMUELBURY of Bristol, annexed to some Memoirs of her Life drawn up by him; but collected out of her own Papers.

CHE must ascend; her Treasure lies on high, And there her Heart is. Bear her thro' the Sky On Wings of Harmony, ye Sons of Light, And with furrounding Shields protect her Flight. Teach her the wond'rous Songs your felves compose For you bright World; she'll learn 'em as she goes; The Sense was known before: Those facred Themes, The God, the Saviour, and the flowing Streams That ting'd the curfed Tree with Blood divine. Purchas'd a Heaven, and wash'd a World from Sin: The Beams, the Blifs, the Vision of that Face Where the whole Godhead shines in mildest Grace: These are the Notes for which your Harps are strung, These were the Joy and Labour of her Tongue In our dark Regions. These exalted Strains Brought Paradife to Earth, and footh'd her Pains.

L

Souls made of pious Harmony and Love, Can be no Strangers to their Work above.

BUT must we lose her hence? The Muse in Pain Regrets her Flight, and calls the Saint again, Stay, gentle Spirit, stay. Can Nature find No Charms to hold the once-unfetter'd Mind? Must all those Virtues, all those Graces foar Far from our Sight, and bless the Earth no more? Must the fair Saint to Worlds immortal climb. For ever loft to all the Sons of Time? O, no; she is not lost. Behold her here. How just the Form! how fost the Lines appear! The Features of her Soul, without Difguise, Drawn by her own bless'd Pen: A fweet Surprise To mourning Friends. The Partner of her Cares Seiz'd the fair Piece, and wash'd it o're with Tears, Dress'd it in Flowers, then hung it on her Urn, A Pattern for her Sex in Ages yet unborn, to a distribution of the color

Daughters of Eve, come, trace these heavenly Lines, Feel with what Power the bright Example shines; She was what you should be. Young Virgins, come, Drop a kind Tear, and dress you at her Tomb:
Gay Silks and Diamonds are a vulgar Road;
Her radiant Virtues should create the Mode.
Matrons, attend her Hearse with Thoughts refin'd, Gaze and transcribe the Beauties of her Mind, And let her live in you. The Meek, the Great, The Chaste, yet Free; the Chearful, yet Sedate,

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Swift to Forgiveness, but to Anger slow,
And rich in solid Learning more than Show,
With Charity and Zeal, that rarely join,
And all the human Graces and divine,
Reign'd in her Breast, and held a pleasing Strife
Thro' every shifting Scene of various Life,
The Maid, the Bride, the Widow, and the Wife.

Nor need a manly Spirit blush to gain
Exalted Thoughts from her superior Vein.
Attend her Hints, ye Sages of the Schools,
And by her nobler Practice frame your Rules.
Let her inform you to address the Ear
With conquering Suasion, or Reproof severe,
And still without Offence. Thrice happy Soul,
That could our Passions, and her own controul;
Could wield and govern that unruly Train,
Sense, Fancy, Pleasure, Fear, Grief, Hope and Pass,
And live sublimely good! Behold her move
Thro' Earth's rude Scenes, yet point her Thoughts above.
Seraphs on Earth pant for their Native Skies,
And Nature feels it painful not to rise.

Y E venerable Tribes of holy Men,
Read the Devotions of her Heart and Pen,
And learn to pray and die. Burissa knew
To make Life happy, and resign it too.
The Soul that oft had walk'd th' Ethereal Road,
Pleas'd with her Summons, took her sarewel Flight
[to God.

Bur

But ne'er shall Words, or Lines, or Colours paint.
Th' immortal Passions of th' expiring Saint.
What Beams of Joy (Angelick Airs) arise
O're her pale Cheeks, and sparkle thro' her Eyes
In that dark Hour! how all ferene she lay
Beneath the Openings of celestial Day!
Her Soul retires from Sense, refines from Sin,
While the descending Glory wrought within;
Then in a facred Calm resign'd her Breath,
And as her Eyelids clos'd, she smil'd in Death.

O MAY some pious Friend who weeping stands
Near my last Pillow with uplisted Hands,
Or wipes the mortal Dew from off my Face,
Witness such Triumphs in my Soul; and trace
The Dawn of Glory in my dying Mien,
While on my lifeless Lips such heavenly Smiles are
Ifeen!

September 29.





LV.

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An Elegiac ODE at the DEATH of

Sir Thomas Abney, Knight and Alderman of London, Feb. 6. 1721, in the 83d Tear of his Age.

Affix'd to some Me motes of his Life,

And Inferibed to

The LADY ABNET.

MADAM,

YOUR Grief is great and just. It is not in the Power of Verse to charm it: Your Comforts must arise from a diviner Spring. My Residence in your Family hath made me a Witness to the Lustre of Sir T HOMAS ABNEY'S Character, and to the Years of your Felicity; and I bear a sensible Share in the Sorrows that are shed on his Tomb.

The Nation mourns a good Man lost from the midst of us, a publick Blessing vanish'd from the Earth. The City mourns the Loss of a most excellent Magistrate, a sure Friend to Virtue, and a Guardian to the publick Peace. The Church of Christ mourns a beau-

tiful Pillar taken from the Support and Ornament of the Temple. All these are publick Sorrows; but your Loss, MADAM, carries a Pain in it, that must be unknown to all but such as knew the domestick Virtues of the Deceased.

THOSE who have the Honour of your Ladyship's Acquaintance can tell whence you derive your daily Consolations, even from that World where your departed Relative drinks them at the Fountain Head. O may those Streams descend in full Measure hourly, and refresh yourself and your Mourning House!

But if a Verse cannot give Comfort to the Living, yet it may do Honour to the Dead: and 'tis for this Reason that your Ladyship desires a Verse to attend these sew Memorials of Sir Thomas Abnet's Life. His Modesty hath concealed a thousand Things from the World which might have stood as Witnesses of his Piety and Goodness; but he thought it sufficient that his Record was on High. Yet your unseigned Love follows him to the Grave, and would do every thing that might adorn his Name and Memory. Since you have call'd me to this Pièce of Service, the Obligations that your Ladyship hath laid upon me are strong enough to summon up my youthful Powers and Talents, even when I look upon them as buried and almost forgotten.

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BESIDES, MADAM, there are some Occurrences that can of themselves rouze the Muse from the deepest Sleep. Poesy is not always under the Command of the Will. As there have been Occasions heretofore when I have wished to write, but the Imagination has refused to attend the Wish; so there are Seasons when Verse comes almost without a Call, and the Will might result in vain. A few such Seasons have I met with in the Course of my Life, and some of them have found me even in the Chambers of Death. When I have spent Days in the midst of Mourning, and the whole Soul hath been tuned to Sorrow, the Harp bath sounded of its own accord, and awaken'd all the doleful Strings. Such was the Hour when your Dear and Honoured Brother Mr. THOMAS GUN-STON departed this Life; and such is the present Providence. Uncommon Worth forsaking our World, strikes all the Powers of Nature with Sentiments of Honour and Grief, and the Hand and the Heart confent to raise a Monument of Love and Sorrow.

ACCEPT then, Honoured MADAM, thase Lines of Elegy, as a sincere Pledge of the greatest Veneration which my. Heart pays to the Memory of Sir THOMAS ABNEY. How far foever the-Verse may fall below the Theme, yet now it must always live, since it is join'd to these Memoirs, and atiach'd to a Character that cannot die. And while Succeeding: L 4

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succeeding Ages shall read the Honours due to the Deceased, let them know also the Gratitude I pay to your Ladyship, for the signal Benefits of many Years, confer'd on

Your LADYSHIP's

Most obliged, and

Obedient Servant,

I. WATTS.



AT

Shell I open amongh The Ther

DEATH of that Excellent Man

Sir THOMAS ABNEY.

A Soliloguy, or Mourning Meditation.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus Tam chari Capitis? præcipe lugubres Cantus, Melpomene,

Ergone ABNEIUM perpetuus sopor Urget ? Cui Pudor & Juftitiæ foror Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas, Quando ullum invenient parem? Hor-

conducted they are Till

PART I.

His Private LIFE.

otad orea & to empt ! Spine & Inc

BNEY expires. A general Groan Sounds through the House, How must a Friend! behave

Where Death and Grief have rais'd their Throne,. And the fad Chambers feem th' Apartments of the Grave? TENEA A SHET WE

II.

Shall I appear amongst the chief

Of Mourners, wailing o'er the dear Deceas'd?

Or must I seek to charm their Grief,

And in Distress of Soul to comfort the Distress'd?

III.

I mourn by Turns, and comfort too:

He that can feel, can ease another's Smart.

The Drops of fympathetic Woe

Convey the heavenly Cordial warmer to the Heart.

Und P Call Pader G.VI

Errone Aaservariour

We mourn a thousand Joys deceas'd,
We name the Husband with a mournful Tongue;
He, when the Powers of Life decreas'd,
Felt the diviner Flames of Love for ever young.

V:

Thrice happy Man! Thrice happy Pair!

If Love could bid approaching Death remove,

The painful Name of Widow here

Had ever been unknown. But Death is deaf to Love.

VI

* ALBIN A mourns, she mourns alone, Her Grief unrival'd in a House of Tears,

The Lady ABNEY

The

W

D

The Partner of her Soul is gone, Who doubled all her Joys, and half fustain'd her Cares

There fits the late CHIV

See the fair Offspring of the Dead,
With their young Griefs Albina they inclose,
Beside the Father's dying Bed;
And as her Woes increase, their Love and Duty grows.

- Great God, to The III'V

The Children feel the Mother's Pain,

Down the pale Cheeks the trickling Sorrows roll;

The Mother fees and weeps again,

With all the tender Passions struggling in her Soul.

IX.

The tender Passions reign and spread
Thro' the whole House, and to the Courts descend:
We mourn the best of Brothers dead:
We mourn the kindest Master, and the firmest Friend.

ENTROPE CHARACTER SON DEATH.

We mourn; but not as Wretches do,
Where vicious Lives all Hope in Death destroy:
A falling Tear is Nature's due;
But Hope climbs high, and borders on Celestial Joy.

Telled Asserted for for soil frage Addition

awors vist lies o

Who doebled three Joys, XX

There fits the late departed Saint; * There dwells the Husband, Father, Brother, Friend: Then let us cease the fore Complaint, Or mingled with our Groans let Notes of Praise ascend.

And as hot West increas

Great God, to Thee we raise our Song, Thine were the Graces that inrich'd his Mind We blefs Thee, that he thone to long, And left so fair a Track of pious Life behind.

* Justum & tenucem propositi virum, &c. Hac arte - Enixus arces attigit igneas. Ho R.

Breiter drau ART II. of the french Pin

Parol Colo Table House, and transfer Court defend

His Public CHARACTER and DEATH.

We means that our of Wretches do. BUT can domestic Sorrow shew A Nation's Lofs? Can private Tears suffice To mourn the Saint and Ruler too. Great Names, fo rarely join'd below the blifsful Skies?

H.

Could ABNEY in our World be born, Could ABNEY live, and not Britannia smile? Or die, and not Britannia mourn, When fuch ethereal Worth left our degenerate Isle

III.

'Twas heavenly Wisdom, Zeal divine,
Taught him the Balance and the Sword to hold:
His Looks with facred Justice shine
Beyond the scarlet Honours, or the wreathen Gold. Y

IV.

Attending, when he fill'd the folemin Chair:

He knew no Friendships, Birth, nor Blood,

Nor Wealth, nor gay Attire, when Criminals were

[there †...

V.

Carelela to make his.

He fign'd their Doom with fleady Hand 1

* Cunctis ille bonis flebilis occidit. Hor.

† — Est animus tibi
Rerumque prudens, & secundis
Temporibus, dubiisque rectus;
Vindex avaræ fraudis, & abstinens
Ducentis ad se cuncta pecuniæ.
— Bonus atque sidus
Judex bonestum prætulit utili, &
Rejecit alto dona nocentium
Vultu — Hor.

230 Miscellaneous Thoughts,

* He punish'd to reform the Land, With Terror on his Brow, and Mercy in his Soul.

VI.

His Tongue was much unskill'd to chide;
Soft were his Lips, and all his Language fweet:
His Soul difdain'd the Airs of Pride,
Yet Love and Reverence greet him thro' the crouded.
[Street.

VII.

Godlike he liv'd and acted here,

Moving unfeen, and still sublimely Great;

Yet when his Country claim'd his Care,

Descending he appear'd, and bore the Pomp of State.

VIII.

He more than once oblig'd the Throne,
And fav'd the Nation; yet he shun'd the Fame,
Careless to make his Merit known.
The Christian hath enough that Heaven records his
[Name]

IX.

His humble Soul convers'd on high; Heaven was his Hope, his Rest, his native Home:

* Qui quærit Pater urbium Subscribi statuis, indomitam audeat Refrenare licentiam, Cædes, & rabiem tollere civium — Hori 1

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A

His Treasures lay above the Sky;
Much he possest on Earth, but more in Worlds to [come.

X.

With filent Steps he trac'd the Way
To the fair Courts of Light, his wish'd Abode;
Nor would he ask a Moment's Stay,
Nor make the Convoy wait, that call'd his Soul to
[God.

XI.

See the good Man with Head reclin'd,
And peaceful Heart, refign his precious Breath:
No guilty Thoughts oppress his Mind;
Calm and serene his Life, serene and calm his Death.

XII.

Laden with Honours and with Years,
His vigorous Virtue shot a youthful Ray;
And while he ends his Race, appears
Bright as the Setting-Sun of a long cloudless Day.

XIII.

Spent with the Toil of busy Hours,
Nature retir'd, and Life sunk down to sleep:
Come, dress the Bed with fadeless Flowers,
Come, Angels, round his Tomb immortal Vigils keep.

VIX love from the Dan

The Heart of every Briton rears A Monument to A B N E Y's spotless Fame:

dino Y

The

232 Miscellaneous Thoughts,

The Pencil faints, the Muse despairs;
His Country's Grief and Love must eternize his Name.

Inter mærores domesticos, declare medid divide Et patriæ suæ luctus I to ermo min odt o T

Noumaie the Convoy wait, that calld his Stul

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No guilty Thoughts opposit his Mind; Calmadd forene his Life, INA cand calm his Dead

And peaceful Heart, refign his precious

Entrance upon the World.

CURINO was a young Man brought up to a reputable Trade; the Term of his Apprenticeship was almost expired, and he was contriving how he might venture into the World with Sasety, and pursue Business with Innocence and Success. Among his near Kindred, Serenus was one, a Gentleman of considerable Character in the sacred Profession; and after he had consulted with his Father, who was a Merchant of great Esteem and Experience, he also thought sit to seek a Word of Advice from the Divine. Serenus had such a Respect for his young Kinsman, that he set his Thoughts at Work on this Subject, and with some tender Expressions, which melted the Youth

Youth into Tears, he put into his Hand a Paper of his best Counsels. Curino entered upon Business, pursued his Employment with uncommon Advantage, and under the Blessing of Heaven advanced himself to a considerable Estate; he lived with Honour in the World, and gave a Lustre to the Religion which he profess'd; and after a long Life of Piety and Usefulness, he died with a facred Composure of Soul, under the Instuences of the Christian Hope. Some of his Neighbours wondered at his Felicity in this World, join'd with so much Innocence, and such severe Virtue. But after his Death this Paper was found in his Closet, which was drawn up by his Kinsman in Holy Orders, and was supposed to have a large Share in procuring his Happiness.

ADVICES to a Young MAN.

HE To diedo voice Carriera Couracia Cal. con-

I. KINSMAN, I presume you desire to be happy here, and hereaster; you know there are a Thousand Difficulties which attend this Pursuit; some of them perhaps you foresee, but there are Multitudes which you could never think of. Never trust therefore to your own Understanding in the Things of this World, where you can have the Advice of a a wife and faithful Friend; nor dare venture the more important Concerns of your Soul and your eternal Interests in the World to come upon the mere Light of Nature and the Dictates of your own Reason, since the World of God and the Advice of Heaven lies in

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your Hands. Vain and Thoughtless indeed are those Children of Pride, who chuse to turn Heathens in the midst of Great Britain; who live upon the mere Religion of Nature and their own Stock, when they have been trained up among all the superior Advantages of Christianity, and the Blessings of divine Revelation and Grace.

II. WHATSOEVER your Circumstances may be in this World, still value your Bible as your best Treafure; and whatsoever be your Employment here, still look upon Religion as your best Business. Your Bible contains eternal Life in it, and all the Riches of the upper World; and Religion is the only way to become a Possession of them.

III. To direct your Carriage towards God, converse particularly with the Book of Psalms; David was a Man of sincere and eminent Devotion. To behave aright among Men, acquaint yourself with the whole Book of Proverbs: Solomon was a Man of large Experience and Wisdom. And to perfect your Directions in both these, read the Gospels and the Epistles; you will find the best of Rules and the best of Examples there, and those more immediately suited to the Christian Life.

IV. As a Man, maintain strict Temperance and Sobriety, by a wise Government of your Appetites and Passions; as a Neighbour, influence and engage all around

Carriage made up of Prudence and Goodness; and let the Poor have a certain Share in all your yearly Profits. As a Trader, keep that golden Sentence of our Saviour's ever before you, Whatsoever you would that Men should do unto you, do you also unto them.

V. WHILE you make the Precepts of Scripture the constant Rule of your Duty, you may with Courage rest upon the Promises of Scripture as the Springs of your Encouragement. All divine Assistances and divine Recompences are contained in them. The Spirit of Light and Grace is promised to assist them that ask it. Heaven and Glory are promised to reward the Faithful and the Obedient.

VI. In every Affair of Life, begin with God. Confult him in every Thing that concerns you. View him as the Author of all your Blessings and all your Hopes, as your best Friend and your eternal Portion. Meditate on him in this View, with a continual Renewal of your Trust in him, and a daily Surrender of yourself to him, till you seel that you love him most entirely, that you serve him with sincere Delight, and that you cannot live a Day without God in the World.

VII. You know yourself to be a Man, an indigent Creature and a Sinner, and you profess to be a Christian, a Disciple of the blessed Jesus: But never think

think you know Christ nor your Self as you ought, till you find a daily need of him for Righteousness and Strength, for Pardon and Sanctification; and let him be your constant Introducer to the great God, tho he fit upon a Throne of Grace. Remember his own Words, John xiv. 6. No Man cometh to the Father but by me.

VIII. MAKE Prayer a Pleasure and not a Task, and then you will not forget nor omit it, If ever you have lived in a Praying Family, never let it be you Fault if you do not live in one always. Believe that Day, that Hour, or those Minutes to be all wasted and lost, which any worldly Pretences would tempt you to fave out of the Publick Worship of the Church, the certain and con-Stant Duties of the Closet, or any necessary Services for God and Godliness. Beware left a Blaft attend it, and not a Bleffing. If God had not reserved one Day in Seven to himself, I fear Religion would have been loft out of the World; and every Day of the Week is exposed to a Curle, which has no Morning Religion.

IX. SEE that you watch and labour, as well as pray. Diligence and Dependance must be united in 'Tis the fame the Practice of every Christian. wife Man acquaints us, that the Hand of the Di-Egent and the Bleffing of the Lord join together to

make

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of Body or Mind, of Time or Eternity.

Tis your Duty indeed under a Sense of your own Weakness, to pray daily against Sin; but if you would effectually avoid it, you must also avoid Temptation; and every dangerous Opportunity. Set a double Guard wheresoever you seel or suspect an Enemy at Hand. The World without, and the Heart within, have so much Flattery and Deceit in them, that we must keep a sharp Eye upon both, lest we are trapt into Mischief between them.

X. Honour, Profit and Pleasure have been fometimes called the World's Trinity, they are its three chief Idols; each of them is sufficient to draw a Soul off from God, and ruin it for ever. Beware of them therefore, and of all their subtle Insinuations, if you would be innocent or happy.

REMEMBER that the Honour which comes from God, the Approbation of Heaven, and of your own Conscience, are infinitely more valuable than all the Esteem or Applause of Men. Dare not venture one Step out of the Road of Heaven, for sear of being laughed at for walking strictly in it. 'Tis a poor Religion that cannot stand against a Jest.

SELL not your Hopes of heavenly Treasures, nor any thing that belongs to your eternal Interest, for any

of the Advantages of the present Life: What shall it profit a Man to gain the whole World, and lefe bis own Soul?

REMEMBER also the Words of the wise Man. He that loveth Pleasure, shall be a poor Man; he that indulges himself in Wine and Oil, that is, in Drinking, in Feasting, and in sensual Gratifications, shall not be rich. It is one of St. Paul's Characters of a most degenerate Age, when Men become Lovers of Pleasure more than Lovers of God. And that slessly Lusts war against the Soul, is St, Peter's Caveat to the Christians of his Time.

KI. PRESERVE your Conscience always fost and fensible. If but one Sin force its Way into that tender Part of the Soul, and dwell easy there, the Road is pav'd for a thousand Iniquities.

AND take heed that under any Scruple, Doubt or Temptation whatfoever, you never let any Reafonings fatisfy your Conscience, which will not be a sufficient Answer or Apology to the Great Judge at the last Day.

one hard out of the Road of Heaven, for fire of the

XII. KEEP this Thought ever in your Mind, 'Tis a World of Vanity and Vexation in which you live; the Flatteries and Promises of it are vain and deceitful; prepare therefore to meet Disappointments. Many of its Occurrences are teizing and vexations:

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In every ruffling Storm without, possess your Spirit in Patience, and let all be calm and serene within. Clouds and Tempests are only found in the lower Skies; the Heavens above are ever bright and clear. Let your Heart and Hope dwell much in these serene Regions, live as a Stranger here on Earth, but as a Citizen of Heaven, if you would maintain a Soul at ease.

XIII. SINCE in many Things we offend all, and there is not a Day passes which is persectly free from Sin, let Repentance towards God, and Faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, be your daily Work. A frequent Renewal of these Exercises which make a Christian at first, will be a constant Evidence of your fincere Christianity, and give you Peace in Life, and Hope in Death.

XIV. EVER carry about with you such a Sense of the Uncertainty of every thing in this Life, and of Life itself, as to put nothing off till To-morrow, which you can conveniently do to Day. Dilatory Persons are frequently exposed to Surprize and Hurry in every thing that belongs to them: The Time is come, and they are unprepared. Let the Concerns of your Soul and your Shop, your Trade and your Religion, lie always in such Order, as far as possible, that Death at a short Warning may be no occasion of a disquieting Tumult in your Spirit, or of bitter Repentance in a dying Hour. Farewel.

Phrenimus, a considerable East-land Merchant, happen'd upon a Copy of these Advices about the Time when he permitted his Son to commence a Partner-ship with him in his Trade; he transcribed them with his own Hand, and made a Present of them to the Youth, together with the Articles of Partnership. Here young Man, said he, is a Paper more Worth than these Articles. Read it over once a a Month, till 'tis wrought in your very Soul and Temper. Walk by these Rules, and I can trust my Estate in your Hands. Copy out these Counsels in your Life, and you will make me and yourself easy and happy.

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Souls in Fetters.

World, that Men are confin'd in Parties!

There are some noble Souls imprison'd from their Infancy within the Pales of a particular Clan, or narrow Tribe, and they must never dare to think beyond those Limits. What shameful Bars are laid in the Way to obstruct the Progress of Knowledge, and the Growth of the Intellectual World! Generous Senti-

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Sentiments are stifled and forbid to be born, lest the Parent of them who belongs perhaps to one Sea, should be suspected of too much Intimacy with another; and a thousand brave and free Thoughts are crush'd to Death in the very Bud, lest they should look like the Offspring of a foreign Tribe, when they appear in open Light. What a wretched Influence, Names, and Sects, and Parties have upon the Commonwealth of Christianity! We hardly dare believe ourselves when we have found out a Truth, if our Ancestors did not believe it too.

A FEW Days ago Aleuthrus told me, that when he was a Boy, he firmly believed the Mystery of the Mass, and thought the Priest could turn Bread into Flesh and Blood, for all his Relations were of that Mind; but when I began to think for myself a little (faid he) my Faith stagger'd, the Falshood seemed too big for my Belief; and yet I know not what. strange secret Attachment to the Religion of my Fathers forbid me to deny what they had profes'd. So I shut my Eyes, and laid all my rising Doubts to fleep; I stretch'd my Faith to its former Size, and swallowed the old Doctrine again. Without thinking whether it were possible: I call'd it Divine, for I could not bear the Thoughts of being a Heretick.

Clerico would gladly have heard Euphonus preach, if he durst have ventured the Censure of his Friends, and been feen in a Meeting-House. He could wil-M lingly

lingly have let his Soul loose from all Human Forms and Inventions, if he had not lately subscribed the Twentieth Article of the Church among the rest, and declar'd that she has Power to ordain Rites and Ceremonies. But since he has subscribed, he does not care to indulge his Thoughts in so much Freedom.

Executives in Lond

Phileuchus happened to lodge a Week at the House of Sebastes, where he heard Mr. Jenks's Prayers read daily in the Family with great Devotion; he prevail'd with himself to join in the Worship, and selt his Soul refresh'd by it; yet his own House continued Prayerless still; for tho' he loved Religion at his Heart, yet he could not express himself with any tolerable Decency, Propriety or Courage in Family-Worship, and he was ashamed to let his Friends know that he made use of Forms.

What a poor foolish Thing is Man! Human Nature in all Ages is too much like itself; what is now practised among Christians, to the Reproach and Injury of Revealed Truth, has been a Bar to the Profession and Improvement of Natural Religion, in the Days and the Nations of ancient Heathenism.

Socrates is famous in History for his Belief of the One true God, in opposition to the Polytheism of the World, and the numerous Idols of the Priest and the People: But he is reported by this Means to have exposed himself to the Resentment and popular Fury of some

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fipeak God, find a when fome of his Countrymen, so that he is counted a sort of Martyr for that Cause. Yet, as some report, he was scarce able to support his Courage in the publick Profession of that One true God in a dying Hour, for this said that he ordered a Cock to be offered as a Sacrifice to Esculapius the God of Physick. I confess tis so mean and servile a Compliance, that I can hardly believe it concerning Socrates.

But if the Soul of the noble Grecian was bound in these Fetters of a Popular Religion, which forbid his bold and final Profession of his Diviner Sentiments; 'tis not Greece only, but Rome also has produced Examples of the same Weakness among some of its Heroes. It must be acknowledged, they had some heavenly Flights of Thought, and Courage enough to let their Notions just start into Light, and give broad Hints of their Faith; but they were forced to cramp and discourage the Progress and the Growth of it, for sear of the National Idolatry which reign'd in their Age. They had not Strength of Soul and Bravery enough to become Martyrs for the Truth.

God, the Maker of All. 'Tis hard, fays he, to find out him who is the Parent of this Universe; and when you have found him, 'tis not lawful to show him to the vulgar World. Illum quasi parentem hujus M 2

universitatis invenire difficile: & cum inveneris, indicare in Vulgus nesas. Lib. de Univers. p. 2. and the same he saith again, Lib. 2. de Nat. Deor. Let not our Men of Heathenism then, our British Insidels, charge all this Folly upon Christians alone, since their Pagan Predecessors were guilty of it as well as we,

O WHERE shall that City stand, whose Inhabitants shall traffick in intellectual Treasures, and fet forth all their new Improvements and Acquifitions in open Day-light, without the Danger of Publick Penalties or Reproach? Where shall that happy Race of Men be born, who shall seek Truth with an unbiass'd Soul, and shall speak it freely to Mankind, without the fear of Parties, or the Odium of Singularity? When shall that golden Age arise in Great Britain, in which every rich Genius shall produce his brightest Sentiments to the Honour of God, and to the general Profit of Men, and yet stand exempted from common Slander? When shall the facred Mines of Scripture be digg'd yet deeper than ever, and the hidden Riches thereof be brought out of their long Obscurity, to adorn the Doctrine of God our Saviour? O that these dark and stormy Days of Party and Prejudice were roll'd away, that Men would once give Leave to their Fellow Christians to spell out and read some ancient and unknown Glories of the Person of Christ, which are contained in Scripture, and to unfold some hidden Wonders of his Gospel! The wifest of Men know yet but in part, and 'tis alven;
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ways possible to grow wiser, at least on this side Heaven; but publick Prejudice is a Friend to Darkness, nor could Ignorance and Error, without this Shield have desended their Thrones so long among Creatures of Reason, under the Light of Divine Sun-beams.

LVIII.

25

To Lucius, on the Death of SERENA.

Dear Sir,

SOME of these Verses attempted to sooth your Sorrows in a melancholy and distressing Hour: They were all finish'd near the same Time, and united in this Form, tho' they have thus long lain in Silence, nor ventur'd to present themselves to you. I am almost in Pain already, lest they should awake your Heart-ake by a Recollection of some dear mournful Images, and vanish'd Scenes of Grief. Let these Lines rather call your Views upward to the better Mansions of your absent Kindred, and awaken you to aim every Step of Life toward those Regions of Holiness and Joy. Adieu, and be happy. I am,

SIR, then of hall wave in

Yours, &c.

DEATH and HEAVEN.

In Five Lyric Odes.

ODE I. 20

The Spirit's Farewel to the Body after long Sickness.

I.

HOW am I held a Prisoner now,
Far from my God! This mortal Chain
Binds me to Sorrow: All below
Is short-liv'd Ease or tiresome Pain.

II,

When shall that wond'rous Hour appear,
Which frees me from this dark Abode,
To live at large in Regions, where
Nor Cloud nor Vail shall hide my God?

III.

These Snares and Fetters of the Mind;
My God, nor let this Frame arise
Till every Dust be well refin'd.

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Jesus, who mak'st our Natures whole,

Mould me a Body like thy own:

Then shall it better serve my Soul

In Works of Praise and Worlds unknown.

ODE II.

The Departing Moment, or, Absent from the Body.

I

ABSENT from Flesh! O blissful Thought!
What unknown Joys this Moment brings!
Freed from the Mischies Sin hath wrought,
From Pains and Fears, and all their Springs!

II.

Absent from Flesh! Illustrious Day!

Surprising Scene! triumphant Stroke,
That rends the Prison of my Clay,
And I can feel my Fetters broke!

III.

Where Feet or Wings could never climb, Beyond the Heavens where Planets roll, Measuring the Cares and Joys of Time.

I go where God and Glory shine:

His Presence makes eternal Day.

My All that's mortal I resign,

For Uriel waits and points my Way.

ODE III.

Entrance into Paradise, or, Present with the Lord.

1.

A ND is this Heaven? And am I there!

How short the Road! how swift the Flight!

I am all Life, all Eye, all Ear;

Jesus is here, — my Soul's Delight.

II.

Is this the heavenly Friend who hung
In Blood and Anguish on the Tree,
Whom Paul proclaim'd, whom David sung,
Who dy'd for them, who dy'd for me?

III.

How fair, thou Offspring of my God!
Thou first-born Image of his Face!
Thy Death procur'd this blest Abode,
Thy vital Beams adorn the Place.

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Lo, he presents me at the Throne
All spotless; there the Godhead reigns
Sublime and peaceful thro' the Son:
Awake, my Voice, in heavenly Strains!

ODE IV.

The Sight of GOD in Heaven.

I.

CREATOR-GOD, Eternal Light,
Fountain of Good, tremendous Power,
Ocean of Wonders, blissful Sight!
Beauty and Love unknown before!

II.

Thy Grace, thy Nature, all unknown
In you dark Region whence I came!
Where languid Glimpses from thy Throne
And feeble Whispers teach thy Name.

III.

I'm in a World where all is new;
My Self, my God; O bleft Amaze!
Not my best Hopes or Wishes knew
To form a Shadow of this Grace.

My reftless Thoughts forbear to rove:

Ye meaner Passions, stir no more;

But all my Powers be Joy and Love.

ODE V.

A Funeral OD E at the Interrment of the Body, supposed to be sung by the Mourners.

innu**i**t and 0 - 26 f

Take this new Treasure to thy Trust,,

And give these facred Reliques Room

To seek a Slumber in the Dust.

II. minaki veb

Nor Pain, nor Grief, nor anxious Fear

Invade thy Bounds. No mortal Woes

Can reach the lovely Sleeper here,

And Angels watch her foft Repose.

Ш.

So Jefus slept: God's dying Son
Past through the Grave, and blest the Bed.
Rest here, fair Saint; till from his Throne
The Morning break and pierce the Shade.

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Break from his Throne, illustrious Morn;
Attend, O Earth, his sovereign Word;
Restore thy Trust, a glorious Form;
She must ascend to meet her Lord.

LIX.

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Police: "Tis, unaccountable," hys has the three a lice.

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Divine Conduct disputed and justify'd.

WHEN we meet with any thing in the Conduct of Men which appears strange and unaccountable to us, if at the same time it feem to carry? in it the Aspect of something low and trisling, we are too ready to think ourselves such Sons of Wisdom as to pronounce Puerility and Contempt upon the Persons and their Practice. So hafty are we to pass sudden and rash Judgments on the present Appearances of Things, and to imagine every thing is unreasonable when we don't immediately fee the Reason of it, as if all Reason were ingross'd in our Bosoms, and Wisdom had no other Abode. Gelotes, to shew his own superior Genius, treats the Rites of Moses, and the Ceremonies of the Yewish Religion, in the same manner : he cannot devise what all these Bells and Pomgranates. and twenty other little Fineries, were made for upon M 3 the "

the Garments of the High Priest; nor can he guess the Reason of all the petty Punctilio's about Lambs, and Rams, and red Heifers, about Pigeons, Hyflop, and Scarlet, Sprinklings and Washings. He is utterly at a Lofs what they were defign'd for; and therefore he roundly declares his Opinion, that Moses had little to do, who could employ his Mind in contriving fuch Trifles: 'Tis unaccountable, fays he, that a Person who feems in other Things to be a Man of Sense, should prescribe such an endless Ritual with minute Directions about a hundred little Matters relating to the Pins and Tacks, the Boards and Curtains of the Tabernacle, and all that Scenery of Puerile Worship, which a wife Man would neither command nor practise. And thus he goes on to shoot his Bolts of Blasphemy at divine Wisdom over the Shoulders of Moles, and through his Sides to ridicule and reproach the God of Ifrael. How often does fuch a fudden and rash Censure discover its own Folly, when it is pass'd on the Actions of Men, by a further Infight into their wife Designs; and the Man who poured out his Laughter and Contempt upon others, how justly does he become the Object of Contempt and Ridicule himself, on the account of his Pride and Rashness? But when the Counsels and Appointments of the bleffed God, when the Works of his Wifdom, which is vast and deep beyond our Ken and Fathom, are thus taken to Task by filly Mortals, and derided because they don't understand the Purpose and Intent of them, what flagrant Impiety

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was car man of the Wi round : had ma Colours They v himfelf to pleaf gined, and the **fhifting** ments colour' Spectac tleman and en Subject

A T tleman Pipe of Soap, the Bu this? What Impudence added to their Rashness? and how much does it deserve the divine Indignation?

THIS very Man, this Gelotes, a few Days ago was carried by his Neighbour Typiger to see a Gentlenan of his Acquaintance; they found him standing at he Window of his Chamber, moving and turning ound a Glass-Prism, near a round Hole which he and made in the Window-Shutter, and casting all the Colours of the Rainbow upon the Wall of the Room: They were unwilling to diffurb him, tho' he amus'd nimfelf at this rate for half an Hour together, merely to please and entertain his Eye-sight, as Gelotes imagined, with the Brightness and Strength of the Reds and the Blues, the Greens and the Purples, in many hifting Forms of Situation; while feveral little Implements lay about him, of white Paper and Shreds of colour'd Silk, pieces of Tin with Holes in them, Spectacles and Burning-Glasses. When the Genleman at last spy'd his Company, he came down and entertain'd them agreeably enough upon other Subjects, and dismis'd them.

A T another time Gelotes beheld the same Geneleman blowing up large Bubbles with a Tobacco-Pipe out of a Bowl of Water well impregnated with Soap, which is a common Diversion of Boys. As the Bubbles rose, he mark'd the little changeable Coours on the Surface of them with great Attention

till

till they broke and vanish'd into Air and Water. He seem'd to be very grave and solemn in this Sort of Recreation, and now and then smiled to see the little Appearances and Disappearances of Colours, as the Bubble grew thinner toward the Top, while the watry Particles of it ran down along the Side to the Bottom, and the Surface grew too thin and seeble to include the Air, then it burst to pieces, and was lost,

Well, fays Gelotes to his Friend, I did not think you would have carried me into the Acquaintance of a Madman: Surely he can never be right in his Senses who wastes his Hours in such Fooleries as these. Whatsoever good Opinion I had conceived of a Gentleman of your Intimacy, I am amazed now that you should keep up any degree of Acquaintance with him, when his Reason is gone, and he is become a mere Child. What are all these little Scenes of Sport and Amusement, but Proofs of the Absence of his Understanding? Poor Gentleman! I pity him in his unhappy Circumstances; but I hope he has Friends to take care of him under this degree of Distraction.

Typiger was not a little pleased to see that his Project, with regard to his Neighbour Gelotes had succeeded so well; and when he had suffered him to run on at this rate for some Minutes, he interrupted him with a surprizing Word: This very Gentleman, says he, is the great Sir Is A a c N E w-

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ritain, and renowned among the Nations. You are beheld him now making these Experiments wer again, by which he first found out the National of Light and Colours, and penetrated deeper into the Mysteries of them, than all Mankind ever new before him. This is the Man, and these is Contrivances, upon which you so freely cast our Contempt, and pronounce him distracted. You now not the Depth of his Designs, and therefore you censured them all as Fooleries; whereas he learned World has esteemed them the utmost Reach of Human Sagacity.

had ridiculed, and Gelotes was all Confusion and Silence. Wherepon Typiger proceeded thus; Go now and ridiule the Law-giver of Ifrael, and the Ceremonies of the Tewish Church, which Moses taught them; o, repeat your Folly and your Slanders, and laugh t these Divine Ceremonies, merely because you snow not the Meaning of them: Go and affronts he God of Ifrael; and reproach him for fending Moses to teach such Forms of Worship to the Jews. There is not the least of them but was appointed by he greatest of Beings, and has some special Design and Purpose in the Eye of Divine Wisdom. Many of them are explained by the Apostle Paul, in his Letter to the Hebrews, as Types and Emblems of the Glories and Bleffings of the New Testament; and the rest of them, whose Reason has not been discovered .

vered to us, remain perhaps to be made known at the Conversion of the Jews, when Divine Light shall be spread over all the ancient Dispensations, and a brighter Glory diffused over all the Rites and Forms of Religion, which God ever instituted among the Race of Adam.

Thus far Typiger; while Gelotes was still silent, being pierced to the Heart with a Conviction of his Rashness and Folly, and stung inwardly with bitter Remorse at the Thoughts of his impious and prosane Raillery. He went home mournful, and set himself with a sincere and humble Enquiry to learn all the successive Religions of the Bible, which he had ridiculed, and sound so much Reason in a great Part of them, that he submitted to believe the Dignity of them all, and profess'd himself a hearty Christian.

THE Book of Nature and the Book of Providence have some obscure Pages in them, as well as the Book of Religion and Grace. There are many Appearances in the Creation of God, and many more in his Government of the World, which are thus impudently arraign'd by thoughtless Mortals. They discover not the Symmetry and exact Proportion between the several Parts of them, and therefore they pronounce them the Works of Chance and mere Caprices of Nature. They cannot penetrate into the distant Designs of the All-wise Creator and Ruler.

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Ruler of the Universe, and they are ready to conclude that there is no Design, no Wisdom in them. But he was a much wifer Man who tells us, that God has made every thing beautiful in its Season, but Man has this World in his Heart, i. e. he is so intent upon the prefent little Spot of Ground on which he stands, and the little Incidents of that Inch of Time in which he appears, that he cannot discern the Work that God does from the Beginning to the End thereof; and therefore Men are not able to comprehend the admirable Beauty of his Works, and they are resolved to believe no farther than they can fee. Vain inimals of Flesh and Blood! Proud swelling Reptiles of the Earth! As if a Company of Worms, who are just crept out of their native Glebe, and retiring into it again after a few Moments, should pretend to arraign and Censure the Motions and Phases of the Moon, and all the Rules and Movements of the Planetary Worlds. That Man furely should have a Stretch of Thought equal to Deity, and with one fingle Survey grasp all the Atoms of created Matter, and all the World of Minds with all their Ideas, he should view at once all their infinite Relations to each other, with all the Scenes and Appearances in the upper and lower Regions of Creation, from the Beginning of Time far into Eternity, who would dare to contest the Wisdom of Providence, or of any of the Works or the Appointments of his Maker? How manifold are thy Works, O Lord? In Wisdom hast thou made them all. How unsearchable

able are thy Ways, and thy Judgments untraceable by all the Sons of Men! Who has known the Mind of the Lord, and who has been his Counsellor? Of him, and by him, and for him, are all Things; to whom he Glory for ever and ever. Amen.

and tall Sect of Carness on which he fluids and the

phosel of almost one EXprents of our for the

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Sinful Anger for God's Sake.

IT is a very possible Thing for us to be sinfully angry with our Neighbour, even upon the Account of Sin: We have Hearts of unsearchable Subtilty and unsathomable Deceit. The best of us are too often tempted to follow the Violence of our own carnal Affections, under an Appearance of Zeal and Duty, and skreen our own Wrath to Man, under the Covert of Love to God. And when the angry Powers of our Nature are set on work under the Colour of so divine a Principle, they are impatient of all Restraint, and know no Bounds, for we cannot do too much for God and his Honour.

Deirus is ready to think, that if he let fly all his Wrath against a Man for a sinful Action, that Wrath can't rise to Excess; he persuades himself that 'tis rather a Work of Righteousness than a Fault,

Fault, a nours. mingle holy Zeder to monish

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In to fur vine.

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Fault, and puts it amongst his Virtues and his Honours. I wish Deirus would take heed, lest he
mingle the Heat of corrupt Flesh and Blood with
holy Zeal, and offer Iniquity for a Sacrifice. In order to manage well in this Matter, I would admonish him to take notice of these Things.

FIRST, When an Action offends both GoD and ourselves at the same time, we must watch with the utmost Diligence, lest Self-love disguise itself in the Form of Zeal, and command our Passions entirely into our own Service, while we think they are at work for GoD. Suppose I have often instructed young Prave, as to his Morals; suppose I have earnestly persuaded him to any Duty, or cautioned him often against some evil Practice, and I see him nevertheless obstinately proceed in his own Way; perhaps I shall be ready to indulge my Anger against him, because he disobeys me, more than because he displeases GoD. Or suppose my Neighbour Calumnia rail at me as a Puritan and a Madman, because I'm seen often at Publick Prayers, and upbraid and reproach me with odious Charges for the fake of my Religion, I'm tempted to kindle perhaps into sudden Indignation, chiefly because Self is reviled, and not because G o D is dishonoured. intirely to an early Palfon, the or protect

In such Instances as these, there is an easy Way to find whether our Zeal be more Selfish or Divine. Let me ask my own Heart, "Should I

"have been so angry with this Youth, if he had neglected another Friend's pious Advice in the fame Case wherein he has neglected mine?" and yet the Sin against God would have been the same. Again, "Should I have grown so warm against Calumnio for reproaching my Fellow"Christian on the account of his Devotions, as I am for reproaching me?" and yet his Offence against the Gospel had been the same still. Thus by putting Self out of the Case, we guard against the Deceit of Self-love, and pass a juster Sentence on our own Actions.

Now if upon due Search we find that our Wrath is awakened rather because an Action offends us, than because it offends God, this is a Work of the Flesh, and must be mortised; our Passions should all be pure. Our blessed Lord Jesus bore a Load of Personal Reproaches falling heavy upon himself, and opened not his Mouth; but when the Jewish Buyers and Sellers profaned his Father's House of Prayer, then indeed he assumed an extraordinary Character, and gave an Instance of severe Zeal by scourging them out of the Temple, John ii. 17.

Is have often influenced

SECONDLY, Take care of giving up the Reins intirely to an angry Passion, tho' it pretend Sin for its Object, lest it run to an ungovernable Excess; 'tis St. Paul's Counsel, Be angry and sin not, Ephes. iv. 26. so hard it is to be angry upon any Account

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Excef.

Man.

Gun of the pears a mote teach it for

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count without Sinning. It was a happy Comparifon (who foever first invented it) that the Passions
of our Saviour were like pure Water in a clear
Glass: shake it never so much, and 'tis pure still;
there was no Defilement in his holy Soul by the
warmest Agitation of all those Powers of his Animal Nature; but ours are like Water with Mud
at the bottom, and we can scarce shake the Glass
with the gentless Motion, but the Mud arises, and
diffuses itself abroad, polluting both the Water and the
Vessel. Our irascible Passions can scarce be indulged a
Moment, but they are ready to defile the whole
Man.

We may find whether our Anger rife to a finful Excess or no, by such Enquiries as these.

railed for Fire from Heaven, to delitar the

Does it fire my Blood into Rage, and kindle my Spirits into a sudden Blaze, like a Train of Gunpowder? Then it looks too much like a Work of the Flesh, and may create a just Suspicion of the pious Purity of it, for this has not the Appearance of a Christian Virtue; our holy Religion is a more reasonable and more gentle Thing, and never teaches us to act with a thoughtless Violence, tho it sometimes calls the active Powers of Flesh and Blood into the Assistance of sincere Zeal.

Does it transport us away to the Practice of any thing unbecoming our Character? Does it arm

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our Tongues with vile and scandalous Names, or our Hands with halty Weapons of Outrage and Cruelty! This Sort of Conduct carries in it more of the Refemblance of the evil Spirit that feeks Revenge and Mischief. I confess there have been fome Examples of severe and terrible Zeal amongst the pious Tews; but we must remember that the meek and peaceful Religion of the Gospel was not then establish'd; and we must consider too, that most of these Examples had a Divine Commission, and were immediately inspired by God himself, Such was the Case of Phineas, when he slew the two Offenders in the Camp of Ifrael: So Elijah called for Fire from Heaven, to destroy the two Captains and their Companies; and our Lord Jefus Christ, under the same Divine Influence, scourged the Merchants out of the Temple. But our Lord himself reproved his own Disciples when they had a mind to imitate the Wrath of Elijah, and taught them that under his Dispensation, which was shortly to be set up, Zeal was a gentler Virtue, and more of a-piece with the rest of that Religion which he designed to institute.

ANOTHER Question we should put to ourselves to find Whether our Anger be excessive, or no, is this, Does it throw us off from our Guard, dispossels us of our Temper, and darken our Judgment? Does it make us sierce and positive? Does it rob us of our Patience, and render us deaf to all so-

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ber Remonstrances and Excuses? Then it can never be from GoD, tho' it pretend to be for him; for Self-government is an eternal Duty, and the Wisdom which is from above is swift to hear, and slow to speak, it is easy to be intreated, and full of Forgiveness.

FINALLY, let us ask, Does the Passion render us unsit for any Duty to God, tempt us to omit any Duty to Man, or hinder us in the Persormance of either? We may then assure ourselves it rises to Excess, and becomes in some measure criminal.

Tis a certain Rule of Prudence, that all these Animal Powers, be they never so justly employ'd, deferve a watchful and severe Guard upon them, lest they grow unruly and extravagant.

THE last Piece of Advice that I would give to my Friends, and learn to take myself, is this, That where the mere Appearance of an angry Passion will attain the same End, I would not chuse to give myself the Trouble and Disquietude of seeling a real one. Why should I suffer my Blood and Spirits to rise into Disorder, if the Picture of Anger in my Countenance, and the Sound of it imitated in my Voice, will effectually discourage and reprove the Vice I would forbid? If I am but wise enough to raise an Appearance of Resentment,

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I need not be at the Pains to throw myself into this uneafy Ferment. Is it not better for me, as a Man and a Christian, to maintain a calm, sedate Aversion to the Sin, and express my Dislike of it sometimes at least rather by a counterfeit than real Anger? If Hypocrify be lawful any where, furely it may be allowed in this Case to diffemble a little.

AND to carry the Matter yet further, I think I may affert, there are feveral fuch Occurrences in Life. wherein 'tis better not fo much as to imitate Anger, and to express nothing like it, tho' the Sin may be heinous: Anorgus, an excellent Man, and an exemplary Christian, would not only suppress all Wrath, but conceal all Appearance of it, lest the offending Person, by seeing him discomposed or resenting, might be kindled into the same Passion, and thus be rendered unfit to receive a Reproof from him, and grow deaf to all his divine Reasonings.

'T is a certain and shameful Truth, that in this frail and finful State, we love ourselves so much, and God fo little, that we feldom begin to grow angry for God's Sake, but we foon grow more angry for our own: Therefore upon almost all Accounts it may be given as a Piece of general and fafe Advice, That let the Occasion be never so provoking, yet the less Fury the better. The Wrath of Man never works the Righteousness of God.

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Hultstous Pair! No Tear to day Modew the Royal ParimilKA

On the Coronation of their Majesties King GEORGE II. and Queen CA-ROLINE. October 11. 1727, District our and

Specifica in Life and manis-

TRGO armis invicte Heros age : fortibus apta Ensem humeris; meritam Clementia temperet Iran Dum regis, & Leges molli clementer acerbas. Te super aquavos omnes Regnator Olympi Diligit, & lato vultum exhilaravit Olivo; Ille tuum facro cingit Diademate Crinem, Transmittetque tuam Longæva in sæsula famam.

En Regina teri consors tibi dextera adhæret, Auro pieta Sinus, auro radiata Capillos; Tota decens, tota est gemmisque insignis & auro: At Facies cultum illustrat, facieque decora Pulchrior est animus. Buchanan. selve and Honour round, the Head

The Coronation Day. An ODE.

The Poes of God and A D ISE happy Morn, fair Sun, arise; Shed radiant Gold around the Skies And rich in Beams and Bleffings shine, Profuse on GEORGE and CAROLINE.

Alfa to thy Rol of Maich

11

Illustrious Pair! No Tear to day
Bedew the Royal Parents Clay!
Tis George the Blest remounts the Throne,
With double Vigour in his Son.

III.

Le, the Majestick Form appears,
Sparkling in Life and manly Years:
The Kingdom's Pride, the Nation's Choice,
And Heav'n approves BRITANNIA's Voice.

IV.

Monarch, assume thy Powers, and stand The Guardian-Heroe of our Land: Let A L B I O N's Sons thy Style proclaim, And distant Realms revere thy Name.

Y. Livery June in oge

Bear on thy Brows th' Imperial Crown:
Rebellion dies beneath thy Frown:
A thousand Gems of Lustre shed
Their Lights and Honours round thy Head.

The Coronadon IVay. An Oak

Lift up fly Rod of Majesty, *
The Foes of God and Man shall slee:
Vice with her execrable Band
Shakes at the Sword in George's Hand.

The Sceptre. C ban a o no no shift

VII.

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O may no Cloud day Env.

Law, Justice, Valour, Mercy ride
In Arms of Triumph at his Side,
And each celestial Grace is seen
In milder Glories round the QUEEN,

vivore in VIII.

Hail Royal Fair! divinely wife!

Not Austrian Crowns * could tempt thy Eyes

To part with Truth. 'Twas brave Disdain,

When CES AR sigh'd, and lov'd in vain.

He promises in insight-EXI'm,

But Heaven provides a rich Reward; George is thy Lover and thy Lord: The British Lion bears thy Fame, Where Austrian Eagles have no Name.

verification dames **X** arms has the back

See the fair Train of Princes near:

Come, FREDERICK, Royal Youth, appear,

And grace the Day. Shall foreign † Charms

Still hold thee from thy Country's Arms,

havy Stander I .IX and Sp

* Archducal and Imperial.

+ That ingenious Device of the Figures of Great Britain and the Protestant Religion attending her Majesty on her Coronation Medal, with the Motto Hicamor, Hac patria, may support and justify these Expressions.

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(O may

Mi feetlaneous Thoughts,

(O may no Cloud thy Luftre stain!) Come, lead along the shining Train. but and shill it

Amps rigarity I to sant, it

Each in Parental Virtues dress'd, D lattrois does bak Each born to make a Nation blefs'd: What Kings, what Heroes yet ungrown, Shall court the Nymphs to grace their Throne.

TIEN CHO THE E

Vot Aldring Crowns

HILL MOID

Mark that young Branch * of rifing Fame, Proud of our Great Deliverer's Name: He promises in Infant-Bloom, To scourge some Tyrant-Power of Rome,

Bloom on, fair Stem ! Each Flower that blows, Adds new Despair to Albion's Foes, And kills their Hearts. O glorious View Of Joys for Albion, ever new! Roserca Royal couls appear

Religion, Duty, Truth and Love, In Ranks of Honour shine and move; Pale Envy, Slander, Fraud and Spite, Retire, and hide in Caves of Night.

XVI.

EUROPE, behold th' amazing Scene: Empire and Liberty convene

Prince WILLIAM.

To Wh

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Bid Affi Ye Wa

Th Th Gre Th To join their Joys and Wishes here, While Rome and Hell consent to fear.

XVII.

Eternal Goo, whose boundless Sway
Angels and starry Worlds obey,
Command thy choicest Favours down,
Where thy own Hands have fixt the Crown.

XVIII.

Come, Light Divine, and Grace unknown, Come, aid the Labours of the Throne: Let BRITAIN's golden Ages run In Circles lasting as the Sun.

XIX. A. S. I. of the state of the

Phil birth the Loid to Perch Incin.

Bid some bright Legion from the Sky
Affist the glad Solemnity:
Ye Hosts, that wait on favourite Kings,
Wave your broad Swords, and clap your Wings.

XX.

Then rife, and to your Realms convey
The glorious Tidings of the Day:
Great WILLIAM shall rejoice to know,
That GEORGE the Second reigns below.



To only shelp from and Wilhes here

JATTY !

Seesal Con, white. IIXI berry

A Loyal Wish on her Majesty's Birth-Day, March 1. commonly called St. David's-Day.

Borrowed from Ps AL M CXXXII. 10, 11,

I.

SILENCE, ye Nations; Ifrael, hear:
Thus hath the Lord to David sworn,

"Train up thy Sons to learn my Fear,
"And Judah's Crown shall all thy Race adorn;

"Theirs be the Royal Honours thou hast won,

" Long as the Rarry Wheels of Nature run;

"Nature, be thou my Pledge; my Witness be the [Sun,

. NATHORNAL

Now, Britain, let thy Vows arise,
"May George the Royal Saint assume!
Then ask Permission of the Skies,
To put the favourite Name in David's Room:
Fair Carolina, join thy pious Cares
To train in Virtue's Path your Royal Heirs,
And be the British Crown with endless Honour theirs.

loans about the Globe with him Difficial,

n W. HXL kindrel Steer

TY in a COURT.

TO PHILOMELA.

instruction division

MADAM,

I KNOW not by what Train of Ideas I was led this Morning to muse on these sour Lines which I read fome where many Years ago.

The Court's a golden, but a fatal Gircle, Upon whose magick Skirts a thousand Devils In chrystal Forms sit tempting Innotence, And becken early Virtue from its Gentre.

The partie Prome Wholey inches THIS Description of a Court gave occasion to the following Enquiries.

Microsof War Read of Permits her Shieldy

Is there a lovely Soul, so much Divine, Can act her glorious Part, and move, and shine On this enchanted Spot of treach'rous Ground, Nor give her Vertue nor her Fame a Wound? in configuration and a second second

Is there a Soul fo temper'd, fo refin'd, That Pomp nor feeds her Senfe, nor fires the Mind,

That

Miscellaneous Thoughts,

That foars above the Globe with high Difdain, While Earth's gay Trifles tempt her Thoughts in vain!

Is there a Soul can fix her raptur'd Eyes, And glance warm Withes at her kindred Skies Thro' Roofs of vaulted Gold, while round her burn-Love's wanton Fires, and die beneath her Scorn?

Is there a Soul at Court that feeks the Grove Or lonely Hill to muse on heavenly Love; And when to Crowds and State her Hour descends, She keeps her Conscience and her God her Friends? Mornishmountife on their terminist aboth

HAVE ye not met her, Angels, in her Flight, Wing'd with Devotion, thro' meridian Night, Ne'er Heav'ns high Portal? - Angels, speak her Confign Eufebia to celestial Fame : " Maine, While Philomel in Danguage like your own To mortal Ears makes her young Victories known; Let Raphael to the Skies her Honours fing, And Triumphs daily new, With friendly Wing Gabriel in Arms attend her thro the Field 114 (10) of 3 Of facred War, and Mercy be her Shield, While with unfully'd Charms the makes her Way Thro Scenes of dangerous Life, to Realms of endless (vad) s enchanted spot of treach rous Ground,

I persuade myself, MADAM, you will acknowledge that these Queries are determined with much Truth and Justice, and centres in a Name that answers every Enquiry. Eusebia has such a Guard of

Nor give her A estue nor her I serven Wenned I

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of Modesty ever attending, as forbids these Lines to appear before her from my Hand; but Alethina happen'd to fit among a few intimate Friends while this Letter was read thus far; and here the interrupted the reading with a friendly Impatience to confirm it. "I know Eufebia's Modesty, faid " she, and a Blush will be easily raised in the Face of " fo much Virtue; yet I don't think the Writer " hath mistook her Character; in my Opinion 'tis " just and fincere; her whole Conversation is of a " Piece: Her publick and her private Hours are of " the same Colour and Hue: She is much a Chri-" ftian in the Family and the Closet, nor doth she " put off any part of that glorious Profession at Court. " I have been favour'd with some of the Fruits of her " retir'd Meditations, and as I have long had the " Happiness of her Acquaintance, I dare pronounce " that she lives what she writes, It so happens at " present, that I can give you a Taste of her Piety and " her Acquaintance with the Muses together, for I " have had Leave to transcribe three or four Copies " with which I have been much entertained, and " I'm perfuaded you'll thank me for the Entertain-" ment they give you."

1. A Rural MEDITATION

here that making Wax or summer thrown

HERE in the tuneful Groves and flow'ry Fields,
Nature a Thousand various Beauties yields:
The Daify and tall Cowssip we behold
Array'd in snowy White, or freckled Gold.

N 5

The

174 Miscellaneous Thoughts,

The verdant Profpect cherifhes our Sight, Affording Joy unmix'd, and calm Delight; The Forest-Walks and Venerable Shade, Wide-spreading Lawns, bright Rills, and filent Glade, With a Religious Awe our Souls infpire, And to the Heavens our raptur'd Thoughts aspire, To him who fits in Majesty on high, Who turn'd the flarry Arches of the Sky; Whose Word ordain'd the silver Thames to slow, Rais'd all the Hills, and laid the Vallies low; Who taught the Nightingale in Shades to fing, And bid the Sky-Lark warble on the Wing; Makes the young Steer obedient till the Land. And lowing Heifers own the Milker's Hand : Calms the rough Sea, and stills the raging Wind, And rules the Paffions of the Human Mind.

z. A Penitential THOUGHT.

And weep if I but hear a Tale of Sorrow?

Say, can I share in every one's Affliction,
Yet still remain thus stupid to my own?

Is then my Heart to all the World beside.

Softer than melting Wax or Summer Snow,
But to myself, harder than Adamant?

Can I behold the Ruin Sin has made,
And seel God's Image in my Soul defac'd;

Nor heave a Sigh, nor drop a pitying Tear

At my sad Fate, nor lift my Eyes to Heaven.

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For Aid against the Flatt'ries of the World, The Wiles of Satan and the Joys of Sense Internal Give me, ye Springs, Q give me all your Streams I That I may weep; nor thus with flupid Gaze shill Behold my Ruin, like a Wretch enchanted Whose Faculties are bound with powerful Charms, A. To some accurred Spot of Earth confined, wanted of I Give me, ye gentle Winds, your balmy Breath To heave my Bosom with continued Sighs. Teach me, ye Wood-Doves, your complaining Note To mourn my Fall, to mourn my rocky Heart, My Headstrong Will, and every finful Thought. In filent Shades retir'd I long to dwell, and the shade Far from the Tumults of the bufy World. And all the Sounds of Mirth and clamorous Toy, 'Till every stormy Passion is subdu'd, And God has full possession of my Soul; 'Till all my Wishes centre in his Will, And I no more am fetter'd to the World; 'Till all the Buliness of my Life is Praise, And my full Heart o'erflows with heavenly Love, While all created Beauties lose their Charms, And God is All in All. Shroos at the twirthing their they be;

3. A Midnight HYMN.

TO thee, All-glorious, ever bleffed Pow'r,
I confecrate this filent Midnight Hour,
While folemn Darkness covers o'er the Sky,
And all Things wrapt in gentle Slumbers lie,

Moscellaneous Phonghts

Unwearied let me praise thy holy Mame, And ev'ry Thought with Gratitude inflame, For the rich Melcies which thy Hands impart, Health to my Flesh, and Comfort to my Heart. O may my Prayers before thy Throne arise, An humble, but accepted Sacrifice! And when thou shalt my weary Eye-lids close, And to my Body grant a soft Repose, May my ethereal Guardian kindly spread His Wings, and from the Tempter screen my Head! Grant of celestial Light some piercing Beams, To bless my Sleep and fanctify my Dreams.

4. The Dying Christian's Hope.

I gasp with Pain for every lab'ring Breath,

I gasp with Pain for every lab'ring Breath,

O may my Soul by some blest Foretaste know.

That she's deliver'd from eternal Woe!

May Hope in Christ dispel each gloomy Fear,

And Thoughts like these my drooping Spirits chear.

What the my Sins are of a crimson Stain,

My Saviour's Blood can wash me white again:

The numerous as the twinkling Stars they be,

Or Sands along the Margin of the Sea;

Or as smooth Pebbles on some beachy Shore,

The Mercies of th' Almighty still are more.

He looks upon my Soul with pitying Eyes,

Sees all my Fears, and listens to my Cries:

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What Passions our unguarded Hearts moles, and the Sake of his dear dying Son, which the Will pardon all the Ills that I have done and the Arm'd with so bright a Hope, I shall not sear the But my Faith strength ning as my Life decays.

My dying Breath shall mount to Heaven in Praise.

THE Company was not a little charmed with the unaffected Air of Piety and Devotion which runs through all these Ones, and pronounced the Pen which wrote Eusebia's Character guiltless of Flattery, where the Life corresponds with such sacred Poesy as this, and makes the most tuneful Harmony in the Ears of the blessed God, and of all the Inhabitants of Heaven.

t full by Vix a be appeared by processing imperious. If he class will bear re-

e their unhappy Ludions, their bushup that

and see meliowed by Times this Anima

a founding Air, and while many fee

The Courteous and the Peevilh.

THERE are two evident Reasons why a Creature who is proud and angry in Youth, generally grows old in these Vices, and never corrects them. Some who were born near Neighbours to Vespus, and have known his Conduct from the Cradle, have named him to me as a very remarkable Example, in

whom.

whom thefe two Reafons prevail, to keep him an everlasting Slave to these Passions; for in the first Place he had always fuch an unchangeable good Opinion of himfelf and his own Conduct, that he could never for out his own Blemishes, nor could he find any occasion to charge himself with these Iniquities, and therefore he indulged them without Self-Reproof; and then also he is of so very waspish a Temper, that he will not bear any Friend to give him the gentleff Notice of his own Follies. He kindles at once upon the foftest Syllables of Remonstrance into a fudden Fit of Indignation; his Spirits rife into a Blaze all in a Moment, and with Fire and Thunder he filences the most friendly Admonisher. The peevish and the furious Boy by this Means is become a Man of Beevisanes and Fury. He wears his native Crimes to old Age: Growing Years and decaying Nature increase these unhappy Passions, these inward uneasy Ferments; and while Vegetables lofe their four Juices, and are mellowed by Time, this Animal grows fourer still by Age; he appears daily more fretful and more imperious. Tho' he will bear no Admonition himself, yet he deals out his Rebukes to others with a fovereign Air, and while many fear him, there are few or none that love him. A HIM

HE has pass'd through several Indispositions in the Course of Life, and been often confin'd to his Chamber by Sickness; but at fuch Seasons the whole Family is in Terror, for the provide Humour grows wisom

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intolerable. No Person or Thing can please him; whether Things, or Persons, or Circumstances, all offend. Not a Motion, not a Step, not a Word is right. He is ever teizing his Attendants with tharp and infolent Language, tho' they do all that Nature and Art can do to comport with his Will. He has lived uneasy in the midst of Health and Ease, and Ho wonder that he is all Chagrin and Impatience when Pain attacks him; and he feems to feet then with fome Colour or Pretence. In thort, he inwardly murmurs at Providence which has finitten him; and while he refents the Conduct of Heaven, he makes all. who are near him on Earth feel his Resentment. He is now in the last Stage of Life, and the same Man. Hill. The Leopard cannot put off his Spots, nor the Ethiopian thange his Skin: And he that has indulged his. Vices throughout his whole Life against all Admonitions, has little Reason to expect that he shall be delivered from these Iniquities at Death. The Sins of his Nature feem to go down with him to the Duft. and they cleave so close to the whole Man, that 'tiswell if they do not rise again with him, and attend him for ever. .

Nor so Placentia, the Wise and the Courteous. The shar been surrounded with Temptations to Pride and Anger, yet she had but little Vice in her Original Constitution, and has almost nullify'd that little by Rules of Virtue, by the Labours of Piety, and the Aids of Divine Grace. She was educated from her Cradle

Cradle in all the Forms of Grandeur; she has been surrounded with Complaifance of every kind, and the Civilities due to the Sex have less exposed her to Rudeness and Contradiction; yet she has learnt to bear an Opposition, both to her Sentiments and her Will, without awakening an angry Passion, or feeling an uneasy Ferment within. She receives the Sentiments of her Companions, when they are different from her own, with all the serene Airs of a Philosopher, who has nothing in pursuit but Reason and Truth; and if she happen to take a Step amiss, the Admonition of a Friend is numbered amongst her Benefits and her Obligations.

HER Nature is not robust, but rather of a sickly Make; yet neither Pain nor Siekness provoke a peevish Word from her. She has learnt to receive the Affliction as an awakening Stroke from Heaven, designed to loosen her Heart from all that is mortal: the is all Submission to the Hand of a heavenly Father, and weans herself daily from every thing beneath and beside God. She knows, or believes at least, that her Friends and her Attendants seek her Ease, and she accepts all they do with a grateful Pleasure. She had rather bear an Inconvenience herself, than give an Uneasiness even to the meaner Figures of Mankind: Every one loves to do kind Offices for Placentia, and happy are they who can administer any Relief to her in all her painful Hours.

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If the ever finds occasion to give a Reproof. 'tis with so much Address, with such Wisdom and fuch Sweetness, that the Person reproved is convinced and pleased at once, and his Reformation is effectually begun. A few Days ago the made this appear with peculiar Happinels.

Critille happened to pay his Morning Attendance, and heard divine Service at the same Church which Placentia frequented. When Prayers were done, the Preacher begun; he spoke many substantial Truths, agreeably enough to the Text whence he derived his Discourse, and he drew some Practical Inferences at the Close, with Justice, and with some degree of Fervency. But (alas! faid Critillo) there were for many old-fashion'd Similitudes and aukward Flourishes with which he seemed to garnish his Sermon; sometimes the Language was so mean and creeping, some of the Phrases appeared so antiquated, others fo vulgar, and many of them carried fuch an affected Air of the Sublime and Magnificent, that all my Devotion was spoil'd. I think I went to Church with a good Heart and Defires of Improvement, But I had no Appetite even to spiritual Food, when It was dress'd and dish'd out in so disagreeable a manner. I must confess I came home much out of Humour, and found no Profit at all. Platentia made but few and gentle Replies; but in order to obtain more Convertarion on the Subject, the invited Critilla

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to Dinner last Wednesday. She provided wholsome and proper Food in a becoming Variety, but the Dishes were of a very antique Mould, the Disposition of them quite out of fathion, and while the Garnish of some was profusely rich and gay, that of others was very coarse and poor. Critillo knowing his sincere Welcome, fat down, and confess'd he eat very heartily; but after Dinner he took the Freedom to ask the Lady whether this was the newest Mode of Entertainment, or what she meant by such an odd fort of Elegance in the Oeconomy of her Table. I meant, said Placentia, to try whether your Stomach was not in a more healthy State than your Soul and Conscience. You complained last Sunday, that the Sermon was so dish'd and dress'd, that you could not relish it; and tho' you confes'd there was much Truth and Duty contain'd in it, yet you were so disgusted with the Style of the Preacher and his aukward Manner, that you went away fretting at the Discourse, and received no Profit at all; but you own you fed heartily upon the Provisions of my Table to Day, nor was your Stomach fo squeamish as to keep your Fast, the' the Diffes and Garniture were inelegant enough, and very much a-kin to the Sermon you described. Critille took the Hint, and was convinced of his Folly, beg'd Pardon of Placentia, and learnt for the future to attend with a better Spirit on publick Worship: "For "you have now taught me, fays he, to make this " Observation, that if the Soul of a Christian be found in a healthy State, 'twill not grow peevish ss and " and refuse all spiritual Food, because it is not fur-" rounded with every proper and modifh Elegance in " the dispensing of it " to want to be some sufficient

But this is but one Instance of her Prudence and Address in reclaiming Mankind from their Follies; those who have the Happiness of her intimate Acquaintance, have been Witnesses to many such Pieces of gentle and effectual Reproof. A pleafing Serenity of Soul has run through her whole Courfe: But some Years ago, when the was verging towards the Decline of Life, the happened for feveral Months together, to be ruffled and teized with two or three unhappy Occurrences, which came upon her at once, and gave her fo much Disquietude, as made her Carriage to those round about her favour a little of the inward Vexation. She was foon confcious of the Inroad which was made upon her Peace and her gentle Virtues; she found the angry Ferment arise too often and work too near her Heart; she gave herfelf many filent Rebukes, and by repeated Prayer and a religious Watchfulness, she suppress'd the growing Evil, and recover'd her native Serenity. Happy those, who in fuch an Hour of Temptation do not lose their Temper intirely, beyond all Recovery.

SHE is now far advanced in Years, and the Infirmities which tend to put a Period to Life are growing upon her; yet she is not ever loading the Company with her Complaints, nor repeating to them the Hiflory of her daily Pains and Aches, nor does the often

speak

speak of them even amongst her Friends, but when it Sems necellary to excuse her Inactivity, or the Omisfion of any of the Duties of her Place, or to prevent too much Expectation from her under her present Incapacity and Weakness. "What can I get (fave she) 66 By buzzing all my Ails into the Ears of my Friends? "I shall but render myself disagreeable to the World, and my Company more unpleasant to those whom "I love; and when I have talked my Difeases all over to them, they cannot relieve me; therefore I chuse to complain in secret, only to Him who can " fend Relief, or give me a compleat and joyful Releafe.

In the long Series of her Life the met with few Enemies, and those have chiefly sprung from Envy at ther Happiness. Even while the has been scattering her Bleffings among Mankind, the has now and then mer a very unmerited Reproach; yet Placentia has never ceafed her kind Offices to them, but travelled on still in the Paths of Virtue and Goodness with a fublime Difregard of their Malice. which de more ded of

So glides the Moon along th' ethereal Plains, Bright ming the Midnight World with filver Blaze; And great in filent Majesty disdains The clamorous Envy of the barking Race; Yet Spines upon them still with generous Light, While Brutes abuse her Beams but to direct their Spight.

man were with the is the lever touth the Confidence Philagatha, a Lady of Six and Twenty Years old, was present while this bright Character was rehearsed; ייוייליוג

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the had been the Mother of three Children, and was fill proceeding; the was to charm'd with the many agreeable Parts of fuch a Life, that the refolved if ever the had another Daughter, it should be named Placentia.

LXIV. Jan 200 200 200

Common Occurrences moralizid.

A S Theophron one Evening was fitting folitary by the Fire, which was funk low, and glimmering in Ashes; he mus'd on the Sorrows that surrounded Human Nature, and befet the Spirits that dwell in By chance he cast his Eye on a Worm which was lodged on the fafer End of a short Fire-Brand: it feemed very uneafy at its warm Station, writhing and stretching itself every way for Relief. He watch'd the creeping Creature in all its Motions: I faw it, faid he, when he told this Incident to Philemus, I faw it reach forward, and there it met the living Coal; backward, and on each fide, and then it touch'd the burning Embers; still starting from the present Torment, it retreated and shrunk away from every Place where it had just before fought a Refuge. and still met with new Disquietude and Pain.

Ar last I observ'd (said he) that having turned on all sides in vain, it listed its Head upward, and rais'd its Length as high as possible in the Air, where it found 286

found nothing to annoy it; but the chief Part of the Body still lay prone on the Wood; its lower or worser Half hung heavy on the aspiring Animal, and sorbid its Ascent. How happy would the Worm have been, could it then have put on Wings and become a slying Insect!

SUCH (faid he) is the Cafe of every holy Soul on Earth; 'tis out of its proper Element, like the Worm lodg'd amongst hot Embers. The uneasy Spirit is fometimes ready to stretch its Powers, its Desires and Wishes on every side, to find Rest and Happiness amongst sensible Goods: But these Things, instead of fatisfying its nobler Appetites, rather give some new Pain, Variety of Vexation, and everlasting Disappointment. The Soul finding every Experiment vain, retires and shrinks backward from all mortal Objects, and being touch'd with a divine Influence, it raises itfelf up towards Heaven to feek its God: But the Flesh, the Body, the meaner and worser Half of the Man, hangs heavy, and drags it down again, that it cannot afcend thither, where Rest and Ease are only to be found.

What should such a Soul do now, but pant and long hourly for a Flight to the upper World, and breathe after the Moment of its Release? What should be more joyful to such a Spirit, than the divine and almighty Summons to depart from Flesh? O Blessed Voice from Heaven that shall say to it, Come up hi-

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ther; and in the same Instant shall break off all its Fetters, give it the Wings of an Angel, and inspire it with double Zeal to ascend.

ist rinknot God and becamenthous Moura bave be AT another time, faid Philemus, I happen'd to be with this good Man when he was walking through a Grove, and we unperch'd a Squirrel and a Lark. The Squirrel (faid he) leaped nimbly from Bough to Bough. and ran round half the Trees of the Grove to fecure itself; but the Lark, after it had just try'd a Bough or two, took Wing upward, and we faw it no more. Just fuch is the Difference, faid Theophron, between a Chriflian and a Man of this World. When the Sons of Earth are beat off from one mortal Hope, they run ftill to others, they fearch round among all the Creatures to find Relief, and dwell upon earthly Comforts still; but the Soul of a Christian, unperched from his Rest on Earth, flies immediately towards Heaven. and takes its Relief in the upper World among things

When Philemus told these little Occurrences of Theophron, together with his pious Remarks upon them, Ridelia sat simpering with an Air of Contempt till the Story was done, and then burst out into a loud Laugh. "What, says he, is the old Puritani-" cal Age returned again? Must we spiritualize the "Affairs of Larks, and Worms, and Squirrels, and "learn Religion from all the Trisses in Nature? At "Church let us be grave, and mind the Business of "the Church; but let us not fill our Chimney with "Les-

Miscellaneous Thoughts,

Lesions of Godliness, nor fadden our Fire-fide with

Devotion; let us never be so excessively Religious as to make Temples of the Fields and the Groves, and

" talk of God and Heaven there.

er another time, (aid Philame, I diepen'd tothe Philemus could hold no longer, but with a folemn and severe Countenance, gave Ridelio a just Rebuke. Must we never think of Heaven but at Church? I feat we shall then banish Religion out of the World. Hath not the bleffed God given us Notices of himfelf among all the Creatures, and must we never dare to take notice of him in any of them, left we be out of the Mode. and ridiculed as unfashionable? Perish all these Fathions of an ungodly World, which would thrust Heaven from our Thoughts! Let the Fashion of our Saviour obtain among us, who when he came down from God, and dwelt among Men, from every Occurrence of Life took occasion to raise the Thoughts of his Hearers to Things divine and heavenly! He drew the Lessons of his Gospel from the Fig-tree and the Mustard-Seed, from a lost Sheep and a louring Sky, and there was scarce any Occurrence of the meanest kind which he did not improve to holy Purposes; nor does it become any Man who wears the Name of a Chriflian, to laugh at the Practice of his Saviour, or to forbid his Followers the Imitation of To facred an Example. Affect of Lands; and Warmis, and Source of the



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and Church; but let us not fill our Colleges with

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EPIGRAMS, INSCRIPTIONS, and FRAG-MENTS of POESY.

PERHAPS there is no Perfon who hath amused himself with Verse from Fisteen Years old to Fisty, but hath sometimes writ upon low and common Themes, or mingled Fragments of Poesy on more important Subjects in Prose, and when Friends have been innocently entertained with those little Things, and Copies are once gone abroad into the World, they are in danger of being published in a very impersect and mangled manner. To avoid this, it is better they should appear as they are, and if they can give any further innocent Amusement to young Persons who delight in Verse, this may serve for an Apology for their Publication, tho' they were written in the early Parts of Life, especially since most of them bear some divine or moral Sentiment.

LXV.

FRAGMENTS of VERSE.

1. The Preface of a Letter, written August 1692,

E'RE fince the Morning of that Day
Which bid my dearest Friends adieu,
And rolling Wheels bore me away
Far from my native Town and You,

EA

E're fince I lost through distant Place, The Pleasures of a Parent's Face, This is the first whose Language sues For your Release from waxen Bands; Laden with humble Love it bows To kiss a Welcome from your Hands! Accept the Duty which it brings, And pardon its delaying Wings.

2. The Sun in Eclipse. To HORATIO.

Dear H.

THE first Thought which I glanc'd upon after I had set Pen to Paper, was the Approach of the Solar Eclipse, and it impress'd me with such Force, that I was constrained to spend a sew Lines to dress up a sudden Thought on that Subject, in the Strain which we learnt not many Years ago among the Heathen Poets.

Now, now 'tis just at Hand—
Now the bright Sun leaves his Meridian Stage,
Rolls down the Hill, and meets his Sister's Rage;
Her gloomy Wheels full at his Chariot run,
And join fierce Combat with her Brother Sun.
The gentle Monarch of the Azure Plain
Still paints and filvers her rebellious Wain,
And shoots his wonted Fires, but shoots his Fires in vain.

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Th' ungrateful Planet does as fast requite
Th' o'restowing Measures of her borrow'd Light
With an impetuous Deluge of resistless Night.
His staming Coursers tos their raging Heads,
And heave and grapple with the stubborn Shades;
Their Eyeballs stash, their brazen Bellows puss,
And belch ethereal Fire to guard the Darkness off;
In vain their brazen Lungs, in vain their Eyes,
Night spreads her Banners o're the wond'ring Skies.

Say, peaceful Muse, what Fury did excite
The Kindred Stars to this prodigious Fight?
Are these the Rules of Nature? Will the Skies
Let such dark Scenes of dreadful Battle rise?
What dire Events hang threat'ning o're the Earth?
What Plagues, what Wars, just bursting into Birth?
Now for his teeming Glebe the Ploughman sears,
Lest it should yield a Crop of Iron Spears:
Shepherds see Death spread o're the sleecy Downs,
Monarchs grow pale, and tremble for their Crowns:
Vain Dreams of mortal Weakness!

Awake, Philosophy, with radiant Eye,
Who searchest all that's deep, and all that's high;
Awake, survey the Spheres, explain the Laws
Of Heaven, and bring to Light th' Eternal Cause
Of present Darkness, &c.

Southampton, June 1695.

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3. In a LETTER to MARINDA, speaking concerming our bleffed SAVIOUR.

LET your immortal Thoughts arise,
Survey him crown'd with every Grace,
JESUS, the Wonder of the Skies,
The Great, the Meek, the Lovely and the Wise,
The Joy and Glory of the Place.

Here Angels fix their gazing Sight,
Here Saints releas'd from Earth and Sin,
Dwell on his Face divinely bright,
Copy his Beauties with intense Delight,
And with advancing Lustre shine.

LXVI.

The Inscriptions on several small French Pictures, translated.

ANGELICA finging.

WHAT, Musick and Devotion too?

This is the Business Angels do:

When Hearts and Hymns and Voices join,

It makes the pleasant Work divine.

CHLORIS stringing of Pearls.

Virtue and Truth in Heart and Head,

Which teach you how to Act and Speak,

Are brighter Pearls than those you thread,

CHLORIS, to tie about your Neck.

PHYLLIS playing with a Parret.

If Women will not be inclin'd

To feek th' Improvements of the Mind,

Believe me, PHYLLIS, for 'tis true,

Parrots will talk as well as you.

The Cook, who in her humble Post Provides the Family with Food, Excells those empty Dames that boast Of Charms and Lovers, Birth and Blood.

FLORELLA singing to her Harp.
FLORELLA sings and plays so well,
Which she doth best, is hard to tell.
But 'tis a poor Account to say,
All she can do is sing and play.

A M A R Y L L I S spinning.

O what a pretty Spinner's here!

How sweet her Looks! how neat her Linnen!

If Love and Youth came both to see her.

Youth wou'd at once set Love a spinning.

Willy and allowed by Dies.

DORINDA sewing.

We stand exposed to every Sin

While idle, and without Employ;

But Business holds our Passions in,

And keeps out all unlawful Joy.

I R I S fuckling three Lap-Dogs.

Fond foolish Woman! while you nurse
Those Puppies at your Breast,
Your Name and Credit fares the worse
For every Drop they taste.

I R I S, for shame, those Brutes remove,
And better learn to place your Love.

POMONA the Market Majd.

Virtue adorns her Soul within,
Her homely Garb is ever clean:
Such Innocence diffaining Art
Gives Love an honourable Dart.

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INSCRIPTIONS ON DIALS.

Written on a Sun-Dial in a Circle.

Sic petit Oceanum Phoebus, sie Vita Seputchrum,
Dum sensim tacità Volvitur Hora rotà;
Secula sic sugient, sic Lux, sic Umbra, Theatrum
Donec stelligerum clauserit una Dies.

Afterwards turn'd into English W.

Thus steal the filent Hours away,

The Sun thus hastes to reach the Sea,

And Men to mingle with their Clay.

Thus

Thus Light and Shade divide the Year, Thus, till the last great Day appear, And shut the starry Theatre.

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On a Cieling Dial, usually called a Spot-Dial, made at a Western Window, at Theobalds.

LITTLE Sun upon the Cieling,
Ever moving, ever stealing
Moments, Minutes, Hours away,
May no Shade forbid thy Shining,
While the heavenly Sun declining
Calls us to improve the Day.

Another for a Spot-Dial.

Shining Spot, but ever fliding!

Brightest Hours have no abiding:

Use the golden Moments well:

Life is wasting,

Death is hasting,

Death consigns to Heaven or Hell.

ANOTHER.

SEE the little Day-Star moving;
Life and Time are worth improving,
Seize the Moments while they stay;
Seize and use them,
Lest you lose them,
And lament the wasted Day.

Other

Other MOTTO'S on DIALS.

FESTINAT Suprema.
Proxima non nostra est.

Vehimur properantibus Horis
Ad Coelum aut Erebum.

Sic imus ad Atria Lucis

Aut Umbras Erebi.

LXVIII.

INSCRIPTIONS ON POURTRAITS.

The Lines under Dr. Owen's Picture,

Written by himfelf.

UMBRA refert fragiles dederint quas Cura Dolorque Relliquias, Studiis assiduusque Labor. Mentem humilem sacri servantem Limina Veri Votis supplicibus Qui dedit, ille videt.

Englified thus,

Beholb the Shade; the frail Remains
Of Sickness, Cares, and studious Pains.
The Mind in humble Posture waits
At facred Truth's celestial Gates,
And keeps those Bounds with holy Fear,
While He who gave it, sees it there.

Various MOTTO's for an EFFIGY.

D' tibi Terra quod Umbra refert: satis exhibet Umbra Quod modó Pulvis ergt, quod citó Pulvis erit.

Mens donata Deo cupit Immortalia, Cœhum Suspicit, Æthereis associanda cheris.

Monstrat iter mibi sola Fides: Amor adjicit alas: Surgo: levatricem, Gratia, tende manum.

Nox, Error, Dolor, Ira, Metus, Caro, Munde, valete: Lux, Via, Vita, Salus, omnia CHRISTUS erit.

Court and how the 2 - I were

In CHRISTO mea Vita latet: mea Gloria CHRISTUS:
Hunc Lingua, hunc Calamus celebrat, nec Imago tacebit.
IN UNO JESU OMNIA.

3.

The dies Carriedo, Ana Speaking Truth and Love:

4.

Est mihi Christus vivere, & Lucrum mori-

Xerris spon w Gir, Kied ipon w Jariff

6.

Sic levis Umbra Virum, Vir Paulum, Paulus Jesum Sequitur, non Assequitur.

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LXIX.

LXIX.

EPIGRAMS.

In mirum Maris Meridionalis Thefauri

EXORTA è medio jam fortitèr Aura popello
Spirat in Australeis fructus: Argentea Spuma
Tollitur in montes; (mirandum) atque Aurea Regna
Exurgunt Ponto. Circumfremit undique Turba
Mercantum, in Cœlum aspirans: Summa æquara Nauta
Certatim scandunt, & se mirantur in Astris:
Quisque sibi Diadema facit, nam plurimus extat
Crœsus. At insidos, O qui sapis, Esfuge sluctus,
Nec tumidæ credas (licet auro splendeat) Undæ,
Ne repetas miserum per mille pericla Prosundum,
Nex brevis. Heu! simulac subsiderit Aura popelli,
Unda jacet; montes pereunt; evanida Regna;
Nil suberit Spumæ nist sortè marina * Vorago.

* Alii legendum vellent Mortimerina.

2. On the wondrous Rise of the South-Sea Stock, 1720.
'T is faid, the Citizens have fold
Faith, Truth and Trade, for South-Sea Gold;
'Tis false: for those that know can swear
All is not Gold that glisters there.

3. Inscribendum Maris Meridionalis Gazophylacio, five Officinæ.

QUISQUIS es, hic intra, cui crescere Nummulus ardet, Cuive Crumena gravis nimis eft : Hic Gaza paratur Ampla magis, sed onusta minus; Centena Talenta-Australi videas cito ter triplicata sub unda; Quod gravitatis abest numerum supplere videbis. Hic Bulla, Fumus, Rumor, Spes, Lana caprina, Nix aftiva, Umbra, Phantafmata, Somnia, Venti, Prædia in Utopicis regionibus, Aurea Spuma, Aeriæg; Arces venduntur, emuntur in boras.

vel fi brevior Inscriptio magis arridet.

--- Non omne quod his micat Aurum est.

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4. To SABINA and her Companions travelling together to see fine Buildings and Gardens.

TITHILE round the Gardens and the Groves Your Foot, your Eye, your Fancy roves, With still new Forms of Pleasure in a warm Pursuit, Let every Tree yield Knowledge too, Safer than that in Eden grew, Where your own Mother Eve found Poison in the

> Fruit. 5. The

5. The same.

Go, view the Dwellings of the Great,
The spacious Court, the tow'ring Seat,
The Roofs of costly Form, the Fret-work and the
Mark the bright Tap'stry Scenes, and say, [Gold;
Will these make wrinkled Age decay,
Or warm the Cheek, and paint it gay,

When Death spreads o'er the Face her frightful Pale [and Cold?]

6. The fame.

In vain you fearch the Verdant Scenes,
The shaded Walks, the flow'ry Greens,
The Trees of Golden Fruit for what can ne'er be
You fearch for Bliss, where 'twill not grow, [found:
There is no Paradise below,
Since Life's immortal Tree is perish'd from the Ground.

7. RATIO, FIDES, CHARITAS. .

RECTA Fidem Ratio juvat: Alma Fides Rationem:
Sed Ratio atque Fides nil sine Amore juvant.

IDEM.

Et Ratio Fidei est, & amica Fides Rationi: At nihil ambo valent si mihi desit Amor.

LXX.

EPITAPHS.

Chessunt Church in Hertfordshire. In Memory of THOMAS PICARD, Esq; Citizen of London, who dy'd suddenly, Jan. 29. A. D. 1719. Æt. 50.

A Soul prepar'd needs no Delays,
The Summons come, the Saint obeys:
Swift was his Flight, and short the Road,
He clos'd his Eyes, and faw his God.
The Flesh rests here till Jesus come,
And claim the Treasure from the Tomb.

2. On the Grave-Stone of Mr. JOHN MAY, & young Student in Divinity, who dy'd after a lingering and painful Siekness, and was buried in Chessunt Church-Yard in Hertfordshire.

n agreement beautiful

S O fleep the Saints, and ceafe to groan,
When Sin and Death have done their worst.
Christ hath a Glory like his own,
Which waits to cloathe their waking Dust.

2. 77.15

3. Written for a Grave-Stone of a near Relation.

IN Faith fhe dy'd; in Dust she lies; But Faith foresees that Dust shall rise When Jesus calls, while Hope assumes, And boasts her Joy among the Tombs.

Or thus,

BENEATH this Stone Death's Prisoner lies,
The Stone shall move, the Prisoner rise,
When Fesus with Almighty Word
Calls his dead Saints to meet their Lord.

4. To the Pious Memory of the Rev. Mr. SAMUEL HARVEY. of London, who died April 17. 1729. Etat. 30.

He was a Person of a very low Stature, but of an excellent Spirit, adorn'd with all the Graces of a Minister and a Christian in a most uncommon Degree. His Sickness was a slow Fever; but while the Disorder was upon him, he ventured abroad, according to a Promise made some time before, and his Zeal exhausted all his Spirits in pious and profitable Conversation with some younger Persons who greatly valued his Ministry; in a few Days the Distemper prevail'd beyond the Reach and Power of Medicine.

An EPITAPH.

HERE lie the Ruins of a lowly Tent,
Where the feraphick Soul of HARVEY spent
Its mortal Years. How did his Genius shine,
Like Heaven's bright Envoy, clad in Powers Divine!

When from his Lips the Grace or Vengeance broke, 'Twas Majesty in Arms, 'twas melting Mercy spoke. What Worlds of Worth lay crowded in that Breast! Too strait the Mansion for th' Hustrious Guest. Zeal, like a Flame shot from the Realms of Day, Aids the slow Fever to consume the Clay, And bears the Saint up through the starry Road Triumphant. So Elijah went to God. What happy Prophet shall his Mantle sind, Heir to the double Portion of his Mind?

Sic musa jam veterascenti.

Inter justissimos amicorum & Ecclesia

Fletus Harvæo suo parentat. I. W.

5. An EPITAPH on the Reverend:
Mr. M'ATTHEW CLARKE.

In hoc Sepulchro conditur

MATTHÆUS CLARKE,

Patris venerandi Filius cognominis,
nec. ipse minus venerandus:
Literis sacris & humanis
à primà ætate innutritus:
Linguarum scientissimus:
In munere Concionatorio
eximius, operosus & felix:
In Officio Pastorali
sidelis & vigilans:

Miscellaneous Thoughts,

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Inter Theologorum Dissidia

moderatus & pacificus:

Ad omnia Pietatis munia

promptus semper & alacris:

Conjux, Frater, Pater, Amicus,

inter præstantissimos:

Erga omnes hominum ordines

egregié benevolus.

Quas verò innumeras invicta Modestia dotes

Celavit, nec Fama profert, nec copia fandi

Est Tumulo concessa: Sed olim Marmore rupto

Ostendet ventura Dies; Præconia Cæli

Narrabunt; Judex agnoscet, & Omnia plaudent.

Abi, Viator, ubicunq; terrarum fueris,

bæc audies.

Natus est agra Leicestriensi, A. D. 1664.

Obiit Londini. 27°. die Martii, 1726.

Ætat. suæ 62.

Multum dilectus, multum desideratus.

In English thus.

China Commission of the States

Sacred to MEMORY.
In this Sepulchre lies buried
MATTHEW CLARKE,
A Son bearing the Name
of his venerable Father,
nor less venerable himself.
Train'd up from his youngest Years
in sacred and human Learning.

Very skilful in the Languages:
In the Gift of Preaching
excellent, laborious and successful:
In the Pastoral Office
faithful and vigilant:

Among the Controversies of Divines
moderate always and pacifick:

Ever ready for all the Duties of Piety:

Among Husbands, Brothers, Fathers, Friends,
he had few Equals:

And his Carriage toward all Mankind was eminently benevolent.

But what rich Stores of Grace lay hid behind
The Vail of Modesty, no human Mind
Can search, no Friend declare, nor Fame reveal,
Nor has this mournful Marble power to tell.
Yet there's a hast ning Hour, it comes, it comes,
To rouze the sleeping Dead, to burst the Tombs,
And set the Saint in view. All Eyes behold:
While the vast Records of the Skies unroll'd,
Rehearse his Works, and spread his Worth abroad;
The Judge approves, and Heaven and Earth applaud.

Go, Traveller; and wherefoe're Thy wand'ring Feet shall rest.

In distant Lands, thy Ear shall hear.

His Name pronounc'd and blest.

He was born in Leicestersbire, in the Year 1664.

He dy'd at London, March 27. 1726.

Aged Sixty-two Years,

Much beloved, and much lamented.

6. An EPITAPH on the Reverend Mr. ED-WARD BRODHURST.

Hoc Marmore commemoratur Vir in Sacris supra socios peritus, Nec in Literis bumanis minus Sciens: Rebus divinus aprima ætate deditus, Veritatis Liberé studiosus, Fidei Christianæ strenuus affertor, Et Pietate nulli secundus. Concionator eximius, Ratione, Suadela, Eloquio Potens, Paftor erga Gregem fibi commissum Vigil, & follicitus pene supra modum: Moribus facilis, Vita beneficus, Omnigena Charitatis Exemplar: Mille Virtutibus instructus Quas facra celavit Modestia; Sed non usque celabuntur : I Lector, & expecta diem Quâ Coelo Terrisque simul innotescet Qualis & quantus fuit

EDVARDUS BRODHURST.

Agro Derbiensi natus est, A.D. 1691.
Birmingamiæ defunctus Julii die 21. 1730.
Animam ad superos avolantem

Ecclesia militans luget,

Triumphans plaudit,

Suscipit Christus, agnoscit Deus, "Euge, fidelis serve."

Done into English by another Hand.

This Marble calls to our Remembrance A Person of superior Skill in Divinity, Nor less acquainted with human Literature: Inclined from his Infancy to Things facred. An impartial Inquirer after Truth, An able Defender of the Christian Faith: A truly Pious and Devout Man; A Preacher that excelled In Force of Reason and Art of Persuasion: A Paftor vigilant beyond his Strength, Over the Flock committed to his Charge:

Of courteous Behaviour and beneficent Life: A Pattern of Charity in all its Branches:

A Man adorn'd with many Virtues, Conceal'd under a Veil of Modesty; But shall not for ever be conceal'd:

Go, Reader, expect the Day, When Heaven and Earth at once fhall know How deferving a Person

Mr. EDWARD BRODHURST Was. He was born in Derbysbire, 1691. Dy'd at Birmingham, July 21. 1730. His Soul ascending to the blest above, The Church on Earth bemoans, The Church Triumphant congratulates, Is received by Christ, approved of God;

" Well done, good and faithful Servant."

7. THE following EPITAPH on Sir Is AAC NEWTON, was composed by my worthy Friend, Mr. John Eames, with a few Decorations added at his Request.

HIC Sepultus est ISAACUS NEWTONUS

Eques auratus,
Moribus veré antiquis, sanctissimis;
Qui nec inter Atheos De 1 Cultum,
Nec inter Philosophos Christis Fidem
Erubuit.

Ingenio supra hominem sortem sagaci, Mathesin immane quantum adauxit ditavitque Qua juvante

Naturæ, quaquà patet, Motus & Vires Coelo, Terrâ, Mariq; examussim dimensus est: Perplexos vagantis Lunæ Circuitus Strictis Cancellis solus coercuit:

Oceani fluentis refluiq; Leges æthereas

Terricolis notas fecit; all alla

Temporifq; Metas.

A multis retrò seculis vagas & erroneas Certis Astrorum Periodis alligavit, fixitque:

Quales in Semitas
Vi Gravitatis flectuntur Cometæ,
Advenæ, profugi, reducesue, monstravit.
Pallidumque eorum Jubar
Benesscum potius quam serale,

Planeticolis exhibuit optandum: front lision great care Lucis simplicis ortum multiformem, Variegata simplicem, Colorum fc. miram Theoriam Primus & penitus exploravit. Fidis Experimentis, non fictis Hypothesibus, innixus Scientiæ Humanæ Limites, Ultrà quam fas erat Mortalibus sperare, Proprio Marte promovit, Posterisque ulterius promovendos Nostrum super æthera scandens Monuit & indigitavit. Vale, Coeleftis Anima, Seculi Gentisque tuæ Lumen ingens Ac ingens Desiderium, Generis Humani Desus, Vale.

LXXI.

The Cadence of VERSE.

I N Writings of every kind, an Author should be solicitous so to compose his Work, that the Ear may be able to take in all the Ideas, as well as the Eye, and to convey his compleat Sense to the Mind with Ease and Pleasure. Since every Sentence has some Words in it which are more Emphatical than the rest, and upon which the Meaning, the Beauty, the Force and the Pleasure of the Sentence depend, the Writer should

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should take great care that the Hearer may have a distinguishing Preception of all these, as well as the Person who reads. All the Parts of a Sentence, from one End to the other, are not to be pronounced with the same Tone of Voice; such a constant Uniformity would not only be heavy and tirefome, but the Hearer would never be imprest with the true Sense of the Period, unless the Voice of the Reader were changed agreeably, as the Sense and Words require. This is properly called the Cadence.

A good Cadence in Verse, is much the same thing as the proper and graceful Sound of a Period in Profe. This arises partly from the Harshness or Softness of the Words, and the happy Disposition of them, in a fort of Harmony with the Ideas which are represented, partly from the long and short Accents which belong to the Syllables well mingled, and partly also from the Length and Shortness of the Sentences, and a proper Situation of the Pauses or Stops, as well as from putting the emphatical Words in their true Places. All this might be made evident in a Variety of Instances, by shewing how obscure or how languid the Sense sometimes would be found, if the proper Cadences be not observed by the Writer or Reader; how ungraceful, how unmufical, and even offensive would some Sentences appear in Prose, or some Lines in Verse, if harsh-sounding Words were put when the fofter are required, if Syllables of a short Accent were placed in the room of long, if the emphatical Words

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re 6t or Pauses were disposed in improper Places? The most skilful and melodious Reader, with his utmost Labour and Art of Pronunciation, can never entertain a judicious Auditory agreeably, if the Writer has not done his Part in this respect. And tho' these Matters are of far less Importance in Poesy, than the Propriety, Grandeur, Beauty and Force of the Ideas and the elegant Disposition of them; yet the late Duke of B. in his samous Essay on Poetry, supposes them to be of some Necessity to make good Verse.

Number and Rhyme, and that harmonious Sound Which never does the Ear with Harshness wound, Are necessary, the but vulgar Arts.

This Theme would furnish sufficient Matter for many Pages; but upon occasion of a Question put to me a few Days ago upon this Subject, I shall here take Notice only of those vicious Cadences in Verse, which arise from long or short Syllables ill placed, or from Colons, Comma's and Periods ill disposed, as far as my Amusements in Poesy have given me any Knowledge of this kind.

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It has been an old and just Observation, that English Verse generally consists of Iambick Feet: An lambick Foot has two Syllables, whereof the first is short, and the latter long. An English Verse of the Heroic kind, consists of five such Feet, so that in reading it, the Accent is usually laid upon the 2d, 4th, 6th, 8th and 10th Syllables. Mr.

Mr. Dryden, who was counted the best Versisier of the last Age, is generally very true to this Iambick Measure, and observes it perhaps with too constant a regularity. So in his Virgil he describes two Serpents in Ten Lines, without one Foot of any other kind, or the Alteration of a single Syllable.

Two Serpents rank'd abreast, the Seas divide,
And smoothly sweep along the swelling Tide.
Their slaming Crests above the Waves they show,
Their Bellies seem to burn the Seas below:
Their speckled Tails advance to steer their Course,
And on the sounding Shore the stying Billows force.
And now the Strand, and now the Plain they held,
Their ardent Eyes with bloody Streaks were fill'd;
Their nimble Tongues they brandish'd as they came,
And lick'd their bissing Jaws, that sputter'd Flame.

Tho' all these ten Lines glide on so smoothly, and seem to cares the Ear, yet perhaps this is too long a Uniformity to be truly grateful, unless we excuse it by supposing the Poet to imitate the Smoothness of the Serpents swift, easy and uniform Motion over the Sea and Land, without the least Stop or Interruption.

In the Lines of Heroit Measure, there are some Parts of the Line which will admit a Spondee, that is, a Foot made of two long Syllables; or a Trochee, where the first Syllable is long, and the latter short: A happy n

Intermixture of these will prevent that Sameness of Tone and Cadence which is tedious and painful to a judicious Reader, and will please the Ear with a greater Variety of Notes; provided still that the *lambick* Sound prevail. And here, according to the best Observation I can make, a *Spondee* may be placed in the first, second, third, sourth or fifth Place. But a Trochee usually finds no room, except in the first or third, where they are sometimes placed with much Elegance of Sound.

THAT a Spondee may be used in any Part of the Verse, appears from this Consideration, that Ten single Words which are all of long Accents, will make a Verse, tho' not a very graceful one:

Blue Skies look fair, while Stars Shoot Beams like Gold.

So that ingenious Mimick Line of Mr. Pope, in his Art of Criticism,

Where Ten low Words creep on in one dull Line.

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In fuch Verse every Foot may be a Spondee, or every Syllable in the Verse long.

Trochees are frequently used for the first Foot. This founds very agreeably, as in the first Line of the famous Poem called the Splendid Shilling, by Mr. Philips.

Happy the Man who void of Care and Strife.

And fometimes, the not often, for the third Foot as well as the first: Milton describes the Devils,

Hovering on Wing, under the Cope of Hell.

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The Words Happy, in Philips, and Under in Milton, state of Trockees; but scarce any other Place in the Morse desides the first and the third, will well endure the Cadence of the Verse, and offending the Ear.

THERE are some Lines in our old Poets faulty in this Particular, as,

None think Rewards render'd worthy their Worth.

And both Lovers, both thy Disciples were. Davenant.

Where Worthy in the fourth Place, and Lovers in the fecond, are very unharmonious, and turn the Line into perfect Profe. Perhaps there may be some Places found in Milton's Works, where he has not been so nice an Observer of this Matter; * but 'tis granted, even by his Admirers, that his Numbers are not always so accurate and tuneful as they should be; he has indeed too much neglected this Part of Poesy, tho' he has in many Places recompensed the Pains of the Reader's Ear by the Pleasure he gives in the Dignity and Sublimity of the Sense, as well as by the rich Variety of his Cadences, which are most times just and graceful.

Here let it be observed, that where double Rhimes are used, there indeed a Trochee comes last;

^{*} Yet it may be allow'd, that upon a special Occasion, a Trochee is found in the fourth Place not utterly disagreeable in Milton's Poem.

but it is not designed there to be a Foot of the Verse for it stands only in the Place of the last which is always long, and the short Syllable to but a sort of superfluous Turn or Flourish added to the last long Syllable, as in Dryden's Absolum, &c.

Then all for Women, Painting, Rhyming, Drinking, Besides ten Thousand Freaks that dy'd in Thinking.

Note, These Trochees, instead of the last long Syllable, are very seldom admitted in grave Poems in Rhime, but only for Burlesque and Ridicule, as in the Lines now cited; nor doth Milton much use them in his Blank Verse, tho' they are frequently used in Blank Verse by more modern Writers, and especially in Dramatick Poesy.

Mr. Pope, as well as Mr. Dryden, are more careful in their Numbers, and never indulge such irregular Licence, except where they design something comical; yet there is one Instance in Mr. Pope's Translation of Homer, wherein he has introduced a Trochee for the fourth Foot, but 'tis with a beautiful Intent, and with equal Success, when he represents a Chariots uneven Motion in a rugged Way by the abrupt Cadences and rugged Sound of his Verse.

Jumping high o're the Routs of the rough Ground, Rattled the clattering Carrs, and the shock'd Axles bound.

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In the first of these Lines there is but one lambick, (viz.) the Routs; the rest are Sponders and Trochees; and particularly the two Trochees, (viz.) Jumping, and

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of the are inserted in the first and fourth Places, to make the Verse the rougher. The Transposition of the tlattering Garrs, which is the Nominative Case after the Verb rattled, adds something farther to the graceful Consusion which arises in the Verse from the jumbling Idea which the Poet describes.

Thus much for the Cadence of Verse, as it depends upon long and short Syllables.

"Thus much indeed (fays Censorio, who read these five or six Pages) and a great deal too much for any

" Man to write upon these Trifles, whose Profession

" calls him to facred Studies."

Uranio, who delighted to read divine Poems, took up the Cause, and forbid the Reprover. Are all Verse (said he) profane Things? If so, how will the Royal Psalmist escape? But if Verse may lawfully be written, there must be some Knowledge of the Rules of it, and some Acquaintaince with the Elegance of Sound as well as Sense. The chearful and pious Half-hours, which have been spent in the Closet as well as in the Church, by the help of devout Poesy, give too much Encouragement to this Art, to have it for ever forbidden to Christians.

BESIDES, if Verse were but a mere Recreation, may not a Life devoted to divine Offices be indulged in some sort of Amusement in this animal and seeble State.

State, to divert a heavy Hour, and relieve the Mind a little, when fatigued with intense Labours of a superior Kind? Was the Character of that spiritual Man, the Archbishop of Cambray, ever thought to be tarnish'd by his Epistolary Converse with De la Motte the French Poet, on such Subjects as these? Go home, Censorio, and subdue your snarling Humour; or learn to employ your Reproofs with more Justice. For my part, I will proceed to gratify myself in reading the next sour or sive Pages too; tho' I find by the Title, that the Argument is much the same.

LXXII.

Of the different Stops and Cadences in Blank VERSE.

M. Milton is esteemed the Parent and Author of Blank Verse amongst us; he has given us a noble Example of it in his incomparable Poem call'd Paradise Lost, and has recommended it to the World in his Presace. There he assures us, that true Musical Delight does not consist in Rhyme, or the jingling Sound of like Endings, but only in apt Numbers, sit Quantity of Syllables, and the Sense variously drawn out from one Verse into another. Yet however the Sentence be often prolonged beyond the End of the Line, this does by

no means imply that no Verse should have a Period at the End of it, for that would be running out of one Extreme into another, and by avoiding one Error to fall into a worse, as I shall make appear in what sollows.

WHERE Rhyme is used, there has too generally been placed a Colon or a Period at the End of every Couplet, tho' without Necessity; and thus the whole Poem usually runs on in the same Pace with such a perpetual Return of the same sort of Numbers and the same Cadences and Pauses, that the constant Uniformity has grown tiresome and offensive to every mustical Ear, and is contrary to the Rules of true Harmony, according to that known Remark of Horace,

Ridetur Chorda qui Jemper oberrat eadem.

But it does not follow from this Observation, that Blank Verse should abandon all Colons and Periods at the End of the Lines; but only that they should be disposed of with Care and Judgment in a greater Variety through several Parts of the Line, as well as at the End of it. This will affist the Poet in forming true Harmony, and in making his different Numbers and the different Cadences of the Verse appear more various and grateful; it will constrain the Reader to give different Rests to his Voice, and thus take away that dull Uniformity of Sound which too often overspreads a Poem writ in Rhyme.

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Now these Pauses in the Sense, and consequently these Rests in the Voice, should be judiciously fixed
through all the Parts of the Verse or Line in such amanner, that no one sort of Pause or Cadence should
return too often and offend the Ear; and this may be
happily performed in some Measure in Verse with
Rhyme, tho not so well as where there is none. To
render Blank Verse more perfect in this Kind, what
if one should propose the sollowing Rules?

Heroic Measure, it follows that there are ten Places where the Sense may be finish'd, and a Stop may be placed; and therefore if we would observe any thing of Proportion, there should be at least a Colon or Period at the End of one Line in ten; but perhaps the Ease and Rest of the Ear, the proper Partition of the Verses one from another, and the Distinction of Poesy from Prose, would require it rather a little more frequent. This Milton himself has by no means observed, but has sometimes drawn out his Sense from one Verse into another, as he expresses it, to such a Length, as to run on for fixteen or twenty Lines together, without so large a Stop as a Semicolon at the End of a Line; and in many Places there is not so much as a

In Verse with Rhime, Custom has almost made it necessary that there should be more Colons and Periods dispos'd at the End of Couplets, than Blank Verse stands in need of, which knows no Distinction of Couplets, nor any sort of Stanzas.

Comma for four or five Lines successively, or sometimes for six or seven. There are so many Instances of this in his Work, that I need not point to any particular Page.

- 2. Tho' there are ten Places in a Line wherein the Sense may end, or a strong Stop may be fixed, yet I think a very strong Stop should scarce ever be placed at the first Syllable, or the Ninth, without some very extraordinary Reason for it; the Gracefulness of Sound will hardly admit it; it seems too abrupt, unless some peculiar Beauty in the Sense is supposed to be express'd thereby.
- gether, where the Stop is placed at the fame Syllable of the Line, whether it be Comma, Colon, or Period; three Lines very feldom, and four never: for this would bring in that unpleasing Uniformity, which it is the Design and Glory of Blank Verse to avoid. This Milton seems to have observed almost every where with great Care.
- 4. WHERE there is a very strong Period, or the End of a Paragraph, there the Line should generally end with the Sense; and an intire new Scene, or Episode, ought generally to begin a new Line.
- 5. THE End of a Line demands always fome small Pause of half a Comma in the Reading, whether there be any in the Sense or no, that hereby the Ear

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of the Hearer may obtain a plain and distinct Idea of the several Verses, which the Eye of the Reader receives by looking on the Book: And for this Reason a Line should never end with a Word which is so closely connected in Grammar with the Word sollowing, that it requires a continued Voice to unite them; therefore an Adjective ought scarce ever to be divided from its Substantive; yet may I venture to say Milton has done it too often? As Book VIII, Line 5, 6, in two Verses together,

What Thanks sufficient, or what Recompence

Equal have I to render thee, divine

Historian?

And in Book IX. Line 44. Oth said JIIV Long

——— unless an Age too late, or cold Climate, or Years damp my intended Wing.

Book VII. Line 373. speaking of the Sun,
Invested with bright Rays, jocond to run
His Longitude thro Heaven's high Road: the grey
Dawn and the Pleiades before him danc'd.

It must be confess'd, where some important Adjective of two or more Syllables follows the Substantive, it may be much better omitted, as Book VII. Line 194.

Girt with Omnipotence, with Radiance crown'd Of Majesty divine, Sapience and Love Immense, and all his Father in him shone.

And Book IV. Line 844.

So spake the Cherub, and his grave Rebuke, Severe in youthful Beauty, added Grace Invincible. P 5

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Where the Adjective has any thing dependent upon it, then it may be very elegantly divided from the Substantive, and begin a new Line, as in the midmost of the three last cited, Severe in youthful Beauty.

Milton has also sometimes separated other Words at the End of a Line, which Nature, and Grammar, and Musick seem to unite too nearly for such a Separation; as Book IV. Line 25.

Now Conscience wakes the bitter Memory

Of what he was, what is, and what must be

Worst; of worse Deed, worse suffering must ensure:

Book VIII. Line 419.

Should'st Propagate, already Infinite.

Book VI. Line 452.

For Gods, and too unequal Work we find.

Again, V. 462.

But Pain is perfect Misery, the worst

AND you may find a Number of Instances of this Kind in this great Poet, whereby he has sometimes reduced his Verse too much into a Prosaick Form. Whether this was Negligence or Design in the Poet, is hard to say; but 'tis evident that by this unreasonable Run of the Sense out of one Line into another, and by his too frequent avoiding not only Colons and

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Periods, but even Comma's at the End of the Line, it becomes hardly possible for the Ear to distinguish all the Ends and Beginnings of his Verses; nor is the Reader able to observe such Accents and such Pauses as may give and maintain sufficient Distinction. Now if the Beginning and Ending of every Verse is not distinguish'd by the Hearer, it disfers too little from a fort of Poetical Prose.

LXXIII.

A dying World, and a durable Heaven.

and Daughters of Adam, who see all Things round them upon the Face of the Earth in perishing and dying Circumstances, to speak and act, and live as the they should never die? The Vegetable World with all its Beauties seems to pass under a spreading Death every Year; the Glory of the Field, the Forest, and the Garden perish. Animal Nature is born to die and mingle with its original Dust; not the Strength of Beasts, the Oxe, or the Lyon, can resist their Fate; nor the Fowl of the swiftest Wing escape it; nor can the Nations of Insects hide from it in their dark Holes and Caverns, where they seek to prolong their little Beings, and keep the vital Atoms together through the changing

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changing Seasons. Our own Flesh and Blood is much of the same Make, 'tis borrow'd from the same Materials as theirs, it has a similar Compofition, and Sin has mingled many more Diseases in our Frame, than are known to the vegetable or brutal Kinds. We fee our Ancestors go before us to the Grave, and yet we live as tho' we should never follow them. We behold our Neighbours carried away from the midst of us daily to their Beds of Earth, and yet we are as thoughtless of this awful and important Hour, as the our own Turn would never come. Let us furvey Mankind a little: How are all their Tribes employ'd? What is the Grand Bufiness of Life? Are not all their Powers of Flesh and Mind devoted to the Purposes of this poor short mortal Period, as tho' there were nothing to succeed it? And yet if we ask those who dwell around us in our Nation, Do you not believe a Heaven and an Eternity of Happiness for those who seek it fincerely, and labour for it? They confess this Divine Truth by the Force of Reafon and Conscience, and by the Light of Scripture; but they forget it in a few Moments, and return to their Follies again, and with a greedy and inceffant Defire they repeat the Pursuit of perishing Vanities.

O that we could but keep ourselves awake a-while from the intoxicating Pleasures and Cares of this Life, and shake off all these Golden Dreams that perpetually facround our Fancy! we sould then surely employ our nobler mobler Powers to a diviner Purpose: If we did but dwell a little with a Fixation of Thought upon the Scenes of Death all around us here on Earth, and if we now and then survey'd the visible Heavens, their Brightness and their Duration, we might perhaps be put in mind of those momentous Truths which might direct our Conduct, might wean us from our Fondness of these sensible and perishing Trisses, and animate us in good earnest to pursue the durable Glories of Heaven. A Walk through a Church-yard by Sun or Star-light, would afford such a Meditation as this.

A L L born on Earth must die. Destruction reigns Round the whole Globe, and changes all its Scenes. Time brushes off our Lives with sweeping Wing: But Heaven defies its Power. There Angels fing Immortal. To that World direct thy Sight, My Soul, ethereal-born, and thither aim thy Flight: There Virtue finds Reward; eternal Joy, Unknown on Earth, shall the full Soul employ. This Glebe of Death we tread, these shining Skies, Hold out the moral Lessons to our Eyes. The Sun still travels his illustrious Round, While Ages bury Ages under Ground: While Heroes fink forgotten in their Urns, Still Phosphor * glitters, and still Sirius * burns. Light reigns thro' Worlds above, and Life with all her Yet Man lies groveling on the Earth, [Springs; The Soul forgets its heavenly Birth. Nor mourns her Exile thence, nor homeward tries her Wings. The Morning-Star and the Dog-Star.

THUS far with regard to the Bulk of Mankind. whose Souls are immersed in Flesh and Blood, who mind none but earthly Things, whose God is this World, and whose End is Destruction: But 'tis a melancholy Thing also to consider, that where a divine Ray from above has penetrated the Heart, has begun to operate a heavenly Temper, and to kindle a new Life in the Soul, and fet it a breathing after eternal Things; 'fis still ashamed to make this new Life appear, and this divine Ray discover itself; 'tis ashamed to shine like a Son of God in such a dark and vicious World, amongst Men of degenerate Minds, who have an Aversion to all that is holy and heavenly. We would fain be always in the Mode, and are afraid to be look'd at in the Dress of Piety among Thousands whose Neglect of God have stamp'd the Fa-Are there not several such Christians amongst us who dare not open their Lips in the Language of Paradife, nor let the World know they belong to Heaven, till Death and the invisible State are brought near them, and fet in full View by some severe Sickness or some terrible Accident which threaten their Removal. hence? 'Tis a near View of the Grave and Eternity. that subdues all other Passions into Devotion, that makes them begin to speak and act publickly like the Children of God, and gives them a facred Fortitude, a bleffed Superiority of Soul over all their foolish Fears, and all the Reproaches of finful Men.

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WHEN Death and everlasting Things.

Approach and strike the Sight,

The Soul unfolds itself, and brings

Its hidden Thoughts to Light.

II.

The filent Christian speaks for God,
With Courage owns his Name,
And spreads the Saviour's Grace abroad:
The Zeal subdues the Shame.

III.

Eord, shall my Soul again conceal:
Her Faith, if Death retire?
Shall Shame subdue the lively Zeal,
And quench th' ethereal Fire?

IV.

O may my Thoughts for ever keep.

The Grave and Heaven in view.

Lest if my Zeal and Courage sleep.

My Lips grow silent too!





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LXXIV.

The Rewards of Poesy.

DAMON, THALIA, URANIA.

DAMON.

MUSE, 'tis enough that in thy Fairy Bow'rs
My Youth has lost a thousand sprightly Hours,
Attending thy Vagaries, in Pursuit
Of painted Blossoms or enchanted Fruit:
Forbear to teize my riper Age: 'Tis hard'
To be a Slave so long, and find so small Reward.

THALIA.

MAN, 'tis enough that in the Books of Fame, On brazen Leaves the Muse shall write thy Name, Illustrious as her own, and make thy Years the same. Fame with her silver Trump shall spread the Sound Of Damon's Verse, wide as the distant Bound Of British Empire, or the World's vast Round. I see, I see from far the falling Oars, And slying Sails that bear to Western Shores. Thy shining Name; it shoots from Sea to Sea; Envy pursues, but faints amidst the Way. In Vision my prophetic Tube descries Behind five Hundred Years new Ages rise, Who read thy Works with Rapture in their Eyes.

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Cities unbuilt shall bless the Lyric Bard.

O glorious Memory! O immense Reward!

DAMON.

A H flattering Muse! how fruitless and how fair
These visionary Scenes and sounding Air?
Fruitless and vain to me! Can noisy Breath,
Or Fame's loud Trumpet reach the Courts of Death?
I shall be stretch'd upon my Earthy Bed,
Unthinking Dust, nor know the Honours paid
To my surviving Song. Thalia, say,
Have I no more to hope? Hast thou no more to pay?

THALIA.

DAMON.

To think the Hum and Buz of paltry Schools, And aukward Tones of Boys are Prizes meet For Roman Harmony and Grecian Wit! Rife from thy long Repose, old Homer's Ghost! Horace arise! Are these the Palms you boast For your victorious Verse? Great Poets, tell, Can Eccho's of a Name reward you well

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For Labours fo sublime? Or have you found Praise make your Slumbers sweeter in the Ground?

THALIA.

YES, their sweet Slumbers, guarded by my Wing, Are lull'd and soften'd by th' eternal Spring.

Of bubbling Praises from th' Aonian Hill,

Whose branching Streams divide a silver Rill.

To every kindred Urn: And thine shall share.

These purling Blessings under hallow'd Air:

The Poets Dreams in Death are still the Muse's Care.

DAMON.

Once, thou fair Tempter of my heedless Youth, Once and by Chance thy Tropes have hit the Truth. Praise is but empty Air, a purling Stream:

Poets are paid with Bubbles in a Dream.

Hast thou no Songs to entertain thy Dead?

No Phantom-Lights to glimmer round my Shade?

THALIA.

BELIEVE me, Mortal, where thy Relicks sleep.
My Nightingales shall tuneful Vigils keep,
And chear thy silent Tomb: The Glow-worm shine
With Evening Lamp, to mark which Earth is thine:
While Midnight Fairies tripping round thy Bed,
Collect a Moon-beam Glory for thy Head.
Fair Hyacinths thy Hillock shall adorn,
And living Ivy creep about thy Urn:
Sweet Violets scent the Ground; while Laurels throw
Their leasy Shade o're the green Turf below,
And borrow Life from Thee to crown some Prophet's

[Brow.]

DAMON.

DAMON.

Muse, thy last Bleffings fink below the first; Ah wretched Triffer! To array my Duft In thy green flow'ry Forms, and think the Payment Poor is my Gain should Nations join to praise; And now must chirping Birds reward my Lays? What! shall the Travels of my Soul be paid With Glow-worm Light, and with a Leafy Shade, Violets and creeping Ivys ? Is this All The Muse can promise, or the Poet call His glorious Hope and Joy? -Are these the Honours of thy favourite Sons, To have their Flesh, their Limbs, their mouldring Bones Fatten the Glebe to make a Laurel grow, Which the foul Careass of a Dog might do, Or any vile Manure? Away, be gone; Tempt me no more: I now renounce thy Throne; My Indignation fwells. Here, fetch me Fire, Bring me my Odes, the Labours of the Lyre ; I doom them all to Ashes. ————

URANIA.

RASH Man, restrain thy Wrath, these Odes are mine; Small is thy Right in Gifts so much divine.

Was it thy Skill that to a Saviour's Name
Strung David's Harp, and drew th' illustrious Theme
From smoaking Altars and a bleeding Lamb?

Who form'd thy sounding Shell? who fix'd the Strings,
Or taught thy Hand to play eternal Things?

Was't not my Aid that rais'd thy Notes so high?

And they must live till. Time and Nature die.

Here Heaven and Virtue reign : Here Joy and Love Tune the retir'd Devotion of the Grove, And train up Mortals for the Thrones above. Sinners shall start, and struck with Dread divine Shrink from the Vengeance of fome flaming Line, Shall melt in trickling Woes for Follies paft; Yet all amidst their piercing Sorrows taste The Sweets of pious Hope: Emmanuel's Blood Flows in the Verse, and seals the Pardon good. Salvation triumphs here, and heals the Smart Of wounded Conscience and a breaking Heart. Youth shall learn Temprance from these hallow'd Strains Shall bind their Passions in harmonious Chains; And Virgins learn to love with cautious Fear, Nor Virtue needs her Guard of Blushes here. Matrons grown reverend in their filver Hairs, Sooth the fad Memory of their ancient Cares With these soft Hymns; while on their trembling Knee Sits their young Offspring of the fourth Degree With lift'ning Wonder, till their Infant-Tongue Stammers and lifps, and learns th' immortal Song, And lays up the fair Leffon to repeat To the fourth distant Age, when fitting round their FFeet.

EACH Heaven-born Heart shall chuse a favourite Ode To bear their Morning-Homage to their God, And pay their Nightly Vows. These facred Themes Inspire the Pillow with ethereal Dreams; And oft amidst the Burdens of the Day Some devout Couplet wings the Soul away,

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Forgetful of this Globe: Adieu, the Cares
Of mortal Life! Adieu, the Sins, the Snares!
She talks with Angels and walks o're the Stars.
Amidst th' exalted Raptures of the Lyre,
O're-whelm'd with Bliss, shall aged Saints expire,
And mix their Notes at once with some celestial Choir.

DAMON.

What holy Sounds are these? What Strains divine? Is it thy Voice, O blest Urania, thine? Enough: I claim no more. My Toils are paid, My Midnight Lamp, and my o're-labour'd Head, My early Sighs for thy propitious Power, And my wing'd Zeal to seize the Lyric Hour: Thy Words reward them all. And when I die, May the Great Ruler of the rolling Sky Give thy Predictions Birth, with Blessings from his I lay my Flesh to rest, with Heart resign'd [Eye. And smiling Hope. Arise, my deathless Mind, Ascend, where all the blissful Passions flow In sweeter Numbers: And let Mortals know, Urania leaves these Odes to chear their Toils below.



LXXV

A Moral Argument to prove the Natural Immortality of the Soul.

THE great God has manifested astonishing Wisdom in the Works of his Creation, contriving, forming and endowing every Creature with Powers and Properties suitable to the various Purposes of its design'd Existence, and of his own Government.

God has given to his Creature Man, an Understanding and Will, and various Powers whereby he is capable of knowing, loving, and serving his Maker; by these same Powers he also becomes capable of dishonouring, affronting and blaspheming him.

MAN is form'd also with a Power or Capacity of receiving Recompences according to his Work, i. a. Pleasure and Happiness, according to his Obedience, or Punishment and Misery if he disobey: And the great God, as a righteous Governor of the World, has thought fit to assign Happiness to Virtue, and Misery to Vice, as a Reward or Recompence of good or evil Actions.

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MAN is also created with a Power to destroy his own animal Life, as well as the animal Life of his Fellow Creatures.

Now if a Man be never so pious, and has no furviving Spirit, no conscious Power remaining after this animal Life be destroy'd, God cannot certainly reward him according to the Course of Nature, because a wicked Man may put a speedy End to the animal Life of the Righteous, by Sword or Club, and thus he may infolently forbid or prevent all God's rewarding Goodness and Justice, with regard to that righteous Man.

OR if a Man be never so vicious, if he blaspheme and infult his Maker with never fo much Indignity, and commit all Outrages possible against his Neighbours, yet God cannot punish him for such aggravating Guilt, according to the Course of Nature, if he has no furviving Spirit, no confcious Power remaining beyond this animal Life; for by the Sword, Halter or Poison, he may put a speedy End to his own animal Life, and to all his Consciousness and Being, and to all Power of fuffering Punishment.

But furely the All-wife God would never form Creatures of fuch a Nature and with fuch Powers, as that they might infolently prevent his governing Justice from distributing Rewards and Punishments according to their Works; he would never make a Creature

Creature capable of breaking his Laws and infulting his Authority, and then defying his Maker to punish him; a Creature who might do Outrage to his Creator, and yet have Power to escape beyond the Reach of his avenging Hand. This would be such a Piece of Conduct as would tempt one to suspect great Weakness in the Creator and Governor of the World; which God forbid.

PERHAPS it may be faid here, that God can find a Way to reward or punish, by raising his Creatures again from the Dead to a more firm and durable Life.

To this I answer two Ways.

First, I's the thinking Spirit in Man, or the conficious Principle, be intirely extinguish'd at the Death of the Body, the Resurrection of Man to a new Conficiousness, is the Creation of a new conscious Being, and it is not the same conscious Being which once merited Reward or Punishment; and where would be the Justice of such Punishments or Rewards? 'Tis possible indeed, that Almighty Power might make a New conscious Being which should suppose itself to remember Things done in a former State, before it had any Existence; but this would be properly a false Apprehension, an Error, and not real Memory of what was done before, and would lay no just Foundation for the Recompences of Vice or Virtue.

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Secondly, This very Refurrection must be a Miracle, a supernatural Exercise of divine Power, in Contradiction to the Laws of Nature, and not according to the Course of Nature. Now is it not hard to say, and very unreasonable to suppose, that God has so contrived the Nature of his Creature Man, that the he be capable of high Degrees of Virtue, or of most insolent and horrid Vices, yet according to the Course of Nature he cannot effectually and certainly reward or punish him; or that the wise Creator and righteous Governor of the Universe cannot effectually and certainly distribute the Recompences of Virtue and Vice without a Miracle?

UPON the Whole, doth it not evidently follow from this Argument, that fince God is a wife Creator and Governor of the World, fince Man is capable of voluntary Vice or Virtue, and confequently of deferving Rewards or Punishments, there is, and there must be fome living conscious Principle in Man which may be naturally capable of Rewards and Punishments, answerable to his Behaviour? That there is a Soul in Man which furvives his animal Life, and is Immortal, which cannot put an End to its own Life and Consciousness, nor to the Life and Consciousness of its Fellow Souls ? And by this natural Immortality of the Soul it comes to pais, that it is not in the Power of a wicked Man to prevent the Rewards of the Righteous. nor to convey himself out of the Reach of his Maker's Vengeance. beviated damina and north areas old

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AND may it not be hence inferr'd in the first Place, that the Soul of Man is so immortal, that it is not in the Power of any mere Creature to kill it? For it doth not seem fit that the great Lord of the Universe should give the Prerogative of Rewards and Punishments so far out of his own Hand, as to put it intirely into the Power of a Creature, to defraud the Righteous of their Reward, or secure the Wicked from due Punishment. It is fit that God only who gave Life and Being, and Consciousness to the Soul, should be able to destroy it, or take away its Consciousness, or make it cease to be.

MAY we not also infer yet farther, in the fecond Place, that there is no such thing as the Sleep of the Soul; or at least that neither the Soul itself, nor any other Creature can put the Soul into a sleeping State? For this is a State without Perception or Consciousness; and if this could be done, then the design'd Rewards and Punishments of divine Justice might be as effectually disappointed by Creatures, as, if they could kill or annihilate the Soul.

PERHAPS you will here fay also that the Soul may be awakened again by Divine Power to receive Punishments or Rewards. To this I answer, that if the Soul is laid to Sleep, or finks into an infensible State when the animal Body dies, will it ever a wake again of itself naturally to be punish'd or rewarded;

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warded; or can any Creature awaken it? If not, then God alone, who works supernaturally, can awaken it: And thus in the Order of Nature there is no Capacity in this Soul to be punish'd or rewarded nor can it be done without a Miracle.

I THINK therefore we may draw this Conclusion, (viz.) that every intelligent Being, as it is made capable of Virtue and Vice, of Rewards and Punishments, so it must necessarily be made immortal in its own Nature, and hath such an essential and perpetual Consciousness belonging to it, as is not in the Power of Creatures either to stupify or to destroy, least the Recompences of Vice and Virtue be wrested out of the Hands of God, as the God of Nature, the wise Creatures, and the righteous Governor of all intelligent Creatures.

AND may we not draw a third Inference also, (viz.) that the mere Death of the Body is not the only Punishment of the Sin of Man against the God of Nature, and against the Natural Law; for then the worst of Criminals, by a Dose of Opium, or a Halter, might finish his Punishment at once, he might convey himself away from the Reach of Punishing Justice, and the Crimes of Men could not be punished in Proportion to their Aggravations? This the Immortality of the Soul that lays the Foundation of different Degrees of Punishment according to Crimes.

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THE REPORT OF THE PORTER

AFTER all, perhaps some Persons may raise another Objection against my Argument, (viz.) if there be such sufficient Provision in the very Nature of Man after Death, to receive the due Rewards of Virtue or Vice in his immortal Part, or his Soul, what Necessaty is there of a Resurrection of the Body? And yet we find that in the New Testament, where the invisible World and suture State of Rewards and Punishments is most particularly discovered, the holy Writers generally represent those Rewards and Punishments as Consequents of this Resurrection.

To this I think there is a full Answer given in the last Pages of a late Essay towards the Proof of a Separate State of Souls, to which I refer the Reader. But in this Place I think it fufficient to fay, that the Soul only is the Moral Agent, and the God of Nature can effectually reward or punish the Virtues or the Vices of Man in his immortal Part, or his Soul, which naturally survives the Body; but the God of Grace having introduced a Gospel for the Recovery of finful Mankind from Ruin, whereby the Refurrection of the Body is promifed to those who comply with it, for an Increase of Happiness, he thought it proper alfo and just that the Rejection of this Gospel, or the utter Impenitence of Men, should be punish'd with a Refurection of the Body, for an Increase of Misery. It is the Gospel only which introduces the Resurrection of the Body; the Original Law of God knows nothing of it. As by Man, i. e. Adam, came in Death,

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so by Man, i. e. Christ, came in the Resurrection of the Dead, 1 Cor. xv. 21.

AND thence may I not take occasion to infer, that the Gospel or the Covenant of Grace, which is founded in the Undertaking of Christ, hath been some way or other made known to all Mankind, at least by fome obscure and general Notices of it; and that the great God doth actually deal with all Men now upon Terms of Grace, from this very Argument; because all Mankind are to be raised again from the Deads who have done Good or Evil, John v. 28, 29. Whereas those who never finned against a Gospel, or against the Grace or Mercy of God, but only against God as the God of Nature, would perhaps only lie exposed to fuch a Sentence as the Light of Nature might find out, or as might be executed according to the Course of Nature, without the Miracle of a Refurrection, i.e. by the Death of the Body, and the Punishment of the furviving Spirit in a feparate State.

Ir this last Inference should be found to run counter to the Sense of any one Text of Scripture, I remounce it upon the Spot: But if by venturing to step out of the common Track of the Schools, we may find any little Beam of Light shed upon the Conduct of God toward Man, and be thereby enabled the beatter to vindicate the Wisdom and Righteousness of the God of Nature and the God of Grace; let not that little Beam be quenched, merely because it has not the Support of vulgar Opinion, nor been consecrated by Creeds or Councils.

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LXXVI

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Three Modern ABSURDITIES.

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ENSE, Consciousness and Reason are three of the chief Principles or Mediums of our Knowledge of Things. This, I suppose will be acknowledged by Men of all Religions, and of none. Sense informs us chiefly of the Things that are without us, even all that we know by Sight or Hearing, by Smell, Tafte, or Feeling. Consciousness acquaints us with all that passes within us, and particularly the Ideas we have in our Mind, the Inclination of our Hearts, the Confent, the Choice or any Action of our Wills. And then Reason assures us of the Truth of a Conclufrom which is evidently derived from other Propositions which we know to be true before. Now the Deifts, the Papifts, and the Fatalists among them do really renounce all thefe; they run on blindly and refolutely in their Opinions, and maintain feveral Articles of their own. Belief, in direct Contradiction to these three Principles of Knowledge, how much foever they may profess to be led by them.

First, THE Papist tells you, that in all the Instances of common Life he believes the Dictates of his Senses. 1

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Senses about Things which are near to him, and which he hath all proper Advantages to examine; but in the Business of Transubstantiation he begs your Excuse, for he believes a Piece of Bread to be real Flesh and Blood, and gives the Lye grossy and obstinately to his Eye-sight and his Feeling, his Smell and his Taste at once, and his Religion requires him to contradict all his Senses.

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Crucifer, a Man of this Profession, believes the Refurrection of the Body of Christ from the Dead. and confesses that it could not be known nor proved without giving Credit. to our Senses, our Seeing and Feeling; and yet he renounces the Dictates of these Senses utterly, when they tell him that the Bread of the Sacrament is not the Body of the rifen Saviour And thus he chuses to overthrow the Foundation on which he believes the Doctrine of the Refurrection of Christ, (which Doctrine is the Foundation of all his-Christianity) rather than believe what his Senses tell him, when they affure him the Body of Christ is not a Wafer-Cake. Monstrous Victory and Dominion of the Church of Rome over all the Powers of Sense and Reason at once, and the very Principles of our Faith I

In the next Place Hylander, a young Fatalist, will acknowledge in general, that the he cannot affent to any of the Religions of Men, nor believe a Word of what they preach about Vice and Virtue, a Heaven and

a Hell, yet he believes what he himself feels, and what he is conscious of within himself. But if you ask him presently, Whether Man be a free Creature ! Whether he himself hath a Liberty of Choice in any Motion of his Will, or in any Action of his Life? he denies it. No; he is necessarily moved by a Train of other Causes to every particular Volition and Action, and has not, nor ever had any free Choice. Ask him. Whether he is not conscious in himself, that he can walk or stand still, rife or sit, move his Finger to the North or to the South? No, he can do none of these; he is but a mere Machine, acted by certain invisible Springs; that when two Things are offered him, he cannot chuse or refuse this or that, but is necessarily impell'd to every thing that he thinks, or wills, or acts. * Enquire of him yet further, when he shins the Church, when he dwells at the Tayern till Midnight, when he feeks out the Partners of his Vices, and pursues forbidden Pleasures, whether he does not feel his own Self, or his own inward Powers. chusing and acting all this with Freedom? He will own that he feems to chuse and act these Things, but fill perfelts in direct Contradiction to his own Feeling and Consciousness, that 'tis God acts all this in him. and by him; and while he feels himself so wilful and vile a Criminal, blasphemes the Blessed God, and makes him the Author of all his Crimes.

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See the true Liberty of Choice explained and proved in a late Essay on the Freedom of Will in God and Man.

CONTRARY to all the Dictates of his Confeience, he affirms there is no Virtue or Vice, no fuch Things as good or evil Actions in a moral Sense; and confequently that God hath provided no Heaven or Hell, no Rewards or Punishments for any thing which is done by us in this Life; for whatfoever we feem to do, it is all really effected by the Will of God putting the Train of Causes in Motion at first, and none of us could ever act otherwise than we do! And yet after all this mechanical Account of themselves, and this Denial of all Freedom, these Men of Matter and Motion have the Impudence, in oppofition to common Sense, Reason and Grammar, to abuse Language so far as to call themselves Free-Thinkers. Strange and prodigious! that Men should deny what they feel continually in themselves, and what they practice ten times in an hour, to gratify a Humour, and support a most absurd Opinion, which takes away all Virtue, Order and Peace from this World, and all Hope and Happiness from the next !

The Third Sert of Men of this odd Composition, are the Deists. Apistus prosesses he is a Friend to Reason above all Things, and he is led by nothing so much as Reason; it is by Reason that he believes there is a God who made, and who governs all Things, that he is bound to honour this God, and obey his Will; that he must make it his Business to love God and his. Neighbour; that there is an eternal Difference between Vice and Virtue; that Man is an intelligent and free Agent, and by Reason he is convinced that there

there are Rewards and Punishments provided for Man in a future State, according to his Behaviour here. He believes also by the Force of Reafon, according to ancient History, and the secure Conveyance of it by Writing, that there was fuch a Man as Fefus Christ, as well as he believes there was fuch a Man as Julius Gæsar; and as he confesses this Julius was a Roman and a General, and fought many Battels, he cannot but confess by the same Reasonings, that this Jesus lived in Judea and Galilee; that he was the Son of a Carpenter, and that he taught many excellent Rules about Vice and Virtue, and the Love of God and our Neighbour; and by the fame Exercise of his Reason on the Historical Account of the Facts of past Ages, he is perfuaded that there were feveral Men of mean Education and Circumstances who follow'd this Fefus; and without the help of Arms or Bribery, carried his Doctrine afterward through the World. And yet contrary to all Reason this very Apistus believes, that this obscure young Man Jesus of Nazareth, this Son of a Country Carpenter, who was brought up to his Father's Trade, gave a better Sett of Rules for the Honour of God, for the Love of our Neighbour, and the Conduct of our Lives, than ever any Philosopher did in Greece or Rome, and that he did all this without human Literature, without any divine Affistance, without any Inspiration from God.

H E believes farther, contrary to all Reason, that his poor Carpenter had Art and Cunning enough to

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impose false Miracles on Thousands of People in Judea and Galiles, and even in Jerusalem itself; that he made them believe that he cured the Blind, that he gave Hearing to the Deas, and Feet to the Lame, that he heal'd all manner of Diseases, by his Word or his Touch, and raised several who were dead to Life again, without doing one real Miracle, or having any extraordinary Power given him by God.

but signicis by the fame Regionings that the HE believes yet farther still, and in Opposition to all the Principles of true Reasoning, that the Difciples of this Jesus, poor illiterate Creatures and Fishermen as they were, except one Paul, who was a Scholar; I fay, he believes that these Men went about the World, and persuaded Mankind to believe that this Jesus Christ arose from the Dead after he had been crucify'd and buried some Days, and made Multitudes of his own Countrymen and Strangers, Rich and Poor, wife Men and Philosophers, and whole Countries believe it, tho' there was not a Syllable of Truth in it, fays he, nor was it possible that it should be true. He believes yet again, that these filly Men were fometimes Cheats and Imposters, who practifed the greatest Subtilties and Artifice to deceive the World, that fometimes they were wild Enthusiasts, and half mad with Devotion, the Reason might affire him that Imposture and Enthusiasm cannot long reside together in the same Breast, but one will betray or defroy the other.

his poor Carpenter had Art and

HE believes on still that these Impostors or Enthufiasts (be they what they will) engaged Mankind to receive all the Doctrines of this Jejus and his Religion, by their Tricks of Art, or their Fooleries of honest Zeal, beyond what any of the wifest Men of the World with all their Skill and Learning could ever do in the like Cafe, and went on fuccessfully to propagate his Doctrine, and foretold it should stand and continue to the World's End, without any extraordinary Commission from Heaven, or Presence of God with them. He believes also very unreasonably, that such a Band of Knaves, as he supposes them generally to be, carried on this Imposture with fuch Unanimity and Faithfulness for many Years, even to the End of their Lives, that not any one of them ever discovered the Cheat, tho' they could expect to get nothing by it here in this World but Poverty, Shame, Persecution, Imprisonments, Stripes, and a bloody Death; and in the other World the Wrath of God for fuch Knavery, it shiftened town on sometal wind dou'll le trud. Harbelieres et again, charachase Elle Mer

His Belief goes further yet, contrary to all reasonable Grounds, for he believes these Followers of this Jesus Christ, by mere false Pretences to Miracles and Gists of Tongues, spread his Religion through the Nations, tho' he knows that they appealed in a publick manner to whole Societies of Men concerning the Truth of these Gists conferr'd upon themselves and other Christians.

stians, and concerning this Power of Miracles which display'd itself with such Evidence and Glory, particularly in Corinth, where St. Paul must have been confuted with Shame, and utterly confounded, if thefe Things had not been true, because that was a City of great Learning and Knowledge; and yet Apiftus obstinately believes still that neither these Men, nor Paul himself, nor any of their Followers ever wrought one real Miracle, nor spoke one Tongue but what they learnt before in the common Way: And that they spread this Religion so widely among the Nations, and so effectually, without any Commisfion or Help from God, tho' this Religion contain'd in it, Doctrines contrary to the Fashions and Customs of the World, to the Idolatrous Religions of the Nations, to the vicious Inclinations of Mankind and their corrupt Appetites and Passions; and the' he cannot but see evidently that these Men and their Successors in this Opinion have turned many Thousands of Perfons to more Virtue and Piety than all the Philosophers could do with all their Learning, yet he believes still that these Men had no divine Power attending them, nor any Affistance from Heaven. In short, he believes contrary to all Reason these Things, which are far harder to believe than any of the Peculiar Articles of the Christian Faith; and yet Apistus pretends he cannot believe those Articles. because they do not carry Reason with them,

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350 Miscellaneous Thoughts, &c.

things, and coppy sping this Sower of this di My God, deliver me from the blinding and stupifying Prejudices of these Three Sorts of Men, who contradict the plainest Evidences of Truth, and to maintain their abfurd Peculiarities, renounce the chief Springs of all our Knowledge; and let me be led honeftly and fincerely by these Faculties of Sensation aud Consciousness which thou hast given me, in Conjunction and Harmony with each other, and under the Guard and Improvement of Right Realin .. The Exercise of these Powers under thy holy Influence will effectually bring me to Faith in the Gofpel of my bleffed Saviour, and in Compliance with the Rules of that Gospel I trust I shall find eternal Dife. Amen, rightly acoustoble of the brove state from to the vicious Incommions of Mansked and

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